THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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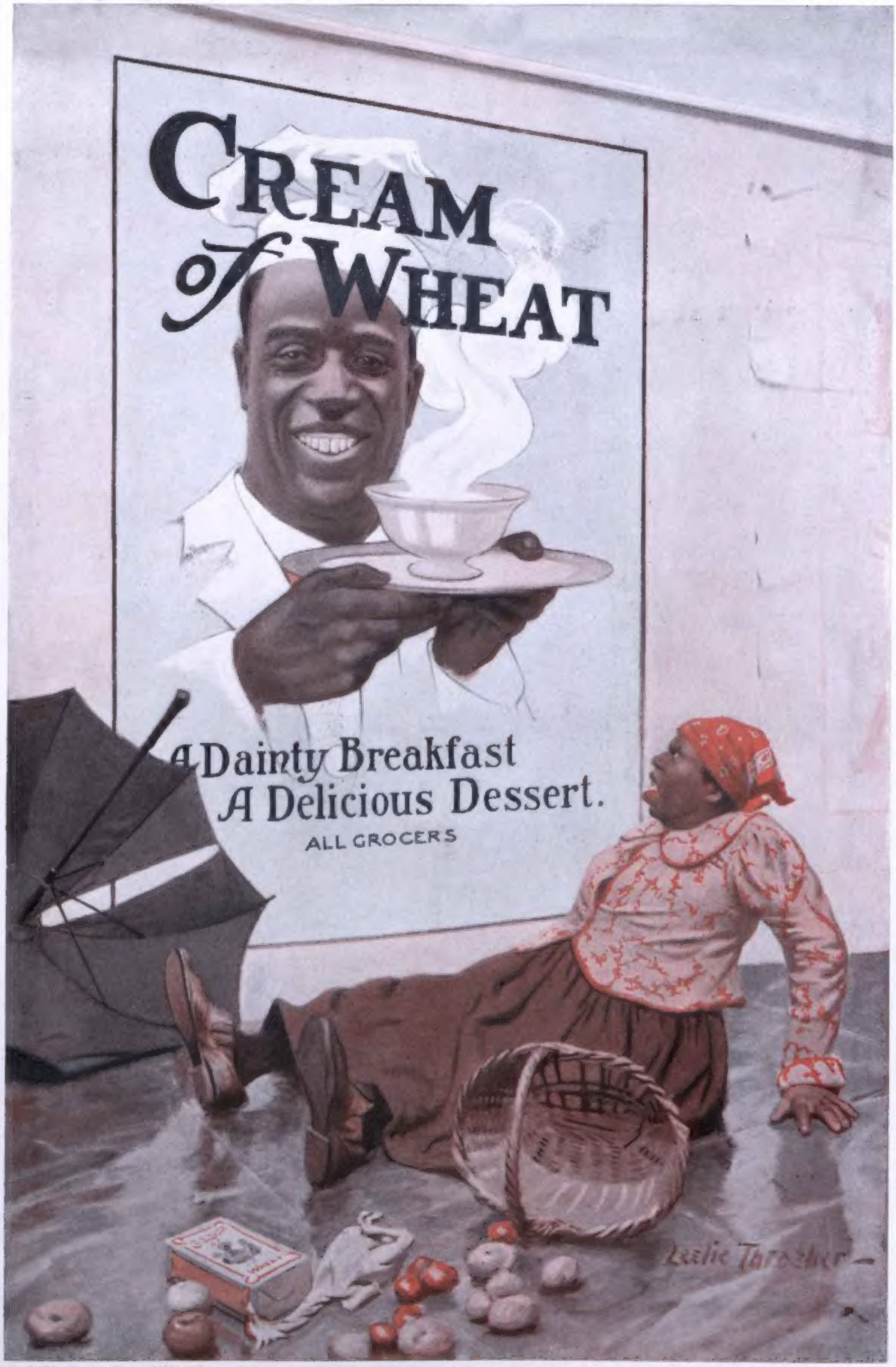
Beating Back—By Al J. Jennings and Will Irwin



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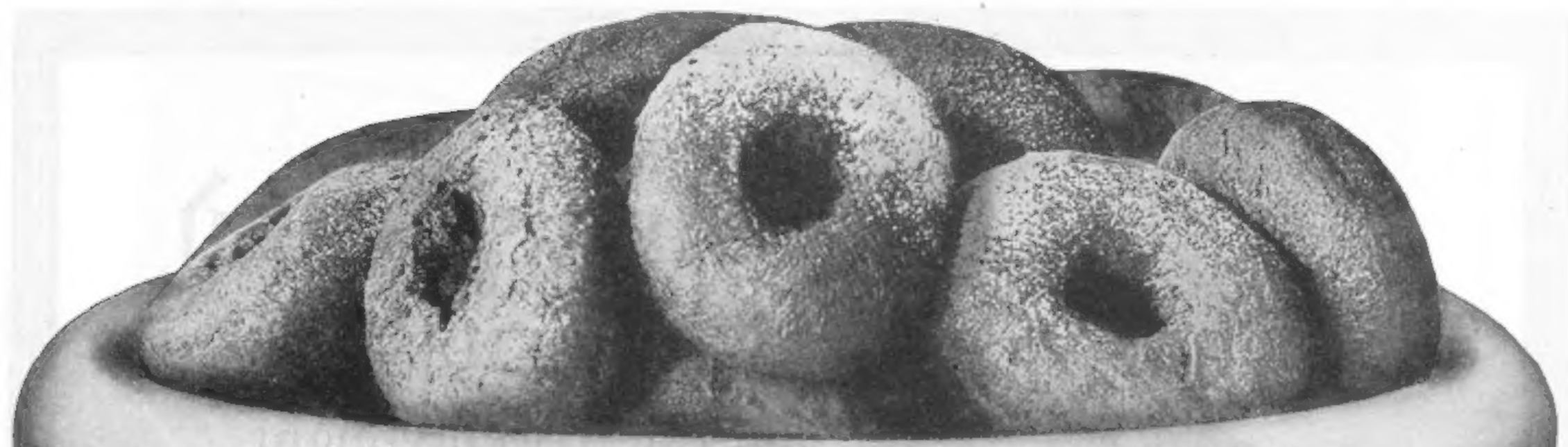

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BEATING BACK—By Will Irwin

Introducing Mr. Jennings

I FIRST met Al J. Jennings in a New York club frequented by actors, painters and writers. Arriving one day for a late luncheon, I found the round table occupied by a congenial group having a mighty good time. There was a stranger present, and I marked him on first sight as a Somebody. He was a little man, hardly more than five feet tall; he had a shock of bright auburn hair and a face, what with sun and sun-wrinkles over a ruddy skin, like a baked apple. I slipped into the vacant seat beside him. Some one introduced him as Mr. Jennings; he replied in a Western accent and turned upon me the beams of his personality. Here was one, you felt instantly, whom all men of good will would like on sight, one to whom children and dogs would come running by instinct.

That face, as I studied it more narrowly in the next few minutes, had certain extraordinary points. His fine, clear eye was greenish blue. His wide brow ran straight down with no indentation—Greek fashion—into a small, clearly drawn nose which seemed somehow to lie close against his features, as though presenting no point of attack for an adversary. That conformation of the brow and nose, I have observed, is a common trait in pugilists, born soldiers, militant men of affairs and fighters generally. James J. Jeffries and Battling Nelson possessed it in common with Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral Bob Evans. Under the nose lay a powerful jaw and the wide, firm mouth of an orator. The upper lip was cleft by a big scar; the upper canine teeth had been crowned with gold to support a dentist's bridge.

Plainly he had taken at some time a heavy blow that had crushed in lip and teeth. I was yet to learn that under his clothes he carried the following complement of scars: the souvenir of a rifle bullet in his left ankle; the mark of a steel-jacketed Winchester bullet in his left thigh; a pistol bullet encysted in the muscles above his right knee; the track of a bullet across the front of both knees; a double scar where a shot had entered and left his right shoulder; and the white seam of a knife wound which had traversed his left wrist.

How we opened conversation I do not remember; probably with some remarks about "God's country," such being the hailing sign for Western people in New York. But we had not talked five minutes before he dropped a remark that sounded odd in an Eastern club. Irvin Cobb had been spinning a humorous story at the expense of the doctors. When the laugh died down Mr. Jennings turned to me and said:

"That sounds like a joke, but I saw as bad as that in the Ohio state penitentiary—and it was no joke either."

"Were you ever at the Ohio penitentiary?" I asked, not getting at first the full purport of his remark. "I used to know a man who served a five-year term in that prison." And I mentioned the name.

"I knew him too," replied Jennings. "About my best friend too. We were both on clerical work and saw a lot of each other."

"What was your position?" I asked. "A guard?" And a second after I regretted that impertinent question. But Jennings swept away all regret by his answer:

"Oh, no! I was in for life—train-robbing." He said this in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, as though he were speaking of an old job at selling groceries. Then he turned the conversation to other and more commonplace topics.

It was some time yet before I understood the deeper meaning in this conversation. Harris Dickson, it appeared, had introduced him at the club, and had by special request explained to his hosts at luncheon the old record of this Mr. Jennings. I, however, was a newcomer, and I must know. So Jennings had taken the first opportunity to tell me, as he has told every man, woman and child to whom it could possibly make any difference in the eleven years since, with a new suit on his back and a ticket to Chicago in his pocket, he stepped out of the penitentiary.

However, we had scarcely left the table when Dickson called me aside to explain him in a hurried biography. This was Al Jennings, successively cowboy, land-boomer and lawyer; afterward train-robber, bank-robber and life-termer in the Federal penitentiary. Released and pardoned through the successive mercies of Mark Hanna and Theodore Roosevelt, he had gone back to Oklahoma, the scene of his old operations, and with his record on his sleeve had started to take up again the life he left for the high road. Meeting squarely and without flinching those obstacles that society sets across the path of the ex-convict, he proceeded to build up a law practice. Finally, just ten years after he left the penitentiary, he made a reform campaign for prosecuting attorney of Oklahoma City, fought the politicians of both parties blind, and lost in the end by a small margin—so small that many Oklahomans believe he was really elected.

"His campaign speeches, as they reported them there, were the greatest in political history," said Dickson. "He'd tell them about his past, prison and all, until he had them crying like penitents at the mourners' bench. Then he'd add: 'There, I've told you everything I ever did. But those machine fellows—they won't tell you what they did!'"

How by successive stages of acquaintance I came to be the editor of Al Jennings' autobiography is aside from the mark. Two or three times, indeed, he has tried to write this story for himself. One of his manuscripts, The Long Riders, shows acute observation of life and a real talent for description. But Jennings has never found time, in those full and busy years since he left prison, to learn the art of writing. The Long Riders fails to tell a story. He is, however, a master in the art of talk, whether from the platform or from an easy-chair. That narrative gift, which often freezes within him when he sits before white paper, flows limpid when he lights a cigar, crosses his feet and engages the eye of his vis-à-vis. So it came that on my advice he talked off this autobiography to me, with a court stenographer—under orders to make him forget her presence—taking his conversation. I have only rearranged, pruned, edited, suggested and supplied, with what skill I have, that lack which every one must feel in all literal transcripts of conversation—the meaning given by intonation and gestures.

Nevertheless, it has seemed best for the editor of this frank, unabashed story to write the first chapter, in order that the reader may better understand the man. In doing it I must be as frank with Jennings as Jennings, in the later passages, will be with himself.

Alphonso J. Jennings, then, was born in an abandoned Virginia schoolhouse during the worst days of the Civil War. He came of the proud, belligerent, Southern slave-holding stock—"the best blood of Virginia" and all that. His father, Judge Jennings, is remembered by old settlers of Oklahoma as a perfect type of the ancient Southern colonel, even

Al Jennings as a Long Rider (A Posed Picture, But Authentic in Every Detail)

to the goatee. He followed in his lifetime nearly all the learned professions—he was successively schoolmaster, physician, Methodist clergyman, soldier, lawyer, editor and lawyer again. In the end he settled down to the law. That was the family talent; his four sons who survived to manhood all became lawyers. He had in him, apparently, that typical restlessness of the West which does so much to explain his son, Al Jennings. Whenever he reappears in this narrative his law practice is located in still another town.

Al, youngest of the four sons who grew up, was born in the midst of alarms. When the Civil War broke out the elder Jennings had started a plantation in Tennessee. He enlisted as surgeon in a Virginia regiment. In 1863 Longstreet and Rosecrans were conducting that series of operations which led up to the battle of Knoxville. The elder Jennings perceived that there would be a clash near his plantation. He advised his wife to take the slaves and livestock and go to her mother in Virginia. Incidentally he called the turn; on the night of the battle he used his own house as a field hospital. Mrs. Jennings was forced to stop on the road; and at an abandoned schoolhouse in Tazewell County, Virginia, Alphonso was born. The two armies closed in about them. All travel became unsafe. So she stayed at the schoolhouse awaiting the issue of the war.

It was a year and a half before Mrs. Jennings knew whether her husband was dead or alive, for there were no mails in the South of war times. When the surrender came and the roads were filled with returning Confederate soldiers, she used to bake apple pop-overs and give them out at her front gate. One day she saw a gray uniform on the road, and ran out, pies in hand—to meet her husband. He brought the news that her brother had been killed in a duel with a fellow-officer after the surrender.

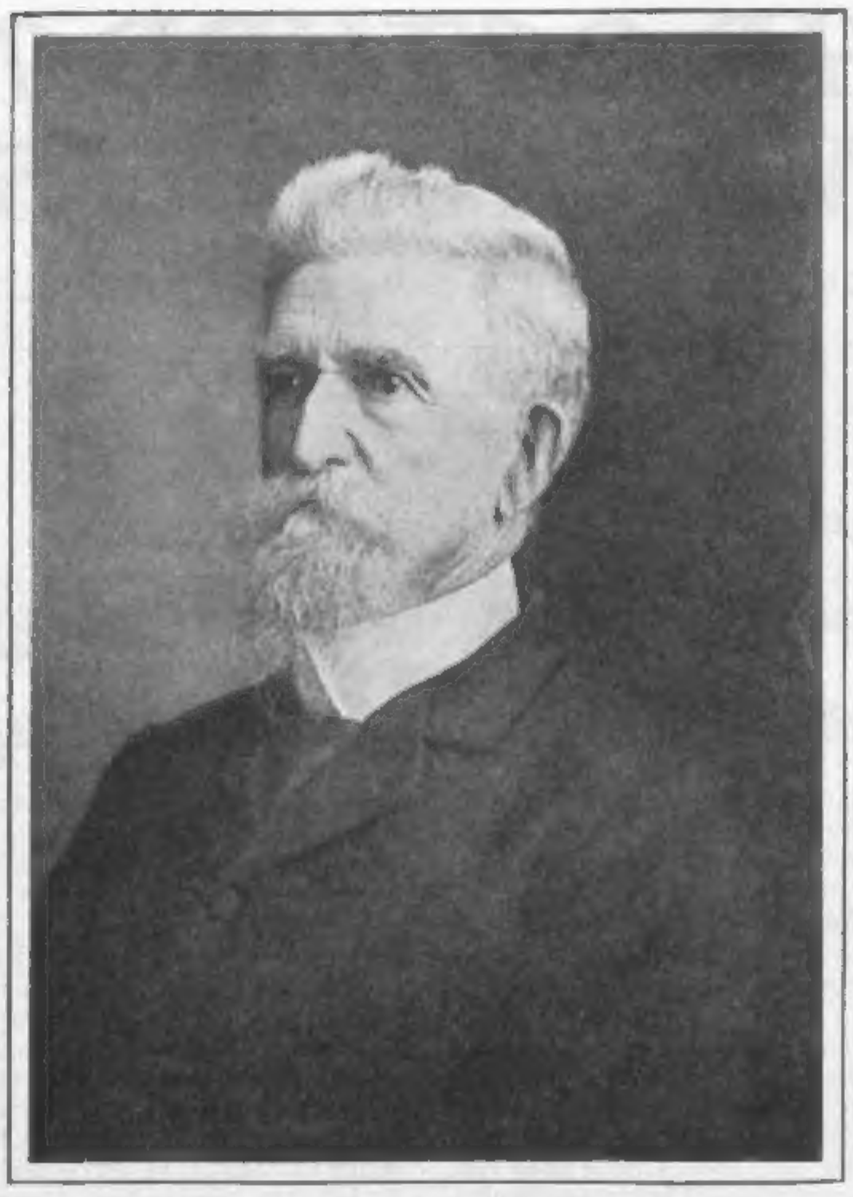
From that time the Jennings family shared the common fate of the denuded, impoverished South. They solved the problem by moving north to Marion, Illinois. There the old-soldier heroism in Doctor Jennings remade his fortune. The cholera epidemic came. While other physicians were running away, while two of his own children lay dying with the disease, he stayed at his post and served the sick night and day. When the refugees came back he found himself in possession of all the practice he needed.

To us, however, the significant thing about these first years in the North is the position of the Jennings boys in boy society. The murderous antipathies born of the Civil War were still alive; and in these things children exaggerate the feelings of their elders. Life, it would appear, was for the Jennings boys, with their clannishness, their hot temper and their Southern pride, one long war against this hostile Northern world.

It began, I believe, before Al Jennings was old enough to fight, when the Goodall boys, Northern cousins, called Ed and John Jennings Secessionists and "poor white trash." That last aspersion was what hurt. Before the war they had belonged to the slaveholding class; but now the gibe at their poverty fitted the case. John scaled the fence "and reproduced the Battle of Manassas," says Al Jennings. The war went on; the Connell boys, the Lowes and the Pulleys were drawn into the feud. As soon as Frank and Al could wield their little fists they took their part. Frank was rather timid in the beginning. "At times he was able to kick a cotton-tail rabbit out of his way so he could get along faster," says Al, "which seems strange to me now, because he grew up to be the bravest man, the most dependable in a tight place, that I ever knew." Al himself entered heart and soul into this warfare. "Give us the boy and the man will take care of himself," said the Jesuits, and "the thoughts of youth are long thoughts." This fighting childhood does much, I have no doubt, to explain the Al Jennings of thirty.

Why Al Left Home

ONLY one other incident of this period bears on the story. At the age of seven Al Jennings tried to experience religion, and failed. There was a big camp meeting in Marion. His father, still preaching in the intervals of his medical practice, sat on the platform. Something about the meeting touched the religious chord in the nature of that little boy in the back seat. When the presiding elder asked all who wanted salvation to hold up their hands, Al, quivering with eagerness, gave the sign with the rest. The deacons, passing through the congregation to bring up the penitents, never seemed to notice his little hand, though he thrust it almost into their faces. Doubtless they felt that he was too young, but it appealed differently to Al. He thought they were picking only prominent citizens and pretty girls. Hurt to the quick, he ran away from meeting and went apple-stealing. Having filled his clothes with green apples, he complicated his crime by going swimming on Sunday. While he was splashing in the pond a drove of razorback hogs found the clothes and the apples. When he came out his waist and breeches were torn to ribbons. With a small boy's modesty he waited neck-deep in the pool until dark and sneaked home naked. When the storm had passed Al Jennings found in himself an illogical but instinctive bias against religion, which persisted into his mature years and was intensified by the growing skepticism of his father, who left the church soon after.



Judge Jennings, Father of Al and Frank

When Al was eleven his mother fell sick. They started her back to Virginia, but she died on the way, leaving four sons and a younger daughter. All the sons figure in this story—John, the eldest, Ed, Frank and Al. The two latter were less than two years apart in age and passionately attached to each other. Their lives, through prosperity and adversity, crime, punishment and rehabilitation, ran parallel all the way.

The year after his mother's death found the family at Manchester, Ohio. Here a trivial quarrel with his father stirred up the blazing temper that Al was beginning to develop. He lay awake all one night nerving himself to what he meant to do; before daylight he sneaked out of the house and stowed away on a river steamer bound for Cincinnati. So he followed the rule of runaway American boys by taking the final step at the age of eleven and by starting West. Crawling out at Cincinnati, he found work for three nights as super in Ticket-of-Leave Man. At the end of the run he rode a blind baggage to St. Louis. A little, freckle-faced, red-headed boy, probably dowered already with a winning personality, undoubtedly pert and fresh, he made friends with a saloonkeeper and earned for a week a precarious living by sweeping out the saloon. The Jennings boys were all musical; the elder brothers played in the town band at home and had given little Al some instruction on the trombone. When he learned that the variety theater next door needed a trombone player, he applied for the job. The very nerve of this child must have appealed to the leader, for he gave him a chance. Little Al had always read his trombone score in the treble clef, while the music they furnished him was written in the bass. Nevertheless, with the confident courage of eleven, he went ahead and "faked" his part for three days, until a grown-up musician with a union card displaced him.

That night he swung on to a brake-beam and rode to Kansas City. There he worked a while as errand boy for a packing-house, lost the job for impertinence, and wandered to the outskirts of town, where he fell in with a boomer outfit going West to New Mexico. This, remember, was the summer of 1875. The tide of rough immigration was still setting Westward and the plains were still perilous with Indians and robbers. The boomers, pioneer settlers who traveled in covered immigrant wagons, used to form caravans for mutual protection. They took him in as a kind of roving annex to the outfit; thence, for a whole summer, he slept on the ground, chased horned toads, fought or played ball with the boomer children, and had his meals at the common chuck-wagon of the caravan.

They had reached the vicinity of Trinidad, in the heart of the Colorado cattle country, when the boomers quarreled and separated, leaving him behind. So he found himself alone on the plaza of Trinidad with a quarter in his pocket and a hollowness in his little stomach. He met a Mexican bootblack, who wanted to retire from business, and exchanged the quarter for a box and brushes. He was swindled, it appeared; the people of Trinidad did not care how their boots looked. All day he ranged the square without making a cent. And then came the vital meeting, which probably turned the whole current of his life.

"A big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed fellow came across the square," says Jennings. "I thought then, and I think now, that he was one of the finest, handsomest men I ever saw in my life. I never looked into a straighter, clearer blue eye. He was wearing all the regalia of a dude cowboy. His bootheels weren't bigger at the bottom than a quarter. I said:

"'Shine?'

"He stopped and looked me over and grinned.

"'Well, bub, I reckon you can paste them a little.'

"I went to work. It was the first pair of boots I'd ever blacked except my own, and I made a bad job of it. I did pretty well on the vamp, but I never touched the heels. When I'd finished he stood screwing his boots 'round so's he could look at them, and said:

"'Bub, don't you think you can paste 'em a little right thar?'

"I was tired and hungry and naturally pert. I don't remember what I said, but I probably used words that a little boy has got no right to know. Instead of kicking me over as I deserved, he just looked down on me and smiled, and said:

"'Bub, you've sure got some temper. Where's your paw and maw?'

"'Ain't got none,' said I.

"'Who were they?' he asked.

"I didn't answer. The truth is I didn't like to lie—never did like it, for all the other things I've done in my life—and this whopper tongue-tied me.

"'I reckon you ain't interested,' he said after a while. 'Well, I ain't got no right to ask you any such questions. I don't tell people where I'm from myself.' That was true, as I learned afterward. He was a refugee from Kentucky—a case of killing.

"Then he talked to me quite a little, sizing me up, I suppose, before he said:

"'Bub, don't you want to come along with me? My name's Jim Stanton and I'm foreman of the "101" outfit. I'll teach you to ride and give you a job.'"

Ranch Life Under Jim Stanton

THE old West was sudden. Having determined upon the adoption, Jim Stanton proceeded with the affair in royal fashion. He bought a little saddle, borrowed a pony and took Al out to the ranch. As they rode up half a dozen cowboys were loiling among their saddles on the porch.

"Hello, Jim, where did you get Sandy?" one of them called. From that time on, so long as he rode the range, Al was "Sandy."

Jim Stanton did the job with a whole heart. He taught his apprentice to ride; he educated him in herd-law; most significantly he bought him a forty-five-caliber pistol, the great Western side-arm, and taught him how to use it. Within a few weeks Al had learned enough to become horse-wrangler—that member of a cattle camp who takes care of the ponies. Like any boy Al loved to see a horse go, and he got the habit of bringing the herd in blown and lathered. Jim Stanton spoke to him sharply about it. After the manner of resentful and independent boyhood, Al replied by running them harder next day. Then Jim Stanton put his foot down.

"Sandy," he said, "I ain't goin' to tell you any more 'bout runnin' them horses. Next time they come in wet I'm going to take it out of your hide. We'll spraddle you so you won't sit down for a week." "Spraddling" was a rough punishment used in cattle camps on men who had become obnoxious. It consisted in stretching the victim over a wagon-tongue and whipping him with a pair of leather leggins. Al accepted the challenge, and by Jim Stanton's orders he was spraddled thoroughly and effectively. Then the "101" outfit took his gun away, lest he be tempted toward violence, and left him alone to think it over.

The disgrace burned in, and it roused his first impulse toward violence. The next day Al did not take out the horse herd. He moped about the camp, refusing to speak to the men or to eat at the ranch house. He got his meals at the kitchen door and walked the range; and all the time he was planning how to get a gun and nerving himself for what he intended to do—kill Jim Stanton in front, man-fashion.

"Of course I know I couldn't have done it; I loved him too much," says Jennings; "but I thought I had to just the same. After three days Jim Stanton came over to where I was mooning. He said:

"'Bub, you got to take your bumps if you're ever going to be a man. Let's call this off.'

"I said nothing. I was dying to make up, but my pride held me back. Jim kept right on:

"'Sandy, I'm going cattle hunting. Don't you want to throw in with me and go along? And when we get to town I'm going to buy you a new bridle with tassels on it.'

"It wasn't the offer of the bridle that melted me so much as the excuse it gave for swallowing my pride. All at once I put my hand in Jim's and the quarrel was over. From that moment, as I know now, I grew up. I never was a child again."

Jim Stanton, in fact, became a second father to the little refugee. Even yet Al Jennings speaks of him with an affection near to tears.

Those were the high times of the middle seventies, when half the Western domain, still unfenced, was pasture for the herds of longhorns—wild days those, and glorious if rough. Away from the settlements and frontier cities there was no formal law. Each man carried his own law, "in leather on his hip," his own hangman's rope on his saddle-horn. The rules of the game were unwritten but well understood. By his own right arm a man defended his family and herds. An insult to honor called for death—but in a man-fight, face to face, with all opportunity for both contestants to draw. Assassination, however, was murder, to be avenged by the friends of the dead with their guns or by the community with a riata.

When a man was killed in fair fight over what the community considered a sufficient cause, the killer went unmolested. In the neighborhood of towns the law made a show of prosecuting these affairs. But community feeling was dominant there as on the ranges. If the community felt that the killer had his quarrel just, and if he had slain fairly and in front, the old, overworked plea of self-defense got him off. In fact, the book law of the towns often worked less justice than the gun law of the ranges, since before the courts men with pull and influence might escape the penalty for crimes condemned by the community at large. All that was the dark side to a glorious man-life, filled with young vigor, mirth, cheerfully accepted hardships and adventure.

The Avenging of Jim Stanton

IN THIS life Al Jennings grew from a little stubby boy to a little compact youth. Before he was fourteen he had become a full-fledged cowboy, earning a man's pay of seventy-five dollars a month and "found." It was not uncommon to see a boy thus doing a man's work on the ranges. For once he learned to ride, a boy was a light mount, putting no great burden on his horse. Roping is a matter of skill more than of strength; if your loop falls true, the trained horse does the heavy work.

From the time when he got money of his own Al bought books and read incessantly. At first Jim Stanton got him his literature in Trinidad; when that resource was exhausted he sent East. Al devoured Scott and the other standard romanticists; he developed a passion for history, and especially for the campaigns of Napoleon. Most of the "101" cowboys were scant of book learning; and Al took to reading aloud round the campfire or the ranch-house table. Scott, and all writers of his school, were the favorites. He read them—The Lady of the Lake, Marmion, Ivanhoe and Kenilworth—from cover to cover.

"I remember," says Jennings, "that I tackled The Child's History of England once. When I came to the place where King Alfred burned the cakes one of the boys spoke up and said:

"'If I'd have been a king I'd 'a' dealt her a swift kick in the jaw—treatin' a king like that!' When I fell asleep they were still arguing as to whether even a king had a right to kick a woman in the jaw."

A tragedy rang down the curtain on this scene of his life. Sometimes in spring round-up the branding outfit missed a calf. When next spring the "long yearling" was discovered running beside a cow—presumably its mother—it belonged by herd law to the ranch whose brand that cow bore. In the spring round-up, after Al Jennings was fourteen, the "101" outfit found such a maverick beside a cow of the "O. X." The "O. X." cowboys claimed it. However, Jim Stanton found that it bore a blotched brand which looked to him like "101." Sometimes, he pointed out, the calf would give a jerk just as the iron was pressed down, producing one of these blotches. The "O. X." outfit

PHOTO. BY LOGSTON STUDIO, LAWTON, OKLAHOMA

Frank Jennings at About the Time When He Took to the Road

did not agree with him; they flatly claimed the yearling. Jim Stanton offered to kill the yearling and prove by the inner skin, which always caught the first impression of the iron, that this blotch was a "101" brand. The claimants from the "O. X." refused and rode away in a violent rage. Many of the tougher ranches employed a "killer" to take care of such troubles. That afternoon a Mexican or halfbreed rode up to where Jim Stanton was tying a thrown steer, shot him dead from behind, and fled south out of the Colorado country.

He must have been a minor hero of the plains, this Jim Stanton; only an extraordinary personality could have inspired what followed. For a party of "101" cowboys swore an oath to get this killer. They started south, taking Al along, on the trail of the murderer. They never told him their purpose, considering him too young for such desperate work, but he came to understand. All summer they traveled, working from ranch to ranch, finding, losing and refinding the trail. And in the fall they located their man on the Rio Grande. They rode to the ranch-house in the late afternoon and waited, their horses still saddled. At sunset the killer rode into the corral. Al, standing beside his horse ready for instant action, saw the avengers ride leisurely toward their man, saw him reach for his hip—and tumble from the saddle with two bullets in his head. The "101" outfit whirled and

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

A Recent Portrait of Al Jennings

galloped westward. There was no pursuit, there was no complaint to the law—no further trouble of any kind. The outfit by the Rio Grande doubtless decided that the "killer" deserved what he got. So things went under the gun law; and the most conservative must admit that there was a certain real justice in this manner of regulating society.

The avengers rode on into Arizona. There for two years Al Jennings worked at his trade from ranch to ranch. He was almost a man now and bore a man's part in this rough life. He still carries a pistol bullet encysted in the muscles about his right knee. He got it from a stray shot on a night when drunken cowboys were shooting up the town. His left wrist is crossed by an old scar. He got that from a knife in an affray with the Mexicans.

A Quick Exit From Cincinnati

ALL the time he had been reading, and when he was sixteen ambition dawned. He wanted an education; he wanted to follow his father's profession of the law. By a curious freak of memory he cannot remember how he knew that his family was living in West Virginia. He had held no communication with them; for all he knew they thought him dead. Yet in some manner that will not come back to mind he had learned. With a few dollars in his pocket he started East. When he reached Cincinnati he found himself penniless. He went to the same old Valk's Theater where he had been a super when he first ran away, and got a place in the army of a French melodrama. Between acts another super told him that the run finished that night, and warned him that the big, bullying "super-captain" would try to cheat him out of his pay. The curtain was no sooner down than Al demanded his dollar.

"Come back tomorrow night; the run ain't finished," said the captain. Al felt that he was lying and said so. The quarrel grew warm. The captain had no means of knowing that this short, slight boy wore under his red uniform a forty-five caliber revolver in a shoulder scabbard. So he felt safe in knocking him down.

Lying on the floor, Al drew and fired. The captain dropped in his tracks. The stage became bedlam. Al, his revolver still drawn, retreated to the dressing room, pulled his coat and trousers over his costume, and ran through the stage entrance down the alley. He reached the railroad yards unpursued. A freight train was just pulling out. He swung on to the brake-beam; and so, with one or two changes of trains, he came back to his family in West Virginia.

I asked Jennings whether he felt any special remorse over this shooting. He searched his soul before he said no, that he felt only considerable apprehension—for he realized that the East had a different view on such things. His conscience was clear enough. That was the way they settled such matters on the range. A big man who cheated

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Al Jennings in the Early Days at Lawton, Oklahoma

THE GOVERNMENT COMPANY

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Almost Without Warning a Torrent Was Racing Through the Main Street

BEING the sole surviving founder of this company and well advanced in years, I think it proper to set down the facts concerning its origin. Nobody could do anything in those days without the newspapers' attributing it to Morgan; so they always said he originated the company. But the fact is, he had nothing to do with it until later on. I originated it myself.

It began one day in February at the New Hurlyburly Hotel, in Washington. John Stone was there, and Tom Briar, Peter Thorne and myself—and our most dependable attorney, Elbridge Branch, of Root & Branch. We were all in my rooms at the hotel, and as sore as so many boils.

It was a miserable day for one thing, with one of those soggy, disconsolate, half-hearted Washington snowstorms, so that from the front windows you could catch a glimpse of the Monument only now and then. We had been down there three days testifying before some congressional investigating committee or other. I have forgotten the title of this particular committee or what it pretended to be trying to find out; but what it really wanted to know was how it happened that John and Tom and Peter and I had made so much more money than anybody else in the country. That annoyed us—because we really did not know, ourselves.

Then, on this very day, the Supreme Court had handed down some decisions dissolving three or four nice little trusts that we were all interested in. That would put us to a lot of bother—having new stationery printed, and renting different offices, and splitting up the stock certificates, and so on. Naturally it did not increase our good nature any.

Finally, having nearly the whole dismal afternoon on our hands, we had sent up to the Senate for a couple of committee chairmen to come down and explain to us why a certain bill was making such unpleasant progress; and the beggars had sent back word asking to be excused for an hour or two, on the pretext that a very important session of the Senate was going on! I remember very well how Peter Thorne stared over at me in astonished indignation when the word came in, and exclaimed:

"Well, great Scott! Send downstairs for some whisky and soda. Let's see if we can get that when we want it!"

You may not understand why Peter was so vexed; but in those days a lot of eminent politicians were always publicly denouncing our wealth—and privately sitting round our anterooms, hat in hand, waiting for a chance to beg a slice of it for campaign—or other—purposes.

Well, as I said before, we were all sore. Peter and I sat at a window sipping our whisky and glowering into the snow. John Stone was over in the corner, with his long legs crossed, twiddling his eyeglasses and staring at his elevated foot. It always made me sort of nervous when John did that. It was a sign he was thinking up something. Branch was pacing up and down with his hands in his pockets, and Tom Briar was glancing at a paper.

"Here you are!" says Tom of a sudden. "There you've got it! That's the kind of game we're up against!" And he began reading some newspaper headlines.

Now a year or two before this, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island—who knew more about it than all the rest of them put together—made a speech in the Senate in which he declared the Federal Government wasted three hundred million dollars a year, which was pretty nearly a third of its total income. Coming from that source, it made a lot of talk; and the president—it was Taft, if I remember right—appointed a commission, with a well-known economist at its head, to look into the matter. This commission had been investigating a year or so, and what Tom saw in the newspaper was a statement by its chairman to the general effect that probably Aldrich was about right. The headline read, "Says Government Wastes Three Hundred Million Dollars a Year!"—or something like that.

"There you are!" says Tom. "This Government runs its own business just about as a half-witted cabby with six drinks too many would run a millinery shop; yet it's always insisting upon showing us how to run our business!"

"That's very true," observed Elbridge Branch. "The Government is the most inefficient concern in this country; yet it interferes more and more with concerns that are far better managed than it is. The Federal Government spends a billion a year. The state and county and city governments spend a billion and a half or two billions more. The waste is enormous. Government expenditures increase by leaps and bounds; the waste increases with them. It is getting to be a very serious question!"

"Well, you're a great windjammer, Branch—and a power in politics too," said Tom Briar rather maliciously, for he was still miffed because Branch had given him a wrong steer on the last election. "Why don't you make an issue of it? Go out and tell the dear people that what they really need to be protected from is not the trusts but the Government. You could make out a good case, couldn't you?"

Branch did not answer; but up spoke John Stone in his constitutionally mild and thoughtful manner:

"Three hundred million dollars is a great deal of money. Whenever I endow a hospital the Hurtz newspapers point out that I am the largest holder of United States Steel common stock, which is all water; and that the money for the hospital is wrung from poverty-stricken consumers of steel rails by means of this watered stock. Now three hundred million dollars a year would pay all the dividends on Steel common more than ten times over. If we are robbing the people through that watered stock what is the Government doing to them?"

"Give me what the governments of this country waste," said Tom Briar, "and I will pay—out of my own pocket—all the dividends on all the watered stock that ever was issued, and found a free library every thirty days to boot."

There was considerable more conversation along that same line. I did not take much part in it or pay much attention to it. The whole thing was an old, old story. Everybody knew that American governments, big and little, were run in a way that would bankrupt any private business on earth within a year. Everybody chewed the rag about it and let it go at that. There was one thing, however, that particularly annoyed me, as I remarked to Peter Thorne.

"If governments are going to keep on spending more and more money, and wasting twenty or thirty cents out of every dollar they spend," I said, "I suppose we fellows can stand it as long as our clerks and brakemen and cooks can. But it does stir up my bile to have 'em lay down the law to me as to how my business should be run. I know how to run a railroad. If I do say it myself no living man can get more out of a railroad plant than I can—and I think my record shows it," I added, as Peter did not respond.

"Yes; probably it does," he replied politely.

"These skates who are always bungling their own particular business butt in on my business more and more every year. If I were running a railroad as these fellows run a government, and a man came along who was running a government the way I run a railroad—do you see?—I'd take off my hat to him and say: 'Why, sure! Show me how; for it's evident you know.' But it's just the other way round. The bungler butts in on the efficient man. That's what I can't stand—and it's got to stop!" I added recklessly, just to relieve my feelings.

"You can't stop it!" Peter replied gloomily. "It will get worse and worse all the time. Probably we'll have Government ownership of everything by and by—with ward heelers for division superintendents on the railroads and the locomotives burning hay to make the Administration strong with the farmers." He tilted his glass again and half choked himself on a dismal laugh. "But we did put a crimp in it once—in Philadelphia gas."

I knew about that only in a vague sort of way and asked him to tell me the story.

"Why," said he, "away back in eighteen-forty-something the city bought or built a gas plant and issued bonds to pay for it. Management of the plant was turned over to a board of trustees for the bondholders. There were half a dozen different investigations, first and last. One of them showed, I remember, that at one time, if you should take the whole surface area of the gasworks—every foot of it, you understand—and line up the people on the payroll shoulder to shoulder, there actually wouldn't be room enough for them to stand. No, sir! The fellows holding jobs actually couldn't have stood shoulder to shoulder on all the ground covered by the whole works! The rest of it was like that. Mains rotted in the ground; the plant fell into dilapidation. It cost seventy-six cents a thousand feet of gas for wages and salaries alone!

"Along about 1887 or 1888 the city councils fired out the trustees, and the management was taken over by the city itself. There was to be a great reform then—but the councils, of course, used the gas plant for politics. The payrolls were loaded with henchmen; and, instead of making proper charges for depreciation and repairs, about all the profits from the gasworks were grabbed off by other city departments in order to keep the tax-rate low—a low tax-rate, you know, being a good card at election.

"Naturally the plant deteriorated and got all out of date, so that the cost of making gas was absurdly high. The pipes, not being repaired and replaced as they should have been, leaked more and more. About that time the new water-gas process was coming

"I Reckon We Four Can Scrape Up Enough Cash"

into vogue. It was more economical than coal gas. Naturally private companies were adopting it everywhere—but not the city. The city had no money—no initiative—no sense. It kept on with the old method. It couldn't extend its mains and increase production nearly fast enough to keep up with the growing demand for gas; so it began buying water gas from a private company in which I was interested.

"Here was the situation—and you'll find it all in the record if you care to run over to Philadelphia and look it up: The city, with its antiquated plant and rusty mains, was losing by leakage one-quarter of all the gas it made, while the leakage in a decent plant shouldn't have been over three per cent. It was actually costing the city somewhere from forty-five to fifty cents a thousand feet to manufacture and distribute gas; and, at the same time, our private company was selling the city gas at thirty-seven cents a thousand feet—and making a profit of fifty per cent on every foot it sold!

"Of course the city's service was rotten. It was poisoning everybody with its leaks; it couldn't meet the demand for gas; and its gas was of poor quality—nineteen candlepower was the best it could do. In 1897 we proposed to take over the city's gas plant on a thirty-year lease; to spend at least fifteen million dollars for improvements during the life of the lease; to light public buildings free of charge; and to furnish gas of twenty-two candlepower on a sliding scale—beginning at a dollar a thousand feet and working down to seventy-five cents, either turning the difference between a dollar and the lower price into the city treasury, or reducing the price to the consumer. We put it through; and since then Philadelphia has had very good gas service—also we have made a fair profit."

"How did you put it through?" I inquired.

"Well, it required some arranging; but there was no serious opposition," Peter replied. "I noticed by the papers the other day that there is talk of turning the city waterworks over to a private company. I think it would be a good thing if they'd turn the whole shebang over to a private company."

One of our senators came in just then and the subject was dropped; nor was anything further said about it for several weeks. But Peter's incidental remark at the close had set me thinking.

A few weeks after that disconsolate day in Washington there was a great flood out in Ohio—as you will find by looking up the newspaper files of that time. It was especially severe at Dayton. Almost without warning a torrent was racing through the main street of the town up to the second stories of business buildings. People were driven from submerged homes. There was no transportation; no gas; no electric light; no heat—not even water fit to drink; no way to get food supplies. Of course the city government immediately went to pieces—simply disappeared, for all practical purposes; but a capable business man out there—the president of a trust—took off his coat and pulled the town together.

I have saved an editorial that a very influential Democratic newspaper, published in New York, printed on the subject at the time. This newspaper naturally was a great little trust-buster; wanted all really efficient organizations dissolved and everybody with a large fortune—except its own proprietor—put in the pillory. But I must say for the newspapers that they had more sense than anybody would suppose from reading their editorial pages. They denounced everybody else's combinations; but the moment their own business interests were threatened—as by a strike or any change in the laws—they instantly closed ranks into one of the tightest trusts going.

This editorial that I speak of ran as follows:

"Under stress of disaster municipal government in Dayton went to pieces. The mayor became invisible. The chief of police was marooned. The police, as a force or factor, vanished. The fire department was negligible. But out of the chaos came a man! John H. Patterson, with the shadow of an anti-trust-law conviction over him, has pulled the town together. Already the citizens, with their official government in the discard, are seeking commission government, with Patterson at its head, to lift them back where they belong. Why not? Would it not be better, instead of sending our able magnates and organizers to jail, to sentence them to devote their energies to the management of public affairs? Instead of losing their talents, they would be turned to general account. What a city New York would be, for example, if it enjoyed the administrative advantages possessed by the Standard Oil Company!"

One evening, not long after reading that, I got John Stone, Tom Briar, Peter Thorne and Elbridge Branch up to my house in New York. I told them I had something important to say to them; and when we were all gathered in the library, with the door shut, I said I had discovered some sense in a newspaper. Of course they all looked incredulous; but I read the editorial and then delivered myself of something like this:

"I believe it's high time we did something about government in this country. It's getting to be perfectly ridiculous. Government is interfering with us—and with everybody else who knows how to do business efficiently—more and more every day. Just now, for example, this state is telling me how many brakemen I must put on a freight train. And they are talking cheerfully about sending us all to jail under these last anti-trust decisions. What we ought to do is to show up government—demonstrate to the public what a lobster government is!"

"How Much of the Two Hundred-and-Odd Millions is Thrown Away?"

"The public knows that already; the newspapers are always saying it," Elbridge Branch observed.

"Yes, but it doesn't get under people's hides," I replied. "They don't take it home with them. If we give them a convincing object lesson of our capacity as contrasted with the capacity of their governments it will clear up the atmosphere a whole lot. When it comes down to administration we can make any large government look so much like thirty cents that the public will think twice before it votes again to put us in government leading strings. It will be more apt to vote the other way round."

"I doubt it—there's such a terrible prejudice against us," said John Stone. His son-in-law—a soft sort of chap who dabbled round in philanthropy—had wanted to run for Congress, and had been assured, after a careful canvass, that about a third of his own house servants might vote for him, but nobody else in the district would.

"Wait until we show 'em," I replied. "You know, of course, how the expenses of the Federal Government are increasing right along. With an income tax the Government now has an almost unlimited source of supplies. Of course it will keep on tapping it more and more. There is never any backward step—always an increase, no matter what party is in power."

I reached for a black-covered book that lay on the table and went on:

"Here is a report of finances of cities, just issued by the Census Bureau. On page thirty it shows the expenditures of one hundred and forty-seven cities each year from 1902 to 1909. In 1902 these cities spent four hundred and sixty million dollars; in 1909 they spent seven hundred and sixty millions—an increase of three hundred million dollars in seven years. This isn't all the cities, you understand, but just those that the Census Bureau has complete reports from for each of those years.

"At the head of the procession here is little old New York whooping it up at the rate of more than two hundred million dollars a year. Some of it comes from bonds, of course; but it's spent! Now we know a little something about government in New York. If twenty-five cents on the dollar is wasted in Washington, how much of the two hundred-and-odd millions that New York spends in a year is thrown away? Suppose we cut it in two with the public—gave them half the salvage. I'll bet we'd still have a profit of twenty-five million dollars a year—which would pay five per cent interest on five hundred millions; and that's pretty near as much as any one of us has made in a lifetime—eh?"

John Stone was sitting up straight, with his two hands on his two bony knees and his mouth open. I could see my remarks had really caught his interest. The others were staring at me too.

"Here are New York, Chicago and Philadelphia," I added, with my finger on the open page of the book, "spending three hundred and twenty millions a year—and probably wasting sixty or seventy or eighty millions of it. Suppose we begin with those three—New York first, of course—and then see what happens." I held up my hand here, for they were all going to speak at once. "Wait a minute and think it over," I urged. "Government in this country takes something like twenty-five dollars a head of the whole population—say, a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for an average workingman's family of five persons—if there is any such average family as the statisticians talk about. And it's getting to be more every year—growing faster than the population!

"That's a pretty big problem—eh? Now suppose some of us are going in for philanthropy—and, of course, what a man does with his own money and time is his own business," I added, not wishing to offend John—"how could he do more absolute good than by lightening that load? Suppose he sees how taxes are piling up, with graduated income and inheritance taxes aimed at large fortunes, and wants to keep a little of his money for himself and his heirs. How can he protect himself any better than by making government economical? Suppose he wants to wean people away from the notion of having the Government butt in everywhere. Showing them how punk the Government is in its own business will help some, won't it? Or suppose he looks at it as a plain business proposition—by running this thing right we can benefit the public by so many million dollars a year and ourselves by an equal amount. Any way you look at it it's worth doing. I tell you it's the biggest proposition I ever ran across!"

"How are you going to get control of these governments?" Elbridge Branch demanded.

"Well, I'm no lawyer. That's mostly for you to figure out," I replied. At which he gasped, "Good Lord!" and dropped back in his chair. Tom Briar looked round at Peter Thorne and tapped his forehead significantly.

"No; don't you get an idea that I'm nutty, Tom," I warned him; "because I'll show you to the contrary before we get through with that Great Lakes deal of ours. Gentlemen," I continued, addressing the company as impressively as possible, "we have browsed round this vale of tears quite a lot; and I put it to you, as a matter of invariable experience: When you find any mismanaged, half-witted, incompetent, addlepated concern that doesn't know enough to take care of its own money, can't the first able man that comes along put it under his arm and walk off with it? Did you ever know that to fail?"

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THE WILDBOY

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

SIX or seven years ago, when I was a little boy, I lived with my aunt in a Bleecker Street tenement house. I remember her with tired eyes and soft pink cheeks like a faded picture, but I was ashamed because she'd never quarrel and fight. Instead she'd come home from work and, after we'd eaten, sit drooped over and lookin' at me as if givin' up hope when I showed a new way of gougin' with the fingers or kickin' shinbones.

I explained how the woman on the next landin' took her boy's part and shoved me downstairs; but my aunt would never take up for me.

Then a man named George came to see her; but he looked me over, sayin':

"There's nothin' doin' if that kid has to come along!" And I tried to bite him on the sly.

Next evenin' my aunt came home with bundles of groceries in her arms; and while cookin' supper she sang to herself—and danced too. We'd never had so much to eat before; and after explainin' that it was a regular party she leaned toward me, with her elbows on the table.

"This is a hard world, Cap," she said; "and you remember always to get what's comin' to you. I'm goin' to do it."

My! she was happy—with eyes so bright I could hardly stand 'em and hair tumbled about her shoulders! I thought she was drunk and was happy too—now she'd fight the woman on the landin'!

She went behind the quilt hung across the corner, and pretty soon came out in a white dress I'd never seen before. She looked as if about to cry and stood in her tracks a moment with clenched fists.

"We've all got to get what's comin' to us!" she said, and then in an anxious way asked if it hadn't been a regular party while it lasted.

I answered: "Sure!"

She turned slowly and walked up to the door, then back again as though afraid to open it. She kept sayin':

"I can't do it, George!" Then, with a little cry, she ran out the door and down stairs.

That was the last I ever saw of her, and next day the Children's Society caught me after a chase. They kept me two years and then—one springtime—sent me to work for a gardener out in Missouri.

I never can forget my first smell of the soil when breakin' it up for plantin'—so sweet and strong that it dazed me. The gardener, a big, sour-lookin' man livin' by himself, told me that truck grew from seeds; and after that I began thinkin' of a green city, crowded and buildin' underfoot. I wondered if it would have streets and what would happen in 'em; and after the first warm night rain I got up earlier than usual to sit on a stump in the dark.

Though nothin' could be seen I could feel that city risin' round me; and the dog came out to sit by me, whinin' as though he felt it too. A strange, sweet smell floated in the air, and I saw a glowworm move in one of the beds like a spark of green, smolderin' fire. Dawn came, and the dog gave a glad bark, for the whole garden glittered green. This was a magic city worth livin' in, and from that day till the frost of fall cut down the garden I forgot about other things. Then of a sudden I thought of playin' with boys.

The gardener had promised to send me to school in the town nearby, and there I had a good time playin' the first day. On the second day they asked me whose son I was and I answered 'em: "Nobody's!" Then they would have nothin' to do with me any more.

A boy livin' in a garden gets out of the way of fightin', though I did have it up and down with one boy who said I was a disgrace; I didn't believe this till I got back home, then I felt shamed of fightin' before even the shriveled dead things in the garden, which wasn't like the tenement.

As I couldn't go among those boys without fightin' all the time, I stayed at home—which didn't make any difference to the gardener—and built a shack in a fence corner where I could get along comfortable with only my partic'lar friends. There I spent most of the winter, makin' a small campfire every day and payin' no attention to people passin' along the road.

I dug a square pit in one-half of the shack floor, which I covered with an old windowframe that had only one pane broken; there, sunk in the ground, was a bed o' violets, and a cauliflower, and a gourd which I was raisin' for a dipper.

Every night I covered the frame with old sacks and spread warm ashes over 'em. Those violets cert'nly bloomed, and were big and purple when the fields were

On the Card Was Printed: Brownlow Clay, Banker; Barlow, Missouri

under snow. The dipper never did get big enough to take more'n one drink out of, but the cauliflower nearly bursted himself. He scrouged so in the bed that I kept him in warm rags under the box I sat on. So, among these cronies I sure did get all that was comin' to me, as my aunt had told me to do.

The gardener looked in one day and said I certainly did beat Nater in makin' truck grow. He didn't know the difference between truck and a family; so I didn't invite him again.

One afternoon in February a big automobile came flounderin' through the frozen mud of the road and, with a big lurch and groan, stopped near the fence corner. Through a knothole I saw a lady and a gentleman, and a driver who was gettin' ready to crawl under the machine. Then some one cried out that here was a campfire to keep warm by; and a little girl in thick furs came tumblin' between the rails and peepin' into the cabin.

"Papa," she said with a little cry, "a wild boy is camped here!"

The gentleman in the machine was listenin' to the lady quarrel, so that he didn't hear this; and as the girl stood her ground I told her she might come in if she wasn't afraid.

"I am not afraid," she said in a very clear, high voice, and came on a step.

"Do you want to see the family?" I asked, and showed her the cauliflower, burstin' out of his ragged clo'es.

She stood very stiff, answerin':

"You are jokin'—and I do not like to be joked."

"I thought maybe you'd understand," I said, and told her about the gardener, who thought it was all truck.

She thought a minute, studyin' me with very keen eyes.

"Of course I understand better than a gardener," she said, and threw her fur cloak on to my seat in the corner, payin' no attention to the cloud of ashes it fanned up.

"He is very ragged," she said, standin' before the cauliflower with her hands behind her back. "Why don't you keep him in furs? Where is the rest of the family? Why do you keep me waiting?"

"You can look through a window and see 'em in the ground," I answered; and believin' I was teasin' again she stamped her foot.

Then I raised the sacks; and on seein' the violets her hands clasped in front.

"It is true," she said—"that was a fine riddle." She smelled through the broken pane and then touched the dipper with her finger. "It is so cunnin' of him to be crawlin' there on his hands and knees!" she said. She looked out of the corners of her eyes without straightenin' up. "My maid says my eyes are like a flower." I nodded. "Of flowers that might sometimes bloom in the winter—in a wild boy's cabin."

"Violets," I said—"that is a good riddle too."

"Well, what of it?" she frowned.

Dustin' off the ashes, I gave her two big bunches of violets, which she held against her throat.

"Now they will leave you and be orphans; but I'll keep them a long time," she whispered. "Well, how do I look?"

"Pretty!" I answered.

"That is not as if you said lovely," she told me; "but I know what you mean."

I nodded; and holdin' the flowers close she looked at the family and the bright coals, and held up her finger as the wind whistled over the field.

"Hark!" she whispered with bright, quick looks—"I would like to be a wild girl."

At this moment a call came from the automobile; but, instead of going out, she called back through the knothole: "Papa, you should come here!" And then the gentleman, jumpin' the fence, came up slowly to the door.

He was a tall, slim young man with rather a pale face; and there was somethin' about him I'd never seen in anybody—as though nothin' in the world could surprise or scare him. His eyelids drooped and he was smokin' a cigarette in a lazy way. He nodded and said "How-do?" to me.

The girl told the riddle and showed him the violets. We could hear the lady in the auto scoldin'; and the man, raisin' his eyebrows a little, picked up the fur cloak and held it open.

"We have twenty miles to go before dark, my Winifred," he said.

As the gentleman buttoned her cloak Winifred said to me:

"We are on tour from our town to the city. You will come home to raise a flower family for us, and I will buy them all. Papa, give the wild boy your card—yes, give it! He has eyes as dark gray as those ashes. And he may come to our garden, where nothin' but weeds grow now?"

The gentleman grinned lazily and said: "Coquette!" But he gave me the card politely, sayin' it would please him to have me come.

"Now are you content?" he asked the girl.

Her face was all a-sparkle as she told me quickly: "I shall think the ashes on my violets fell from your eyes."

"Hopeless!" said the gentleman, and followed with a low laugh as she crossed the road with her head held up proudly. In a moment the big machine floundered on and the fence corner was deserted by all but me.

On the card was printed: Brownlow Clay, Banker; Barlow, Missouri. Sittin' over the campfire I thought: "Brownlow Clay would be glad to see me—because he said so. It wouldn't be bad to have folks say: 'Howdy-do, Cap?' If I had a violet bed there Winifred Clay would tear the heart out of it to hold up against her throat." I wondered why I wouldn't mind this at all.

The cabin was growin' dark—the wind whined and snowflakes flew in the low door; it seemed that a mad wolf lay out there, with foam spatterin' from his jaws. A little snake of red fire ran among the ashes, and my hair moved as a wild critter's would have done.

"She said for me to come home," I thought, "and raise a flower family for her!" But a wild boy who was nobody's son had to stick to his cabin.

I got up to wrap old Cauliflower in his warm rags and put him to bed like a fat beggar. I covered the violet bed with sacks and warm ashes—raisin' the frame just a second so they could breathe "Good night!" to me out of the ground. I laid the card on the last ember and watched it shrivel into a black star; then I started whistlin' to the mad wolf and struck across the field. We wild things had lots of fun and company together and there wasn't any disgrace in our home.

After that I went on enjoyin' life and gettin' all that was comin' to me, till one day a lame old man in uniform passed along the road on the way from town. Everybody who wore that uniform was bound to be a guard at the state asylum, two miles out.

This lame man had passed before on the way to and from town; but today it was very windy and cold, and spyin' my eye at the knothole he hailed to know if he might stop to get warm. I told him yes, and he limped inside, shiverin'.

"I guessed where there was so much smoke there must be some fire," he said; and I asked him if it wasn't some job to guard crazy people.

"Lord love you, matey, I'm one of the queer ones myself," he said—"not vi'lent, you understand; just silly. So they make me a trusty, and I get to town on an errand once in a while."

He winked; and I asked what made him silly.

"It's the law has affected me, matey," he answered: "but, pshaw! I get tired bein' classed with bugs, and don't mind bein' taken for a sound-minded man once in a while."

He said it was lucky that he'd turned queer or he'd have been in jail for helpin' out a friend whose name he had signed to a piece of paper.

"Why didn't he sign his own name?" I asked.

"He wasn't there at the time," answered the trusty. "Then the law jumped on me—it was a mixed-up sort of business—and drove me almost crazy—almost, y'understand. Once I bit a turnkey, but after bein' in this bughouse for three years I'm tamed down."

"Why don't you leave then?" I asked, and he explained.

"How'd an old lame man make a livin'? If I run away I'd have to go back to the gang, and the law would nab me in a week—it's that interferin'. Then I'd go to the hoose-gow for ten years, which is about all I have left."

I wanted to know if he didn't have a son to take care of him, and he shook his head; and then we talked quite a while on everything. He was a bony, chalk-faced man with small, wild black eyes. They were crossed a little bit, which had come of the law's mixin' in his business and makin' him queer; but I could see he was almost well now.

It was a pity to see him start home shiverin' in the cold wind, but he promised to stop in again; and he did.

One time I asked if he'd ever been called Nobody.

"I am proud to say that, one way or another, I was always cuttin' some figger," he answered. So I kept secret from him that I was a disgrace.

On the first warm March day some schoolboys came through playin' hare and hound, and they stopped to point me out and talk among 'emselves. When I walked toward 'em they went away, with me throwin' stones and swearin'. I chased 'em among the woods beyond the field, and stumblin' against trees tore my own clo'es with my teeth in a sort of blind fit. Then I was cold and quiet again, thinkin' of things I'd almost forgotten—those old times when I'd taken my breakfast down from the tenement to eat it sittin' in the gutter as it began steamin' in the sun, and the little kids swarmed out half naked and snarlin'-sleepy, with crusts in their fists.

I was scared and dragged myself back across the field to my fence corner. I wanted to be a wild boy again, with the flowers and vegetables for company; but to go inside after actin' so would be like draggin' 'em through the gutter. So I only hung round or peeped inside where I'd once lived with 'em: and I didn't have any place to go to.

I knew it was better never to see those boys talkin' among 'emselves again; and when the trusty came by I asked if I couldn't take him on as my father.

"You might be disgraced for not havin' any boy," I told him, "and people would talk about you among 'emselves."

"I don't know as I'd mind that so much—bein' queer, y'understand," he answered.

I told him about Brownlow Clay, Banker; Barlow, Missouri.

"He invited me to come garden for him—and I'm goin'," I went on. "You can live with me."

"You're a good, strong boy—and a worker," he said, studyin' me, "and I'm sure sick of the law interferin' in my business. Now if you adopt me and take me along as your gov'nor, and I am nabbed—why, it'll only prove I'm crazy. I'm beginnin' to be afraid they suspect me of bein' sane. The nerve of some people!" he whispered. "And then again," he went on, "we might make a clean getaway and live like lords with the banker on your garden!"

That evenin', instead of goin' to bed, I waited till the gardener was asleep and slipped out to the shack, where I sat keepin' the fire—and maybe I didn't have a good time!

The wind didn't whine—he blew high and shrill, and, with the loose piece of tin on my roof boomin' away, made fife-and-drum music all night. The fire was a soldier's bivouac, and I said: "Captain Cauliflower, you will guard the camp!"—and set him in the midst of the coals. He made quite a smoke in his uniform of rags, but at last went hissin' down to ashes. More coals, and then the violets dropped in one at a time. The fire winked out and I was alone a while in the black dark, waitin' for the time to march.

Then, with no comrade left lonesome behind, I started up the road under a blank, cold sky and a scattered light, to meet gov'nor, a mile away.

He had some money that an old friend had slipped him; and, after boardin' a train at a little station down the railroad track, it didn't take us long to find the way to Barlow.

Late of a spring afternoon we came to what people called the old Brownlow Clay place, near the edge of town; the house, built of brick and stone, and with wide verandas, stood on a low hill, and the great sweep of grounds was bounded by a stone wall. In a far corner of this wall was a log cabin, which would be just the home for a gardener; beyond this was wooded land as far as you could see.

I never knew what I'd been missin' all my life in not havin' a gov'nor till I walked up to the veranda before all the Clays and told 'em that, of course, he'd come along to look after me.

Mrs. Clay, a pretty lady with cold blue eyes, seemed surprised; and Brownlow twirled his cigarette as though tryin' to remember me, till I said that I was the one invited.

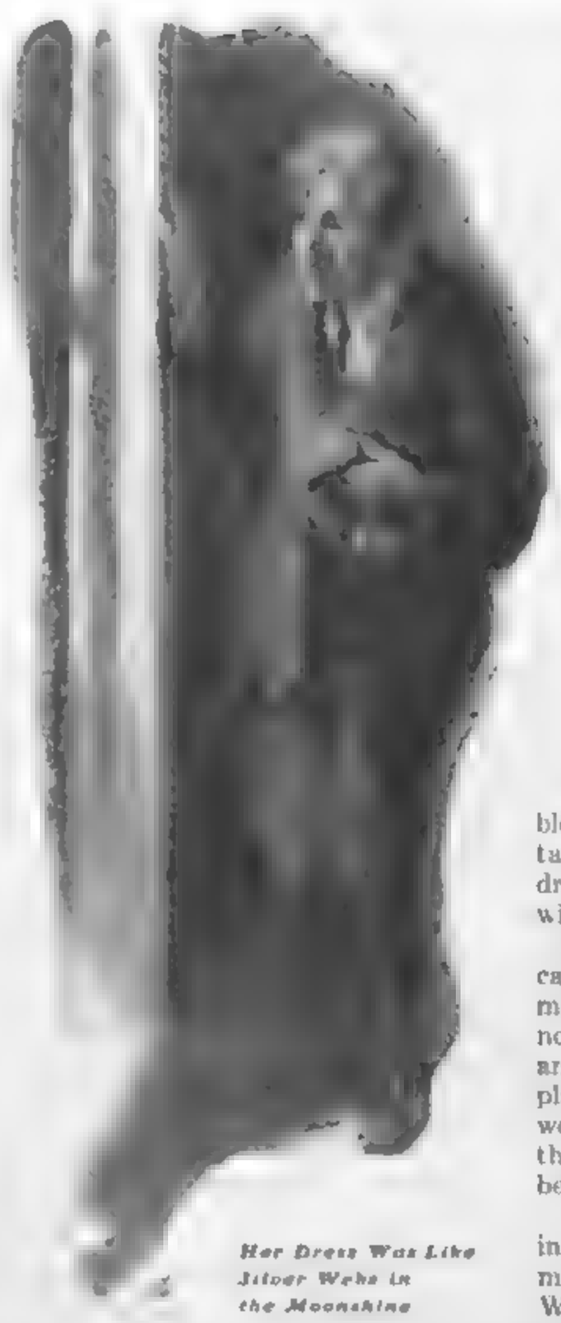
Winifred had stood back watchin' me without a word, but now she exclaimed: "He is the wild boy with eyes like ashes!"

"How-do!" said Mr. Clay, and shook hands. "Unexpected guest—must be looked to, and all that," he said, rubbin' his ear.

I answered that the gardener's cabin down the wall was a lot better than my old one in the fence corner; and after a minute Winifred said she would show me where to make the garden, and led the way.

The slope back of the house was not kept up like the grounds in front. Trees and shrubbery were tangled and torn as I'd once seen the deep woods after a tornado. Rotted deadfalls were scattered there like skeletons, and the walks windin' through were deep with leafmold.

Somehow I felt that the wilderness was creepin' up to swallow the place, and I asked Winifred what she thought



Her Dress Was Like Silver Webs in the Moonshine

about it; but she answered:

"A guest mustn't notice such things—and, anyway, you should call me Miss Clay."

I liked Winifred best, though, and called her that for a long time.

"The wilderness could be driven back with an ax and sickle," I told her; but Winifred, after a quick look, tossed her hair and danced away.

All in white, with the low sun breaking one big spark upon her body, she danced down the moldy walk, wavin' her hand to a rusty marble boy guardin' a fountain. The fountain was dry and the basin filled with leaves.

She stopped before the cabin, which stood in the midst of an old garden now covered with brush and dead weeds, though plantain and dandelion were beginnin' to show their green leaves in the beds.

I scooped up some soil in my hands and sniffed—my! it was sweet; but Winifred watched me with a shiver.

"It is damp and horrid as a grave down here!" she said; but I knew that purple and red and white would color those clods when the seed burst, and laughed.

She opened the door of the cabin. I was surprised to find it so cozy in there, with rag carpet and curtains and furniture. Everything was moldy—but so is the ground; and such a funny idea sprang up that I laughed again.

"Well, what is it now?" asked she, though it was plain that she didn't really care what I thought.

"In this moldy place I feel just like a seed planted in the ground!" I explained.

She nodded and said "Riddles!"—as though it was all she could expect of me. It seemed that the old gardener had disappeared two years before; ashes still lay in the fireplace, and a half-burned candle stood streamin' with tallow rags.

"Good evenin', wild boy!" said Winifred, though I'd explained that my name was Cap Trusty and the gentleman who'd come along was my gov'nor.

"I do not like him at all!" she said, and I watched her dance up the walk out of sight.

Pretty soon we had a fire in the chimney; and while I was goin' over the tools in the shed back of the cabin a servant brought some dinner, with the Clays' compliments.

The servin' man said the household was goin' to the dogs, what with the master losin' so much money and the missus quarrelin' all the time; but I didn't like to hear him talk so, and he went off grumblin'.

"Well, they're glad to have us guests here," I told gov'nor, and he nodded.

"Son, you sure passed the third degree up at that house! It's a gift!"

He added that he never had the gift himself and there was no use tryin' to make people glad to see him. He'd got the habit of thinkin' in a queer way; so I said I guessed I could pass along their friendliness to him.

"Look Out, Gov'nor!"

We had money to live on for several weeks, and I had the servant send down the grocer when he called. So he brought us supplies and agreed to buy my vegetables if they were good ones.

I found the old beds very rich and worked 'em up just as the gardener had taught me; then I began sowin' the seed and settin' out plants, keepin' one big corner for flowers. Some old vines which had been stragglin' along the wall were trained to grow upward; then I planted more, and by mid-June the cabin was like a tent of roses and mornin'-glories and honeysuckle.

Durin' all this time Winifred was the only one of the Brownlow Clays who came near. She said very little and would never take a single flower—even a violet—though a bed of 'em was bloomin' away in the shady corner of the wall. Sometimes I heard autos drivin' up—and again the house seemed deserted. By night it would often be a blaze of light, and we could hear music; but I was too busy to go visitin'.

"They're dancin'," said gov'nor as we sat listenin' out in the grass—"dancin' like mad people."

He stayed at home and kept watch for visitors, but none ever came; he could cook fine, and lots o' times I wished we had a guest to taste his biscuit. I'll bet she would have come often then.

He told me lots of interestin' things, but never would talk about the Clay family; and when, after the grocer had taken the first vegetables, I asked if about half the money wouldn't be right for Brownlow, he said:

"Son, you have the feelin' of their kind of people and whatever your gift tells you to do will be right with 'em."

So one mornin' I put on my good clo'es, which I'd washed and ironed, and went up to see Brownlow. I found him standin' at the side of the house, with his hands in his pockets, starin' at the wilderness, which had crept up till one big oak was clutchin' at the eaves. Seein' me, he nodded and said:

"Well, here is our guest still with us! I hope you're comfortable in the log house."

I gave him the money, sayin' it was his half-share from the garden; and glancin' at the silver pieces he seemed about to hand 'em back, but then said politely:

"One-fourth is the rent of that garden, paid by the month."

Slippin' me all but two of the coins he dropped the others into his pocket.

"If you don't mind a guest's sayin' somethin', I could drive that wilderness back," I said. "It's creepin' up."

"It is a wilderness, y'know!" he said, surprised. "We are in the shadow."

He walked away with a shiver, and turnin' back I faced Winifred.

"Wild boy!" she said; and, though I spoke several times about the garden, not another word could be gotten out of her.

While I was busy that afternoon, though, I saw her white dress flickerin' through the treetrunks far up the slope; and soon she came dancin' out among the beds.

"This evenin' I will be allowed to watch one dance at mamma's party," she said, "and will wear violets. They must be great, deep-blue ones—the color of my eyes; I will let you match them."

So I did; and, sayin' "You can take the price out of papa's share in the garden!" she danced away again. She wouldn't take 'em as a present.

That day I didn't feel like work any more and sat under the vine trellis at the cabin door till dusk. After dinner, when gov'nor had turned in, the house up the slope began to twinkle like fireflies; and when the music began I knew that Winifred was watchin' the dance, with the violets at her throat.

I walked up all the way through the wilderness, past the stone boy guardin' his choked-up fountain, and watched through the long, open window.

I saw Winifred stand in the center of the floor and bow, while many kisses were thrown at her. Her dress was like silver webs in the moonshine as she floated away with her black hair tossin' and a long backward look.

"Good night to all our guests!" she said in her clear voice.

I listened to the music and watched the dancers, sometimes drowsin' away. Then the party broke up in a mad, happy way, and the Brownlow Clays stood alone near the window. They had been the happiest and gayest of all the crowd; but now Mrs. Clay said, as though quarrelin':

"Well, the death revel is over—our friends are turned to ghosts. What next!"

"The wilderness!" he said, staring out into the dark.

Then they turned from each other and I went home through the woods just growin' gray with dawn.

Well, that house never twinkled again at night; and by day it seemed deserted, with no sound of auto horns or voices. Even the servants disappeared.

"Ruin—that's what it is!" said gov'nor. He wrote a letter, which I mailed in town, and after that he was busy practicin' with pen and ink.

Sometimes one of the Clays could be seen walkin' in the wilderness; and at last, late one afternoon, Winifred came down among the beds.

Her hair was tangled and her dress wrinkled, with a hole torn in it; her shoes—little bits of ones—were muddy; but, when suspectin' that I noticed these things, Winifred clenched her fists as though to strike me.

"You wild boy—who holds himself so high above people—I hate you!" she said, and for a moment rubbed her fists into her eyes. I shook my head and she told me plainly that I was too proud and different. "You are just like the wilderness creepin' up," she said, "and would like to drag people down and bury 'em in mold!"

I asked why she thought so, and Winifred answered that it was because I didn't laugh or quarrel.

"You didn't happen to be about," I explained.

"Well, I am goin' to be a wild girl," she said. "I will laugh and I will cry—but it will be wild."

I didn't know what to say to this; and laughin' shrill as a gull she tore up the plants in a bed.

I said: "Tear 'em all up!" Then she hid her head in her arms a moment, mumblin' that she would be wild in her own way.

She was that way all the time afterward, and tore lots o' plants up by the roots, though never touchin' the bed o' violets. Her dresses got stained and all of 'em were torn. She seemed glad of it, but gritted her teeth when suspectin' that I noticed it.

"My mamma sits alone in one part of the house and my papa in another," she told me once, grinnin'. "Ruin has taken 'em; but I like a wilderness best."

She showed her teeth when playin' in the garden rows and kept her hands clutched like claws.

One night, not bein' able to sleep, I thought: "Nothin' ever goes so wild in woods and fields—somethin' worse has got her!" Livin' among a family in ruins might change anybody into a brat with wicked claws and sharp teeth.

I got up and walked round, rememberin' the ragged tenement kids goin' off into fits of temper—rollin' and bitin' in the steamy gutter. Winifred didn't know what she was comin' to, and I was settin' a bad example by bein' shabby.

The House Began to Twinkle Like Fireflies

For several days after that Winifred watched me workin' in Sunday clo'es, with a collar and a white handkerchief. She kept frownin' at her own clo'es and at last said:

"Who's ashamed, just because you're dressed like a peacock?"

"Wild folks don't dress in rags," I told her—"only city beggars do that."

She hated me worse than ever for this and nagged me about. Then she came and stood in front of me.

"You dress up," she said, "only to put shame on me, because my dress is a little torn!"

Well, the sleeve was hangin' in tatters from the elbow and I offered to mend it.

"Would you do that?" she asked. "Then you'd be only a servant!" She laughed in that shrill way while I stitched up the rip. "As if I'd have a boy like you tell me how to behave!" she said then, and tore out the whole sleeve with her teeth.

"Now you belong in the gutter and I ain't your guest any more!" I told her. She stood in her tracks white as a ghost and hidin' her bare arm, while I went back to work. Once the hoe dropped out o' my hands, and I wanted to tell her I had played in the gutter myself—and whatever she did was all right; but I thought of gov'nor—who had made me somebody—and couldn't do it. She went away very softly, but I couldn't help hearin'. Well, gov'nor was splendid company, the quietest, friendliest father a boy ever took on.

He practiced every day with pen and paper, and was anxious for an answer to his letter till I got one at the post-office addressed to James Trusty.

Next mornin' when I went to the beds he tagged along, talkin' and tryin' to help, though he always seemed puzzled what to do in a garden. The sun beat down; but he wouldn't go in, and said he did enjoy life among the vegetables.

"I tell you what, Cap," he said—"I'll go into town myself to get the fixin's, and we'll have a regular blowout. Homefolks ought to have 'em once in a while. You can invite all the friends you ever had—they can't be here, o' course; but I'll make up their regrets and they'll be with us in spirit."

That would cert'nly be fine; so he went to town for the first time and brought back pies and beefsteak, and about everything there is to eat. He brought a Chinese lantern too, which was hung to the doorway vines; and we spread the table just outside, on the grass. My old pals were invited, and the Brownlow Clays and gov'nor told how sorry each one was that he couldn't be present. We drank their healths in spring water which sparkled like wine, and then gov'nor sang a dear old chantey of a man who hanged himself in jail—till a beetle missed the lantern and batted him between the eyes. It was sure funny; and Winifred could have heard me laugh that time if she'd been there in somethin' besides spirit.

There was a little silence; and gov'nor, leanin' slowly across the table, looked at me with fiery black eyes.

"Cap, we've got to get all that's comin' to us, ain't we?" he asked; and when I nodded he laughed as though happy drunk. Then he rose and limped toward the door, sayin': "I'm gettin' old and can't stand such sportin' round very late. Say, Cap—it was a regular blowout, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was!" I answered. And he went on in to bed.

After a bit I went out to tell the gardenfolk goodby; those plants sure do their best by you and it was pretty low to desert 'em—they'd soon run wild and die. But it just had to be.

That night I lay with my clo'es on and some things made into a bundle and tied at the end of a stick, as travelers do. Along about moonrise gov'nor began movin' soft-footed as a fox; he looked in at my door and then left the house, puttin' on his shoes in the yard. When he started off I caught up with him. He jumped aside; and then, seein' I was ready for travel, said:

"What are you followin' me for?"

I didn't answer right away; it seemed as though I never could have a party without losin' my folks this way—first my aunt, then gov'nor.

"Go back!" he said; but I shook my head.

He stood gaunt in the moonlight, thrustin' out his head; and his eyes burned reddish black. I'd never seen 'em so crossed and little—fine as pinpoints!

"I'm breakin' jail," he said—"and breakin' alone! I'm rustin' away and dyin' like an old dog in this damned garden! Now don't you follow or——" He stepped away, but I kept pace with him; and in a second he was snarlin'

(Continued on Page 65)

A SINGER'S STORY

By Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MY FIRST London season, even at this remote day, is an absorbing recollection to me. I had at that time enough youthful enthusiasm and desire to keep going to have stocked a regiment of débutantes! Although I was quite as carefully chaperoned and looked out for in England as I had been in America, there was still an unusual sense of novelty and excitement about the days there. I had all of my clothes from Paris and learned that, as Sir Michael Costa had insultingly informed me, I was "quite a pretty woman anyhow."

Add to this the generous praise that the London public gave me professionally, and is it to be considered a wonder that I felt as if all were a delightful fairy tale, with me as the fairy princess?

My mother and I went one evening to Covent Garden to hear Patti sing. One really charming memory of Patti is her Juliette. She was never at all resourceful as an actress and was never able to stamp any part with the least creative individuality; but her singing of that music was perfect. Maurice Strakosch came into our box to present to us Baron Alfred de Rothschild, who became one of the English friends whom we never forgot and who never forgot us. Maddox, too, called on us in the box that evening. He was the editor of a little journal that was the rival of the Court Circular. Maddox I saw a good deal of later and found him very original and entertaining. He ordered champagne that night, so we had quite a little party in our box between the acts.

I also went to Covent Garden to hear Mario for the first time. Fioretti was the prima donna, said to be the best type of the Italian school. Altogether the occasion was expected to be a memorable one and I was full of expectations. Davidson, the critic of the London Times and the foremost musical critic on the Continent, except possibly Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, was full of enthusiasm. But I did not think much of Fioretti nor even of Mario! Yes, Mario the great, Mario the golden-voiced, Mario, who could "soothe with a tenor note the souls in Purgatory," was a bitter disappointment to me. I was too inexperienced still to appreciate the art he exhibited, and his voice was but a ghost of its past glory. Yet England adored him with her wonderful loyalty to old idols.

Several distinguished artists and musicians came into our box that night, Randegger the singing teacher for one, and my good friend Sir George Armitage. Sir George was breathless with enthusiasm.

"There is no one like Mario!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with delight.

"This is the first time I ever heard him," I said.

"Ah, what an experience!" he cried.

"I should never have suspected he was the great tenor," I had to admit.

"Oh, my dear young lady," said Sir George eagerly, "that 'la' in the second act! Did you hear that 'la' in the second act? There was the old Mario!"

His devotion was so touching that I forbore to remind him that if one swallow does not make a summer, so one "la" does not make a singer. When poor Mario came over to America later he was a dire failure. He could not hold his own at all. He could not produce even his "la" by that time. Like Nilsson, however, he greatly improved dramatically after his voice became impaired, for I have been told that when in possession of his full singing voice he was very stiff and unsympathetic in his acting.

Home Again to Flowers and Praises

MAPLESON asked me to stay on the other side and sing in England, Ireland and France at practically my own terms, but I refused to do so. I had made my English success and now I wanted to go home in triumph. My mother agreed with me that it was time to be turning homeward. So I accepted an engagement to sing under the management of the Strakosches, Max and Maurice, on a long concert tour. I have only gratitude for the manner in which my own people welcomed my return. The critics found me much improved and gave me credit for unremitting work.

My contract with the Strakosches was for twenty-five weeks, four appearances a week, making a hundred performances in all. This tour was only broken by a short engagement under my old director, Maretzek, at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, an arrangement made for me by Max Strakosch when we reached that city in the spring; and with the exception of Robert le Diable, Trovatore and one or two other operas, I spent the next three years singing in concert and oratorio entirely. It was not enjoyable, but it was successful.

She Told Me a Pathetic Tale of Privation and Struggle

My first appearance after my European experience was in a concert at the Academy of Music in New York. It was a real welcome home. People cheered and waved and threw flowers and clapped until I was literally in tears. When the concert was over the men from the Lotus Club took the horses out of my carriage and dragged it with me in it to my hotel. And oh, my flowers! My American title of the Flower Prima Donna was soon reëstablished beyond all peradventure. Flowers in those days were much rarer than they are now; and I received literally loads and loads of camellias, and roses enough to set up many florist shops. Without exaggeration I sent those I received by cartloads to the hospitals.

In those concert and oratorio years I remember very few pleasurable appearances; but unquestionably one of the few was when the Beethoven Jubilee was held and I was asked to sing as alternate prima donna with Parepa-Rosa. Although I had done well in the Crystal Palace, I was not a singer who was generally supposed or expected to fill so large a place as the American Institute Colosseum in New York; but, contrary to my fears, my voice proved to have a carrying quality that had never before been adequately recognized. The affair was a great success. Parepa-Rosa did not, as a matter of fact, have quite so big a voice as she was usually credited with having. She had power only to G. Above the staff it was a mixed voice. She could diminish to an exquisite quality, but she could not reënforce with any particular volume.

There was another occasion that I remember with a deep sense of its impressiveness—that of the funeral of Horace Greeley, at which I sang. I knew Horace Greeley personally and recall many interesting things about him; but, naturally perhaps, what stands out in my memory is the fact that a few days before he died he came to hear me sing Handel's Messiah, being, as he said afterward, particularly touched and impressed by my rendering of "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." When he came to die the last words that he said were those, whispered faintly, as if they still echoed in his heart. It may have been because of this fact that it was I who was asked to sing at his funeral.

On my return from abroad I was of course wearing only foreign clothes, and as a consequence found myself the embarrassed center of much curiosity. American women were still children in the art of dressing. At one time I was probably the only woman in America who wore silk stockings and long gloves. People could not accustom themselves to my Parisian fashions. In Saratoga one dear man, whom I knew very well, came to me much distressed and whispered that my dress was fastened crooked. I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him that it was made that way and that the crookedness was the latest French touch.

Another point that hurt the delicate sensibilities of the concert-going American public was the fact that at evening concerts I wore low-necked gowns. On the other side the custom of wearing a dress that was cut down for any and every appearance after dark was invariable, and it took me some time to grasp the fact that my modestly décolleté frocks were causing a sensation. People further found my ease effrontery, and my carriage, acquired after years of effort, "putting on airs." In spite of the cordiality of my welcome home, therefore, I had many critics who were not particularly kind and who accused me of having become "stuck up" during my sojourn abroad. As for my innocent desire to be properly and becomingly clothed, it gave rise to comments that were intended to be quite scathing if I had only taken sufficient notice to think of them ten minutes after they had reached my ears.

One champion arose in my defense, however, whose efforts on my behalf must not be overlooked. He was an Ohio journalist, and his love of justice was far greater than his knowledge of the French language. Seeing in some review that Miss Kellogg had "a larger repertoire than any living prima donna," this chivalrous writer rushed into print as follows:

> We do not of course know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but upon the occasion of her last performance here we are positively certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend out so far as either Nilsson's or Patti's. It may have been that her overskirt was cut too narrow to permit of its being gathered into such a lump behind, or it may have been that it had been crushed down accidentally, but the fact remains that both of Miss Kellogg's rivals wore repertoires of a much more extravagant size—very much to their discredit, we think.

The variety of admirers that are the lot of a person on the stage is extraordinary. It is very difficult for the stage persons themselves to understand it. It has never seemed to me that actors as a class are particularly interesting. Personally I have always been too cognizant of the personalities behind the scenes ever to have any theatrical idols; but to a great many there is something absolutely fascinating about the stage and stage folk. The actor appears to the audience in a perpetual, hazy, calcium glory. We are, one and all, children with an inherent love for fairy tales, and it is probably this love which is in a great measure accountable for the blind adoration received by most stage people.

An Admirer in Hanging Boots

I HAVE received, I imagine, the usual number of letters from "your sincere admirer," some of them funny and some of them rather pathetic. Very few of them were really impertinent or offensive. In nearly all was to be found the same touching devotion to an abstract ideal for which, for the moment, I chanced to be cast.

One man, whose name I never learned, dropped a big, fragrant bunch of violets at my feet each night for weeks. Becoming discouraged after a while because I did not seek him out in his gallery seat, he sent me a note begging for a glance and adding, for identification, this illuminating point: "You'll know me by my boots hanging over!"

Who could disregard such an appeal? That night my eyes searched the balconies feverishly. He had not vainly raised my hopes; his boots were hanging over—large boots that looked as if they had seen considerable service. I sang my best to those boots and dear man—the violets fell as sweetly as before. I have conjured up a charming portrait of this individual with a soul high enough to love music and violets and simple enough not to be ashamed of his boots. Would that all "sincere admirers" might be of such an ingenuous and engaging a pattern.

My "sincere admirers" were from all parts of the house, but I think I found the gallery ones the most sincere and certainly the most amusing. Max Maretzek used to say that he had no manner of use for an artist unless she could fill the family circle. I am glad to be able to record that I always could. My singing usually appealed to the people. The Police Gazette always gave me good notices! I love the family circle. As a rule the appreciation there is greater because of the sacrifices which they have had to

make to buy their seats. When people can go to hear good music every night they do not care nearly so much about doing it.

I wonder if anybody besides singers gets such an extraordinary sense of contact and connection with members of their audiences. I have sometimes felt as if thought waves, reaching through the space between, held me fast to some of those who heard me sing. Who knows what sympathies, what comprehensions, what exquisite friendships were blossoming out there in the dark house like flowers, waiting to be gathered? Letters—not necessarily love letters, rather stray messages of appreciation and understanding—have brought me a similar sense of joy and of safe intimacy. After the receipt of any such I have sung with the pleasant sense that a new friend—yes, friend, not auditor—was listening. I have suddenly felt at home in the big theater; and often, very often, have I looked eagerly over the banked hosts of faces, asking myself wistfully which were the strangers and which were mine own people.

Surely among my friends, if not among my sincere admirers, I may include Okakura Kakuzo, who came over here with the late John La Farge as an envoy from the Japanese Government to study the art of this country as well as that of Europe. His dream was to found some sort of institution in Japan for the preservation and development of his country's old national ideals in art. His criticisms of Titian, by the way, were something extraordinary. As for music, he had a marvelous sense for it.

Okakura was only twenty-six when I first met him at Richard Watson Gilder's studio in New York, but he was already a professor and spoke perfect English and knew all our best literature. When Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, came over, his colleague, Francis Korbay, the musician, gave him an evening reception and I took my Japanese friend. It was a charming evening and Okakura was the success of the reception. When he started being introduced he was nothing but a professor. Before he had gone the rounds he had become an Asiatic prince and millionaire. He had the "grand manner" and wore gorgeous clothes on formal occasions.

Some years later I called on his wife in Tokio. I considered this was the polite thing for me to do, although Okakura himself was in Osaka at the time.

The Unknown Soldier-Lover

MADAME OKAKURA, I remember, wore a gray kimono and no shoes or stockings. When she came into the room she went down on her knees and saluted me in the prettiest fashion imaginable. We talked through an interpreter until her daughter entered, who spoke to me in bad French. The daughter was an unattractive girl with an artificially reddened mouth, but I thought the mother charming, like a most exquisite Parisienne masquerading as a Japanese lady.

Not long after my visit I saw Okakura himself and told him how much I had enjoyed seeing his wife. He gave me an annoyed glance and remained silent.

I was naturally nonplused and somewhat mortified. I could not understand what could be the trouble, for he acted as if his honor were offended. In time I learned that the unpardonable breach of good form in Japan was to mention his wife to a Japanese!

And so I come to one of all these who was really a sincere admirer and a faithful lover, although I never knew him. It is a difficult incident to write of, for I feel that it holds some of the deepest elements of sentiment and of tragedy with which I ever came in touch.

I was singing in Boston when a man sent me a message saying that he was connected with a newspaper and had something of great importance about which he wanted to see me. He furthermore said that he wished to see me alone. It was an extraordinary request and at first I refused. I suspected a subterfuge—a wager or something humiliating of that sort. But he persisted, sending yet another message to the effect that he had something to communicate to me which was of an essentially personal nature. Finally I consented to grant him the interview, and as he had requested I saw him alone.

He was Jerome B. Stilson, a well-known journalist just back from the front where he had been war correspondent during the heart of the Civil War, and he told me that he had a letter to give to me from a soldier in his division who had been shot. The soldier was mortally wounded when the correspondent found him. He was lying at the foot of a tree at the point of death, and my visitor asked if he could take any last messages for him to friends or relatives. The soldier asked him to write down a message to take to a woman whom he had loved for four years, but who did not know of his love.

"Tell her," he said, speaking with great difficulty, "that I would not try even to meet her; but that I have loved her, before God, as well as any man ever loved a woman." He asked the reporter to feel inside his uniform for the woman's picture. "It is Miss Kellogg," he added just before he died. "You don't think that she will be offended if I send her this message now, do you?"

He asked the correspondent to draw his saber and cut off a lock of hair to send to me, and the reporter wrote down the message on the only scraps of paper at his disposal—torn bits scribbled over with reports of the enemy's movements, and the names of other dead soldiers whose people must be notified when the battle was over. And then the soldier—my soldier—died; and the correspondent left him the picture and came away.

Oh, those first tours! Not only was it exceedingly uncomfortable to travel in the South and West at that time, but it was decidedly risky as well. Highway robberies were numerous, and although I myself never happened to suffer at the hands of any desperadoes I have often heard first-hand accounts from persons who had been robbed of everything they were carrying. While I was touring in Missouri, Jesse James and his men were operating in the same region and the celebrated highwayman himself was once in the train with me. I slipped quietly through to catch a glimpse of him in the smoking car. Two of his aides were with him, and although they were behaving themselves peacefully enough for the time being I think that most of the passengers were willing to give them a wide berth.

As there were frequently no through trains on Sunday we had sometimes to have special trains. I never quite understood the idea of not having through trains on Sundays, for surely other travelers besides unfortunate singers need occasionally to take journeys on the Sabbath. But so it was. Once our special ran plump into a big strike of locomotive engineers at Dayton, Ohio. Our engine driver was held up by the strikers bivouacked in the railroad yards and we were stalled there for hours. At last an engineer from the East was found who consented to take our train through, and there was much excitement while he was being armed with a couple of revolvers and plenty of ammunition, for the strikers had threatened to shoot down any "scab" who attempted to break the strike. We were all ordered to get down on the floor of the car to avoid the stones that might be thrown through the windows when we started; and when the train began to move slowly our situation was decidedly trying. We could hear a hail of shots being fired as the engine gathered speed, but our volunteer engineer knew his business and had been authorized to drive the engine at topspeed to get us out of the trouble, so soon the noise of shooting and the general uproar were left behind. The plucky strike-breaker was barely grazed, but I personally never cared to come any closer to lawlessness than I was then.

I Often Rehearsed Before a Mirror

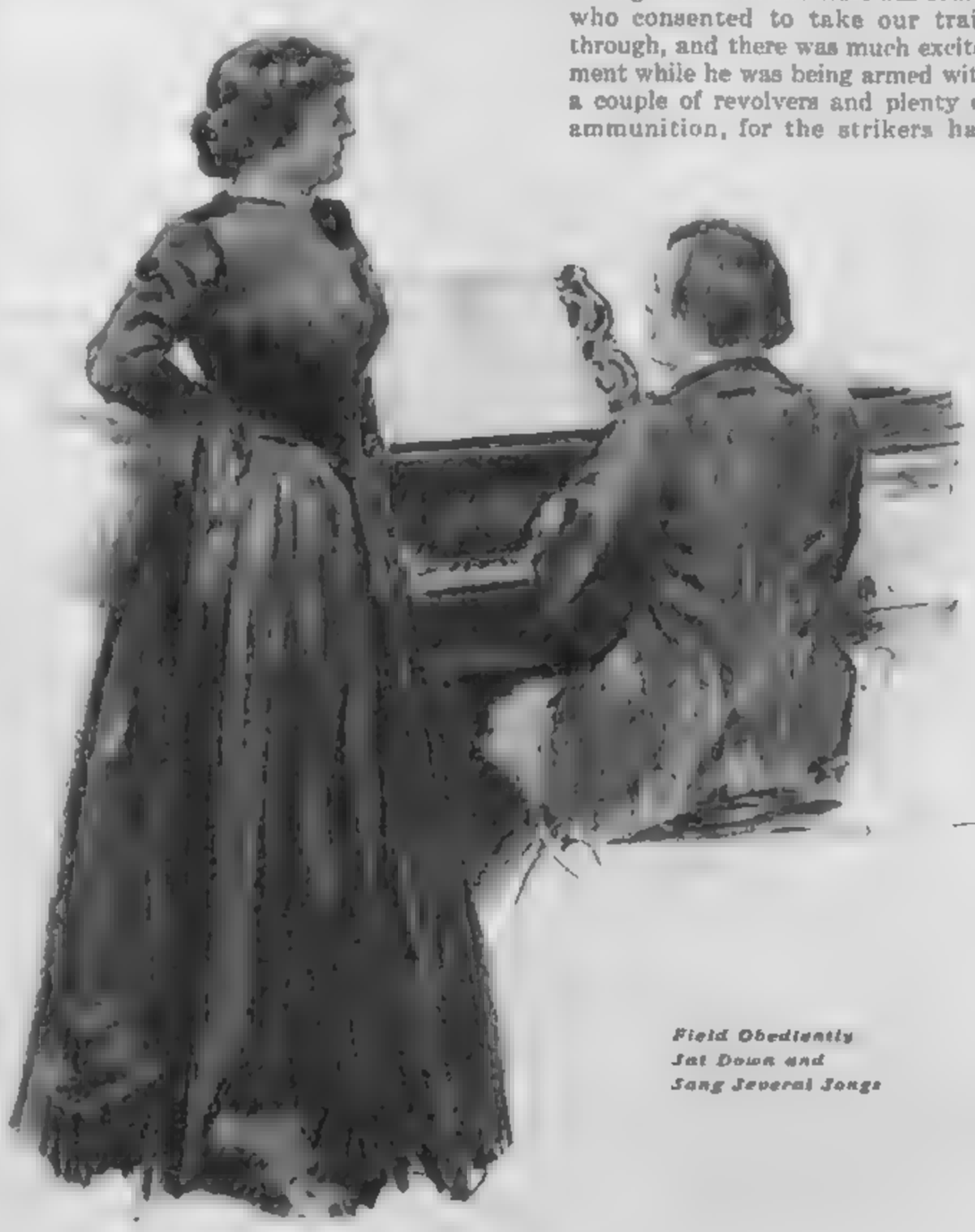
My throat was very sensitive in those days. I took cold easily, and used besides to be subject to severe nervous headaches. Yet I always managed to sing. Indeed I have never had much sympathy with capricious prima donnas who consider themselves and their own physical feelings before their obligation to the public that has paid to hear them. Though of course in fairness to herself a singer must somewhat consider her own interests, I do not believe that she can be too conscientious in this connection. In Carmen one night I broke my collarbone in the fall in the last act. I was still determined to do my part and went on, after it had been set, and bought material to match my costumes so that the sling the surgeon had ordered should not be noticed. And for once fortunately my audiences were either not exacting or not observing, for apparently no comment was ever made on the fact that I could not use my right arm. I could not help questioning whether my gestures were usually so wooden that an arm more or less was not perceptible! Our experiences in general with physicians on the road were lamentable. As a result my mother carried a regular medicine chest about with her, and all of my fellow artists used to come to her when anything was the matter with them.

A Morning Bath in Miniature

ANOTHER hardship that we all had to endure during that trip was the being on exhibition. It is one of the penalties of fame. Special trains were most unusual, and so were prima donnas, and crowds used to gather on the station platforms wherever we stopped, waiting to catch a glimpse of us as we passed through.

And the food! Some of our trials in regard to food—or rather the lack of it—were terrible. Voices are very dependent on the digestion; hence the need of at least eatable food, however simple it may be. On one trip we really nearly starved to death, for of course there were no dining cars and the train did not stop at any station long enough to forage for a square meal. Finally in desperation I got off our special to hunt luncheon and was left behind. I raced wildly to catch the train, but could not make it. After a while the company discovered that they had lost me on the way and backed up to get me.

I had always to carry my own bedclothes on the Western tours. When we first started out I did not realize the necessity, but later I became wiser. Cleanliness has always been almost more than godliness to me. Before I would use a dressing room I nearly always had it thoroughly swept out and sometimes cleaned and scrubbed. This all depended on the part of the country we were in. I came to know that in certain sections of the Southwest I should have to have a regular house-cleaning done before I would set foot in their accommodations. I missed my bath desperately, and my piano, and all the other luxuries that have become practical necessities to civilized persons. When I could not have a stateroom on a train my maid would bring a cup of cold water to my berth before I dressed. This was a poor apology for a bath, but it saved my life on many a morning after a long, stuffy night in a sleeper.

And all the time I was working, for no matter what the hardships or distractions that may come an artist's way, he or she must always keep at work. Singing is a something that must be worked for just as hard after it is won as during the winning process. Liszt is supposed to have said that when he missed practicing one day he knew it; when he missed two days his friends knew it; on the third day the public knew it. I often rehearsed before a mirror, so

Field Obediently Sat Down and Sang Several Songs

that I could know whether I looked right as well as sounded right; and, apropos of this, I have been much impressed by the fact that ways of rehearsing are very different and characteristic. Ellen Terry once told me that when she had a new part to study she generally got into a carriage, with the window open, and was driven about for two or three hours, working on her lines.

"It is the only way I can keep my repose," she said. "How I wish that I had some of Henry's repose when studying a part!"

After nearly three years of concert and oratorio and racketing about America on tours, it was a joy to go to England again for another season. I was again to sing under Mapleson's management. The new opera house, built on the site of Her Majesty's that had burned, was highly satisfactory; and he had nearly all of his old singers again—Tietjëns, Nilsson and myself among others. Patti and Lucca were still our rivals at Covent Garden. also Faure and Cotogni; and there was a pretty young singer from Canada with them, Mme. Albani, who had a light, sweet voice and was attractive in appearance. Our two innovations at Her Majesty's were Marie Roze from the Paris Opéra Comique—later destined to be associated with me professionally and with Mapleson personally—and Italo Campanini. Campanini was the son of a blacksmith in Italy and had worked at the forge himself for many years before going on the stage, and was the hero of the hour; for not only had he a very lovely voice, but he was also a fine actor. It was worth while to see his Don José. People forgot that Carmen herself was in the opera. Our other tenor was Capoul, the Frenchman. Trebelli-Bellini was our contralto and my friend Foli—the Irish-Italian—was still with us.

An Idolized Tenor

CAMPANINI, the idol of the town, was, like most tenors, enormously pleased with himself. To be sure, he had some reason, with his heavenly voice, his dramatic gift and his artistic instinct; but one would like some day to meet a man gifted with a divine vocal organ and a simple spirit both at the same time. It appears to be an impossible combination. When Mapleson told Campanini that he was to sing with me in Lucia he frowned.

"An American," he muttered doubtfully. "I have never heard her—do I know that she can sing? I, Campanini, cannot sing with a prima donna of whom I know nothing! Who is Miss Kellogg?"

"You're quite right," said the colonel with the most cordial air of assent. "You'd better hear her before you decide. She's singing Linda tonight. Go into the stalls and listen to her for a few moments. If you don't want to sing with her you don't have to."

That evening Campanini was on hand ready to controvert the very idea of an American prima donna's daring to sing with him. After the first act he came out into the foyer and ran into the colonel.

"Well," remarked that gentleman casually, winking at Jarrett, "can she sing?"

"Sing?" said Campanini solemnly. "She has the voice of a flute. It is the absolutely perfect tone. It is a—miracle!"

So after all Campanini and I sang together that season in Lucia and in other operas. While Campanini was a great artist, he was a very petty man in many ways. A little incident when Capoul was singing Faust one night is illustrative. Capoul, much admired and especially in America, was intensely nervous and emotional, with a quick temper. Between him and Italo Campanini a certain rivalry had been developing for some time, and, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, male singers are much bitterer rivals than women ever are. On the night I speak of Campanini came into his box during the *Salve dimora* and sat down to listen. As Capoul sang the Italian's face became lined with a frown of annoyance, and after a moment or two he began to drum on the rail before him as if he could not conceal his exasperation and ennui. The longer Capoul sang, the louder and more irritated the tapping became, until most of the audience was unkind enough to laugh just a little. Poor Capoul tried in vain to sing down that insistent drumming, and when the act was over he came behind the scenes and actually cried with rage.

It was during this season in London that Max Maretzek and Max Strakosch decided to go into opera management together in America; and Maretzek came over to London to get the company together. Pauline Lucca and I were to be the prima donnas, and one of our novelties was to be Gounod's new opera Mireille, founded on the poem by the Provençal poet Mistral. I say new opera, because it was still unknown in America, possibly because it had been a failure in London, where it had already been produced. Maretzek thought it would be sure to do well in the States on account of the wild Gounod vogue that had been started by Faust and Roméo et Juliette. I was to sing it; and Colonel Mapleson sent Mr. Jarrett with me to call on Gounod, who was then living in London, to get what points I could from the master himself.

Gounod lived in Tavistock Place, in the house where Dickens lived so long and that is always associated with his name. On the occasion of our call Mr. Jarrett and I were ushered into a study much littered and crowded, to wait for the great man. It proved to be a somewhat long-drawn-out wait, for the household seemed to be in a state of subdued turmoil. When Gounod at last came to us he greeted us with

We Then and There Went Over the Music Together

characteristic French courtesy. His manners were exceedingly courtly. He was gray-haired, charming and very quiet. I think he was really shy. He said some pleasant things about my Marguerite and was interested in hearing that I was planning to do Mireille. We then and there went over the music together and he gave me an annotated score of Faust with his autograph and marginal directions.

Mireille was not given for several years, as affairs turned out, and I rather congratulated myself that this was so, for it was not one of Gounod's best productions.

Gounod was chiefly famous in London for the delightful recitals he gave of his own music from time to time. He had no voice, but he could render programs of his own songs with great success. Everybody was enthusiastic over the beautiful and intricate accompaniments that were such a novelty. He was so splendid a musician that he could create a more charming effect without a voice than another man could have achieved with the notes of an angel. Poor Gounod, like nearly all creative geniuses, had a great many bitter struggles before he obtained recognition. Count Fabri has told me that while Faust—the opera which he sold for twelve hundred dollars—was running to packed houses and the whole world was applauding it, Gounod himself was really in need. His music publisher met him in the streets of Paris wearing a wretched old hat and looking very seedy.

"Why on earth, my dear fellow," cried the publisher, "don't you get a new hat?"

"I did not make enough on Faust to pay for one," was the bitter answer.

After the London season and before returning to America we went to Switzerland for a brief holiday. Our stay there was all too short to please me and the day soon came for us to start for home. We crossed on the Cuba. It was not in the least an interesting trip. There was no social intercourse, because all the passengers were too seasick to talk or even to listen.

Our passenger list was, however, a somewhat striking one. Rubinstein and Wieniawski were on board and Clara Doria; Mark Smith, the actor; Edmund Yates and Maddox, the editor whom I had known in London; and of course Pauline Lucca. Lucca, as we know, had been a ballerina. Her toes were all twisted and deformed by her early years of dancing. She once showed them to me, a pitiful record of the triumphs of a ballet dancer. There was something of the ballerina in her temperament also which she never entirely outgrew. Certainly she was far from being a prima-donna type. An irresistible sense of fun made her a most amusing companion, and her charm lay largely in her unexpectedness.

On this voyage home I saw more or less of Edmund Yates, who kept us amused with a steady flow of witty talk and who kept up an equally steady flow of brandy and soda; and of Maddox, who was not seasick and was willing both to walk and talk. Maddox was an interesting man, with many strange stories to tell of things and people, famous and well known. But on the whole that trip stands out dominantly in my memory because of Rubinstein. I never saw any one so seasick, or any one so completely depressed by the fact. Poor creature! He swore faintly that he would never cross the ocean again even to get home! Occasionally he would talk feebly, but his spirit was completely broken. I have not the faintest idea what Rubinstein was like when he was in a normal condition; but he did not sparkle on the Cuba.

Poor Kellogg!

THE Kellogg-Lucca season which followed was not a comfortable one, but it netted us large receipts. The work was arduous, the operas heavy, and the management was up to its ears in contentions and jealousies. New York was in a musical fever during the early seventies. We were just finding out how to be musical, and it was a great and pleasurable excitement. We were pioneers and enjoyed it, and were happy in not being hidebound by traditions as were the older countries, because we had none.

Personally the relations between Lucca and myself were always amicable enough; but we had certain professional friction, brought about indeed by Jarrett, who, although he was nothing but an agent, was generally regarded as an authority and gave out critiques to the newspapers. It so happened that without my knowledge the monopoly of singing in Faust was in Lucca's contract and I was so prevented from singing Marguerite once during our entire engagement. As Marguerite was my rôle preëminently by right of conquest in America I felt very hurt and angry about the matter, and at first wanted to resign from the company, but of course was talked out of that attitude. Jarrett would not, however, consent to my even alternating with Lucca in the part; but possibly he was wise in this, as Marguerite was never one of her best personations. Our voices and methods were so dissimilar that Lucca and I never really felt any personal rivalry, although there were, of course, rival factions in our public. A man one night sent a note behind the scenes to me containing this message: "Poor Kellogg! You have no chance at all with Lucca!" Two days later Mme. Lucca came to me laughing and said that some one had asked her: "How do you dare to sing on the same bill with Miss Kellogg, the American favorite?"

The idea of giving opera in English has always interested me. I never could understand why there were any more reasons against giving an English version of Carmen in New York than against giving a French version of Der Freischütz in Paris or a German version of La Belle Hélène in Berlin. So in 1873 I became my own manager, and with C. D. Hess organized an English opera company, that by its success brought the best music to the comprehension of the intelligent masses. I believe that the enterprise did much for the advancement of musical art in this

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MILLY THE MILITANT

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

UNCLE BILLY could remember back beyond the big wind clear to the flood, or thereabouts, but he could not recall ever having seen a woman sit down to meat with men at the Spade ranch. Nor would he have told of it had he seen it. For such was against the code.

In that thrice-blessed land the female of the species waits on the male while he devours his food and manfully drains his coffee from the saucer in whistling intakes, and when he has wiped his mustache, rolled a cigarette and departed with a brave jingling of spurs—only then does she draw up humbly to the board to partake of the remnants.

However Milly came to the Spade. She was a militant person and she was Ballard's wife. Inasmuch as Ballard owned the Spade and all thereon, Milly had a short-hair grip on the situation, as Chaucer hath it.

Why under heaven he married her is another matter. Ballard was grown up and rapidly approaching years of discretion, being in the neighborhood of thirty-eight; but every man is a bit off in some direction.

So Milly Mildram came from Steve Munger's eating house to be mistress of the Spade and its four hundred thousand acres. She had been an efficient waitress, easily able to handle five plates and four side orders in her bare hands without smearing her thumbs. This dexterity may have influenced John in his selection, although it was said that the music of Milly's crisp "Eve and Adam on a raft. Wreck 'em," got him.

Be that as it may, she was there. And the old order changed, giving place to new. Mrs. Ballard possessed advanced ideas. Nobody called her a suffragette, because nobody out there had ever heard of suffragettes up to that time; but certain it is that Milly had an unfortunate way of looking straight at a man and asking "Why?" about things that had been custom for millions of years. And when anything has been going unquestioned that long, who can remember what the original basis for it may have been? How she came by this mean streak in her character is difficult to determine. Her education could not have caused it; probably it was born in her.

"She's a smart woman," sneered Padgett of the Horseshoe when he heard of the marriage. "So she landed John Ballard, did she? No fool like an ol' fool. Milly tried to get me once—but I don't aim to buy my wife."

A kind friend repeated this to Mrs. Ballard. Quite calmly she recited it word for word to her husband.

"So Padgett said that, did he?" was his comment, his features assuming a peculiar, hard calm that roused Milly's wonder. "Good for him! He always was a sorry hound."

The day she arrived at the Spade the outfit was absent on the round-up. Perhaps the boss had chosen this time for his homecoming, for he could be very crafty on occasion.

Having seen her safely established in his house on the hill Ballard returned to town to order cars for shipping, and Milly came alone to dinner at the messhouse. There sat Uncle Billy, stuffing in food, his wife standing at his back ready to bring him hot biscuits or refill his cup as required.

With a short nod at the couple, whom she had often met before, Mrs. Ballard slid composedly between table and bench and turned up a plate. You should have seen Uncle Billy's round, red, cipher face. It turned purple at the cheekbones; he choked; his eyes fairly popped, and he breathed so hard that the beans rolled off his knife.

"You—You Brute! I'll Always Hate You!"

"Oh, Miz Milly!" protested Aunt Annie in a flutter. "Don't you eat just yet. We don't eat now. You wait and we'll have our dinner directly."

"Wait?" repeated Milly in unfeigned surprise. "What'd I wait for?"

Sensing a world cataclysm, Aunt Annie began aimlessly to rearrange dishes on the long table.

"Till Mr. Bill gits through," she whispered. "We don't never ——"

She stammered and stopped, for Mrs. Ballard was transfixing her with a long and incredulous stare. Then Milly inquired in a tone that would have filed through steel and that sent premonitory chills up and down Uncle Billy's spine: "Do you mean to tell me you wait until that gets through before you eat?"

"Ma'am?" puffed Uncle Billy in remonstrance. Yet it came feebly.

Up rose Milly Mildram Ballard with the resolution begotten of five years of handling sudden situations and fresh admirers.

"You sit right down here," she commanded briskly. "No, not way down there. Ain't you as good as he is? I should hope so. Take that place next to Uncle Billy. There, that's better. Now let's have dinner and no more nonsense. Will you please to get me some buttermilk, Uncle Billy?"

Apparently powerless to control his limbs against the impetus of her will, Uncle Billy got up heavily and brought the buttermilk; nor could he utter a syllable. Still in a species of trance he actually replenished a plate with hot biscuits from the oven and set it down in front of his wife. That done, he subsided into his seat, horribly shaken. What had happened? His manhood was brought low. Not in eighteen years had Uncle Billy waited on himself, much less any one else—and here he was eating with women.

"After this," Mrs. Ballard announced calmly, "Aunt Annie and I'll eat with you-all here. And you do the waiting on table, Uncle Billy. She cooks the meals, so that's only fair."

"Now," began Uncle Billy, smiting the board stoutly with his fist, "I'll be doggoned ——"

"What's that? What'd you say?"

The question came like the spats of a rifle and Uncle Billy caught his breath. Yet for a fraction of time rage incited him to rebellion—the righteous anger of outraged masculinity—but there was that in Mrs. Ballard's narrowing gray eyes that took the starch out of Uncle Billy's courage and made him gulp. For he had been a drone all the long years, sipping the sweets of life without labor there at the Spade, and it had made a coward of him. Down in his sick heart he knew that at a word from this slim, brown-haired termagant Ballard would incontinently discharge him, which Uncle Billy could not face. Therefore he swallowed, and wiped his forehead with a bandanna.

"Well," said he, his glance shifting and his thumbs working up and down, "that makes it some different, don't it? I reckon it'll take a li'l' time to git used to this new way. You see, ma'am—well, the boys ain't used to having womenfolk boss 'em ——"

"Who said anything about bossing?" Milly snapped. "I'm talking about an even break, that's all. Fair play in the work, Uncle Billy. Now you get busy and help Aunt Annie clear away these dishes."

The boss himself could not have employed such tone to Uncle Billy and gone scatheless; and he trembled so that all three chins wabbled when he essayed a reply. However, he did as he was bidden, which was the main thing.

The new mistress of the Spade smoothed her skirts complacently, patted her hair and departed, humming. As she went out of the door she heard Aunt Annie say with some asperity: "I declare, Bill, it looks like you could carry them dishes without spillin' things all over my clean floor," and Mrs. Ballard smiled discreetly.

So ended the first lesson.

The second was given that same afternoon. Descending the hill to order her horse, Milly found Aunt Annie at the churn beside the springhouse. Twenty yards off was Uncle Billy, comfortably stretched out in a rocker on the porch, his feet on a stool and his nose tilted at an angle signifying repose. A soft purring sound came from him; his lip twitched when a fly twinkled over it.

Not a Word Said Milly, But Pointed to His Patient Wife

Mrs. Ballard strode up to his chair and poked him in the ribs with the handle of her quirt.

"Hey? What? Wha's matter?" exclaimed Uncle Billy stupidly, starting upright.

Not a word said Milly, but pointed to the springhouse and his patient wife cluff-cluffing at the churn. Evidently Uncle Billy gathered her idea, for he lurched from the rocker and limped across to the churn, easing one foot, that had gone asleep.

"Aunt Annie," said Mrs. Ballard, "you go into the house and rest up. Uncle Billy will do this."

"Oh, Miz Milly!" cried Aunt Annie, aghast.

Surely the heavens would fall about their ears; now of a truth they would be utterly and wholly destroyed. Nothing of the sort happened. Uncle Billy glowered a bit and had trouble with his breathing, but he took hold of the dasher meekly enough and sat down on the stool. His spirit seemed broken, as a drone's is apt to be when taken by assault.

With this auspicious beginning did Milly Mildram make her bow to the Spade. Her presence in the messhouse at meals was productive of marked decrease in appetites.

"I cain't git used to it somehow," declared Fatty plaintively. "No, sir, I ain't comfortable. Crackee, but I'm hongry all the time. How's a man to enjoy his victuals with womenfolk a-watching every bite he takes?"

The stricture was justified. It was pitiful to see their distress—great, strong men so depressed by a sense of politeness and the necessity of showing table manners that they failed to obtain proper nourishment. The horse-wrangler took to secreting food inside his shirt, to the end that he might eat it behind the stables in peace; but then, he had always been a sly, untrustworthy individual.

Said Fatty one day after dinner, looking up from a newspaper he was reading: "Say, what's a suffragette anyhow?"

"A suffragette," replied Uncle Billy deliberately, rolling a meaning eye on Mrs. Ballard, "is a woman what cain't git a man, so she wants the vote instead."

"Oh, no," remonstrated Mrs. Ballard sweetly; "it's not so bad as all that, Uncle Billy. I've been reading some about 'em."

"So've I," put in Aunt Annie. "I done read clear through that book you left, Miz Milly. It was sure good sense too."

"But," continued Milly, "I ain't got any patience wit' them women. Who wants to vote anyhow? There're lots of things we need more'n that. Let's get them first. A woman's place is the home, and she'd ought to stay there."

Fatty, who had been lending an attentive ear, had now to go outside, where he fought for air.

"Did you hear her?" he inquired feebly of the sympathetic outfit. "Woman's place is the home. And, man alive, here she is raising merry hell gen'rally all over this country."

Which was partially true. In her own unheralded, matter-of-fact way Milly did go abroad redressing women's wrongs.

There were plenty of them to redress. In portions of the Southwest women are apparently regarded as little better than chattels, and when a man takes thought to the future and speculates on matrimony, if he be a prudent individual he asks not so much what she is as how much work she can do. Also, where there are no neighbors to pry over the back-yard fence women will be found performing tasks that would never be set them in established communities. This fact explains another happening in which Milly was concerned.

Twelve miles from Spade headquarters was a small farm worked by a Pole. His name sounded like Pszxlngwqyuvuxz, but they gave him the English idiom of it and called him Brown. The family belonged to the lowest class of nester, which is about four degrees lower than the most abject output of a city slum.

Perhaps curiosity took Milly by the Pszxlngwqyuvuxz home; perhaps she went that trail with intent, prompted by reports from her stanch ally and lieutenant, Aunt Annie. At any rate she went riding by.

It happened that Brown was plowing in his field, the season being late fall. It was a light plow and the ground was sandy, but when Milly glimpsed the team her face blanched. Hitched to the plow with a small dun mule was a tall, flat woman—Mrs. Brown.

Milly jumped her horse through the Pszx-etc. gate and descended upon them in a furious swirl.

"You," she cried hoarsely, brandishing her quirt. "You—you—oh, you man!"

The Pole halted his team and surveyed her inquiringly. To do him justice he hadn't the least notion of what all the fuss was about. His wife stood patiently beside the mule, her eyes downcast, one foot sullenly stirring a clump of dirt. She was hard of feature and listless, aloof from the world under the crushing weight of ceaseless drudgery.

"Turn her loose," Milly gulped, too overcome to speak plainly, and she pointed her quirt at Mrs. Brown.

The nester stared stupidly from his team to this fiery visitor and gave a weak smile. Although he did not yet comprehend, he began to have an inkling of trouble.

The smile was his undoing. It broke the tension of Milly's restraint, and with a cry cut off in the middle she spurred her horse upon him and began to lash with the quirt. On head and shoulders she plied it mercilessly, without regard to where she struck. Under the sting the nester threw up his arms for protection, abandoned his team and took to scurrying round the field like a hunted rabbit. The woman continued to stand beside the mule; she watched the encounter with hardly a gleam of interest.

Round and round dodged Pszxlngwqyuvuxz. At his shoulder clung Milly, the pliable leather thong rising to fall with a wicked swish every time she saw an opening. He cried out in pain and wrath, but there could be no escape for him from a trained cowpony and his assailant showed no sign of relenting. Whereupon he suddenly ceased to dodge and shot for the one-roomed shack that was their home. Milly followed to the door, taking a last vicious cut at him as he went through.

Then she turned back to release Mrs. Brown, still breathing wrath and scorn. Fifty yards from the house Milly became conscious of something behind her. She whirled her horse about and found herself face to face again with the Pole. But this was a different antagonist. He had a shotgun and he meant to use it—one glance satisfied her of that. A brute beast in instincts, the punishment had blinded him to all but revenge.

Milly was frightened. A man of her own race could not have daunted her with an entire arsenal; on him she would have advanced unafraid, and taken it away from him too. Brown was different. He was breathing in gasps and at a distance of ten paces halted to squint along the barrel. She could see his finger twitch, and Milly shut her eyes and jerked hard on the reins.

Then a blinding smother of dust descended upon her and an irresistible body, that seemed composed of a horse and its rider, catapulted from nowhere in particular full upon the Pole. Down he went; and now there was a man above him, blowing with rage, who trampled his horse upon the prostrate form without mercy.

"Oh, John, don't!" begged Milly. "Don't kill him, John! Don't."

"I'll cut his heart out!" answered John, and he meant it.

Yet such was the magic of the spoken word from Milly that he desisted, merely taking a final swing with his rope at the limp form of Brown, who was far too wise to get up with two such furies about.

"What're you doing here?" now demanded her husband.

She told him in a warm rush of words. Ballard heard her out and grunted. Then he cried to the object on the ground: "Here, you—listen. Don't try to pretend you don't savvy, because I know you do. Pay 'tention. Go take your wife out of that harness. And, say, don't you ever try to make her do any work round here except clean up the house and cook. Understand? She ain't even to pack water. Do you hear? If ever I hear of her doing any work outside I'll bring a bunch of my men and we'll tie you to the tail of a wild horse. That goes. You know me—I'm Ballard of the Spade. Come on, Milly. I reckon he'll pay mind to that."

She Plied It Mercilessly, Without Regard to Where She Struck

Milly's feat had an astonishing effect on the countryside. Her courage was extolled and she was lauded to the skies as a heroine. Indignation was intense when it became known that Brown had done his fall plowing with his wife and a mule. Everybody agreed that Brown had gone too far. And, isolated as the instance was, it made them all give thought to the position of the weaker sex. In a shamefaced way, reluctantly, almost grudgingly, men found themselves lightening the burdens for their wives, even providing comforts of which they had never dreamed hitherto. Thus did Milly's fame grow apace. The women all spoke of her with the respect accorded to a leader.

Came one of those freak years that hit the West country periodically. Early in the spring it rained all over the Spade range, not the sudden gully-washers that drain off in torrents, but steady, penetrating, drenching downfalls that sank deep into the earth and gladdened the roots of every living thing.

Far and wide it rained on the Spade. Every one of Ballard's eight hundred sections received a share of Heaven's bounty. And the grass grew green and thick; the cattle waxed sleek and calm of eye; the calves kicked up their heels and butted one another in imitation of their fathers. Ballard looked abroad and saw that all was good.

"You've brought me luck," he told his wife, and she flushed in a manner that would have floored those who had seen her only in resolute mood. The explanation of that flush ought to be whispered—it was as close to making love as Ballard ever got.

Elsewhere in the land were drought and baleful skies. The air pulsated; one's eyes smarted from the glare. The hillsides turned yellow, then a pale brown. To scorch them further came hot winds, puffing from the sandhills of New Mexico like blasts from a furnace, singeing what they touched. And the dust devils held mad carnival, swirling in hundred-foot spirals, whining like things of life.

As the cruel days went by the country gave up hope. What good to stare at the sky? Of what avail to study the wind's fickle fluctuations? The clouds massed, lightning flickered and licked, thunder rumbled—and only a few heavy, tepid drops plopped to earth.

"I mind once," said the old-timers by way of consolation, "it was like to this before. And then it didn't rain for eight months."

The far-sighted among the cowmen promptly moved out their herds.

Enters again Padgett of the Horseshoe, who had wintered badly. Ever a careless man, he was wont to let his cattle shift for themselves during the cold months, and he entered upon the bad year with a thousand hides drying on his fences, his cows so sick that they wabbled as they toiled to water.

"But," he informed his range boss, "I won't move 'em just yet. It'll rain soon, it's sure to. I never seen it fail on the Horseshoe. We'll save 'em yet."

It did not rain. And there came a day when his cattle were too weak to ship.

In desperation he pocketed his pride and went to Ballard, the only man who had grass. The boss of the Spade listened to his tale of woe quietly—heard him out to the last halting syllable, his face devoid of expression—but there was the light of bitter amusement in his eyes. It may be that Padgett read his doom there, for his voice trailed off into meaningless assurances of esteem. Ballard cut him short by jerking his thumb toward the door.

"You won't help me out then?" Padgett made a last appeal.

"You know me, don't you?" answered Ballard.

At supper that night Milly asked: "What did Padgett want?"

"Grass," said her husband briefly.

She pondered this for a moment, fingering her cup, and then inquired: "What'll he do if he can't get it?"

"Do?" cried Ballard. "He'll rot, that's what he'll do. He'll go broke. It'll smash him like this."

And in a seizure of uncontrollable hate he sent a saucer crashing to the floor. Never had she seen him so transformed. The sight shook Milly, and for the time being she held her peace.

The days wore by. The land grew a shade grayer. Once again came Padgett desperately to beg succor. Such was his plight that he could forget everything and abase himself before the man who had driven him from his door.

Ballard was not at home and Milly met him on the porch. She scarcely recognized in the worn, haggard man who came up the steps the arrogant Padgett who had flung a tip at her in Steve Munger's eating house and had laughed when she scornfully threw it back.

"He's away," Milly announced. "He won't be home for a week."

Padgett turned his hat round about in his hands and his face went a shade paler.

"Well," he remarked slowly, "I reckon this finishes me. I'm ruined. Goodby, Miz Ballard."

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"TICKETS, PLEASE!"

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

He Knew the Difference Between Impostors and Empty-Pocketed Folks

THE division superintendent of the railroad has been called its prince—the several hundred miles of line over which he presides a principality. Both of these names have been given to good purpose. But how about the diplomats of the railroad—that ambassadorial corps that must stand day in and day out between it and its enemies?

"I know!" you are quick to say, for you have made some sort of study of railroading—"the traveling freight agents—the passenger agents—all that solicitous company which goes through the highways and the byways, the big towns and the small, seeking traffic for the road."

In your haste you have erred. The real diplomat of the railroad is multiplied many times in its service. The humblest and the rarest of its passengers do not fail to see him. The man who rides on the railroad train for the first time comes into almost instant touch with him. You have seen him yourself many times—making his way down the aisle of the car; stopping patiently beside each of his passengers—we use the phrase "his passengers" advisedly; greeting old friends with cheery nods; upholding the dignity of the railroad and his own authority—quietly but none the less surely—time and time again. Here, as we shall come in a moment to understand, is the real diplomat of the railroad—an autocrat of no small authority in those rare instances when he may fail to be a gentleman. And all this stands to the infinite credit of some fifty thousand conductors in the railroad service across the land.

We have just called him an autocrat. For the safe movement of his train up and down the railroad's busy lines he shares equally the responsibility with the man in the locomotive cab; but the engineer cannot make or lose business for the railroad unless he stops his train too sharply and too many times. The conductor—well, we are going to see him in his rôle of peacemaker plenipotentiary to the public. For a moment consider how he came into his own; how he rose from an undisciplined and unrecognized member of a train's crew to be its captain.

The First American Conductor

THE Erie was the first trunkline railroad built from New York to the Great Lakes. Historians of an earlier day proclaimed it not only to be the greatest work that man had ever produced but also the greatest work that man ever could produce. That was in 1851, and Daniel Webster had just ridden over the newly completed line in a rocking chair lashed to a flatcar, which is perhaps the first instance on record of an observation car on a railroad. The Erie found the entire business of railroading hardly twenty years old and fearfully chaotic—particularly in anything that even faintly resembled a working organization. There was a president and there were superintendents, but the relation between these was obscure and conflicting; and there were hardly any relations at all between the bosses, the sub-bosses and the men of the rank and file save those of mere brute force. In such turmoil was the passenger conductor born.

If Captain Henry Ayres was not the very first passenger conductor in America he was at least the first who really deserves the name. He came to the Erie before it was completed—a big whale of a genial man, known up and down the line as Poppy, with a penchant for wearing a fur-trimmed overcoat and a coonskin cap all winter. The uniformed conductor is the creation of a comparatively recent date. It is not recorded whether Captain Ayres wore a white vest or a carnation; but he was a mighty man withal—he weighed three hundred pounds and always entered one of the little old-fashioned cardoors sidewise.

Captain Ayres invented the bellcord in the passenger train. There had never been communication of any sort between the men in the cars and the man in the engine-cab. The engineer had disdained anything of that sort. What was the conductor save a mere collector of tickets? The engineer ran the locomotive and all the cars in the train as well—at least until the advent of Poppy Ayres. It was Ayres who recognized the need of communication from the train to the locomotive and who finally rigged a strong cord to run from his first car to the engine. At the end of the cord in the engine-cab he tied a piece of wood. He told the engineer that when he wished to communicate with him he would pull the cord and thus jerk the stick up and down; but the engineer—he was a stolid German named Hamel and the first to drive a locomotive upon the Erie—had his own ideas of the contrivance. As soon as they were under way he cut the cord and threw away the stick! Ayres restrung his cord, with like result. They repeated their little comedy several days.

Finally Poppy Ayres asserted himself. He said that if his stick was thrown away again they would fight it out and discover who was boss of the train. That day Hamel threw the stick away again—for the last time; for, while the passengers filed in to dinner at the famous old eating house beside the track at Turner, conductor and engineer fought it out—literally. Hamel was thrashed. The bellcord was an established invention of great value, and the passenger conductor came into his own. No longer was there any doubt as to who was boss of the train.

From that moment the conductor progressed. From that moment he became an institution—which changed a bit as the years changed, but which never lost its position of command. You yourself can remember the conductor of yesterday—conceding no more than a blue cap to the growing use of uniforms in a republican country; somewhat unkempt perhaps as to clothes—benevolent and fatherly in his way. Did that sickly-looking woman at the end of the coach fumble, and then attempt a feeble and impotent smile when he asked her for her ticket? And did he, with a sublime myopia, pass her by without demanding that bit of pasteboard? Your old-time conductor knew the difference between impostors—even in skirts—and empty-pocketed folks to whom a railroad journey might be a tragic necessity. A few months up and down the line, the constant study of the folks within his cars, quickly taught him that. And it would have been a poor sort of old-fashioned railroad that would not have allowed him discretion in such cases.

Your new-time railroad allows him little or no discretion in matters of that sort. Your conductor of today, finally quite at ease in the trimness of his well-set uniform, his lantern gone into the scrapheap in these days of electric-lighted cars, on many railroads has practically no opportunity to use his judgment. If he lets any one ride free on his train—and the boss learns of it—he hears dire threats about the Interstate Commerce Law and the yawning doors of the penitentiary close at hand.

Railroad managements have a way of using that law for the punishment of dishonest employees. So your conductor of today lacks the power of his brethren of an earlier day. They worked in a generation when the railroad was still a personal thing. Men and families owned railroads as they might own farms or banks or grocery stores. They headed their own railroads and assumed an attitude toward their men autocratic or benevolent as the case might be, but always personal. The railroad as a separate unit had not grown beyond the point where that was possible, and the big boss was a real factor in the life of his men. They might come to have a real affection for him—such as they had for Lucius Tuttle, the last distinctive president of the Boston & Maine—and call him by his first name. And no higher compliment can come up from the ranks to a railroad executive.

Today discretion is discrimination in far too many cases. So reads the Interstate Commerce Law about discrimination. It places discrimination in the burglary class, and the shippers who had dealings with the railroads twenty years ago are thanking all the political gods of the United States of America that this law was placed upon the statute books; but it can be read too sharply, just as the conductor of a modern train can be too sharp-sighted. Here is a case of discrimination perhaps from a fine or technical reading of the law, but also a case of real discretion on the part of the conductor.

The Longest Way Round

A MAN—a nervous, tired man—was bound east through the state of New York upon the Lake Shore Limited. His destination was Kingston, a little town upon the west bank of the Hudson River, almost halfway between New York and Albany. The route of the Lake Shore Limited was down the east shore of the river, without a stop between Albany and New York. Any one who knows the Hudson Valley well knows how atrocious are the facilities for crossing the river at almost any point between those two cities. The man planned to catch the last train of the afternoon down the West Shore Railroad to Kingston. Under normal conditions he had about thirty minutes' leeway in which to make the change; but on this occasion the Lake Shore Limited was a little more than thirty minutes late and he did not alight at Albany—he had no wish to hang round there until some time in the early morning. He decided he would go through to New York, cross the city from the Grand Central Station to Weehawken, and then go through to Kingston on a night train. That meant one hundred and eighty extra miles of travel; but the man was in a very great hurry and with him time counted more than miles.

As his train swept across the bridge and out of Albany the train conductor came through. He was a round,

The Profane Gentleman Found Himself by the Wayside Watching

genial-faced fellow, typical of that other generation of train captains that one often finds upon the older railroads of the land; and the man from Kingston halted him—told his story very much as we have told it here.

"I didn't know if you are going to stop at Poughkeepsie for water, but I might slip out somewhere," he ventured. "That would leave me less than twenty miles from home."

The conductor did not hesitate.

"We don't stop at Poughkeepsie for water or anything else," he said. "But I'll stop at Rhinecliff for you."

Rhinecliff is on the east bank of the Hudson directly opposite Kingston. That seemed almost too good to be true—and the man rather incoherently stammered out his thanks.

"I didn't think you would stop this train for anybody," he said quite frankly. "The timecard doesn't ——"

"This train stops for the accommodation of the patrons of this road," interrupted the conductor, "and I'm its high judge. You lost out on your connection at Albany through no fault of yours. It was our fault and we are doing our best to make it up to you."

Consider the value of such a man to the organization that employs him. That one little act was worth more to the big railroad whose uniform he wore than a ton of advertising tracts or a month's service of a corps of soliciting agents. The Kingston man crossed the river from Rhinecliff in a motor boat, and thanked the road and its conductor for the service rendered him. He was a large shipper and his factory in the western part of the state was in a hotly competitive territory; but the road that through the good sense of its employee had saved him much valuable time today hardly knows a competitor in his shipping room.

Discrimination? Your attorney, skilled in the fine workings of the Interstate Commerce Law, may tell you "Yes"; but we are inclined to think he is wrong, for the man was not permitted to alight at Rhinecliff because he was anything more than a patron of the road. He had no political or newspaper affiliations to parade before the conductor; he did not hint at his strength as a shipper; he did not even give his name. If there was discrimination in that we fail to see it.

Priceless Assets

A MAN took a trip a year or two ago from New York to Chicago. He went out on a famous railroad, well conducted, and returned on its equally famous competitor. Each road had just conquered a mighty river by boring an electrically operated tunnel under it. The tunnels had been well advertised and the man, whose mind ran to a mechanical turn, was anxious to see them. In each case the train bore a wide-vestibuled daycoach as its last car.

In the first tunnel through which he passed he went to the rear of the daycoach with the intention of taking a look at the under-river bore. He wanted to stand at the rear of the aisle and look through the door at the electric-lighted tube. But the conductor anticipated him. He drew down the sash-curtain of the cardoor.

"Sorry," he said; "but the company's rules prohibit passengers from standing in the aisles."

The man did not argue the point. He bowed dutifully to the strong arm of the rulebook and went back to his seat. But how different was the case on the other railroad—by which he returned from Chicago! This second time he went to the rear of the train expecting another rebuff; but the road and its conductor were of another sort. This second conductor was fastening the outside doors of the vestibule at the rear of the last car and saying to the little group assembled there:

"If you will wait a moment I will give you a chance to get out on this rear platform and see the big job we've been working on so long. We are all of us mighty proud of it!"

How much of an asset do you suppose this conductor was to his company?

By this time the new-fangled railroad executive who reads this will be filled with disgust.

"Doesn't he know," we can fairly hear him say, "that railroading has taken some pretty big strides within the past fifteen or twenty years? We're perfecting; we're systematizing. We've studied the motions of the bricklayer and we're dabbling in efficiency. We've modeled our railroads after the best of the standing armies of Europe, and we've begun to move men like units. That means we've no room in railroad ranks for individualists. An individualist never makes an ideal unit and the new efficiency demands units—not thinkers!"

Does it? In the minds of a good many railroaders of the new school it seems to. The truth is that in its very desire to stand straight there is a new school of railroading that is fairly leaning backward. We will grant that it was a good step to eliminate the haphazard, wasteful, inefficient old personal school of railroading in the coming of the great combinations of new-time railroads. Consolidation has effected some wonderful working advantages in the operation of our giant systems, and it is a grave question whether today, with the margin between income and operating costs constantly narrowing, if the eggs were unscrambled and the famous old little roads returned, they could be operated long and dodge the scrawny fingers of receivership. But what they have gained in many ways by consolidation and centralization they have lost sometimes in the personal feeling that used to exist between them and their men. It was an asset that could hardly be expressed in dollars and cents.

After the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad absorbed the famous Old Colony—down there in the southeastern tip of Massachusetts—it was five years before its conductors ceased to know and to love it as the Old Colony. To the older conductors the Panhandle and the Lake Shore are still as real and as vital as if those beloved names still appeared upon the rolling stock. Measure such an asset in dollars and cents if you can! You cannot, thank God, place a valuation upon such assets as affection and loyalty!

So to your first qualities of dignity and authority and discretion—we dare not call it discrimination in these days—add those of affection and of loyalty. And to all these add that of ability; for a conductor's entire work is not merely collecting his tickets and keeping the passengers of his train in good humor—though sometimes this last is a man's job by itself. He must bear in mind that Bible of the railroad, the timecard—the place his train takes upon it; its relation to every other train, regular and special, on the line. His mind must be—every minute that he is on the road—a replica of the dispatcher's, working in perfect synchronism with that of the controlling head who bends over the trainsheet back at headquarters. This work, comparatively simple on a double-track line, becomes, in many instances, tremendously complicated upon the many miles of single-track railroads that still bear a heavy traffic up and down and across America.

The "opposing trains" to be met and passed; the slower trains moving in the same direction to be overtaken and also passed; the complications of special movements all these must be borne in steady corelation all the way up the line. The conductor may have extra cars to his train, an extraordinarily difficult crowd of passengers to handle, but he cannot for a moment ignore the most minute detail of the flimsy messages that are handed to him during the entire length of his trip. And back of his specific orders for the day he must carry in his head the entire scheme of the division's operation.

A good many folks do not understand that the operation of the railroad is not wholly dependent upon the telegraph. They imagine that a crippling of the wire service would mean a paralysis of the traffic. That is not true. The operation of the railroad is based upon train rights, as your railroader calls them. These train rights are the fundamentals of the operation. They are far too complicated for presentation here. It is enough here and now to say that, in a general way, trains moving in a single general direction have right-of-way over trains moving in the opposite general direction.

Trains, both freight and passenger, are divided into two or three classes according to speed and importance. Thus on a single-track road northbound trains may have general rights over southbound trains; but a southbound first-class train would have the right-of-way over a northbound second-class train. And even a southbound second-class train would have rights over a special train, which is recognized from the timetable point of view as a distinct interloper, and as such is handled with careful hands and under minute telegraphic control of the dispatcher. And there are variations of these general rules—for instance, where a regular train falls more than a certain number of hours behind its schedule and thus loses absolutely its running rights, and becomes as much of an alien on the line as a special.

To This Choice Trio, in the Course of Things, Came the Conductor

The Weather Prophet

ALL this fundamental construction of the operation of the line must be well grounded in the conductor's head. To it the dispatcher's orders are supplemental and yet so vitally important that he can afford to miss no detail of a single one of them. One of the greatest dangers which may come to him is the possibility that he may gain the habit of reading these orders mechanically, and not with every force of his thinking powers keyed up to concert pitch.

Terrific railroad accidents have resulted from this very cause; and it is a sort of operating perfection that the dispatcher who gives the orders and the men out on the line who take them come to dread every hour they are on duty.

Nor can the conductor's discretion cease in the operation of his train. One of the veteran ticket punchers of the land well remembers an experience many years ago on a transcontinental line that traversed the rocky backbone of the continent through Colorado.

The full details of the affair did not come to him for some time afterward.

For a dozen years he had been running Number Five over a single-track division that traversed a deep cañon, and in those years he had begun to study the peculiar weather conditions upon his division. He found that a certain type of cloud of an August noon almost invariably meant a torrential rain before sundown. On a certain early afternoon, as Five stood steaming at her outbound terminal waiting for the last of her passengers to swing aboard her long trail of Pullmans, Brown—we may as well call him Brown—saw a group of clouds gathering round a distant peak that caused him some uneasiness. He could see them multiply within the few minutes in which the baggagemen finished their work with their trunks; and he knew the prophecy they bore. The clearance card came through from headquarters, sixty miles back upon the main line; but Brown hesitated at taking the order and signaling the "Go ahead!" to his engines. Instead he scurried up the stairs at the junction station to the telegraph operator's office, with a message for the dispatcher.

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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

I Was Wondering Vaguely Why No One Had Asked Me to Go to the Football Game

THIS story is not designed to be an enlarged calendar of the social life of Millidge, and it will contain no account of scores of occasions through which I moved, the gayest of the gay, the most flattered, the most popular girl in my set. A reference to the society pages of the Millidge Gazette of that year is enough to prove it. You will see from this that there was not a function given in the University circles where the "beautiful and accomplished Miss Marr" did not appear; not a football game nor a meet upon the athletic field where she was not one of the spectators in a gayly decorated box, always accompanied by Chan Peters, Bunk Hopgood or Tom Redding. These three were my younger squires, who claimed the privilege of escorting me to their own affairs. They were students in the University. They were also my most devoted lovers, losing no opportunity to declare their lasting affections—college boys have more of this kind than any other class of men. They grow a new crop each year which exactly corresponds to the grade they have attained, not in scholarship, but in experience. First-year lovers are the most ardent! There was no reception, or luncheon, or ball where I was not a conspicuous figure. You will even find descriptions of the costumes I wore: "Miss Marr was much admired in a white gown with a tunic of green chiffon fringed with gold beads." Or, "Miss Marr wore white lace over coral silk, which enhanced her fresh young beauty." Or, "She wore a simple and elegant coat suit of mole-colored cloth at Mrs. Gillfilling's bridge party." Or, "She was a charming hostess at her own buffet luncheon, in a high-necked white cloth gown with handsomely embroidered panels." The Gazette was the fashion delineator of Millidge society. Poor Francis! He paid for all of my gowns without a murmur! Emmet Marshall, who was my constant if not faithful attendant throughout the season, represented the frank I had at the dressmaker's. Margaret Derry was to be seen everywhere with Francis, a slim little enigmatical person, who took what came her way and kept her own counsel about the future. Sometimes I felt her regarding Emmet and me with amused eyes, detached, aloof, like an impudent little providence who bided her time against the day of wrath and judgment.

All this, I say, is beside the mark, incidental to the real adventures that compose this narrative. And even for these I claim no originality. They are familiar to every one who has observed a young and worldly-browed woman looking for a rich husband. But my purpose is to portray these adventures from the inside. The heart is the stage manager in the drama of every life—a silent force that moves and accomplishes the scenes behind the curtain out of sight. In these pages the heart of Joy Marr will appear. You shall have the secret lines in the play which women say to themselves. You shall have the motives that lay back of common actions and give a different significance to them. You shall see the heart of me, that dim, unclothed actor who cost Francis nothing, and others, including myself, so much; a mischievous playwright who took every advantage of customs, morals and of the order of things to accomplish a private dénouement, to achieve the desired climax in the last act of an apparently ordinary drama of life.

There was good society in Millidge—the very best. The Buckhaulters, the Gillfillings and the Leighs were the backbone of it. They practiced a rectitude that no mere saint could achieve in such surroundings. Saints lack that social experience, that tough moral elasticity, which would enable them to make proper distinctions in time to avoid overwhelming temptations. They are the soil where virtues spring, thin, water-stemmed, and bloom as pale as if they grew only in the shadows of altars to some terrible god. But in Mrs. Buckhaulter, for example, virtues never went so far as to bloom at all. They were not of that fragile kind. She cultivated the evergreen principles of a hardy and enduring character. She was one of the windbreaks in the social world which often protected those less vigorous in honor and chastity. You could not get past her with a questionable reputation, especially if you were a woman. Her parlors were the Dun and Bradstreet record of social standing in Millidge. She was always the first to open her doors to a young belle—and the first to close them upon any woman who crimped the edges of her popularity with doubtful manners.

But over and above the best society there is the foam of it, the lighter set, the straws in the great current. They must be, because the strength of the tide casts them up. The jetsam which becomes the flotsam in the darker eddies—not often wicked people, merely weak, useless, made self-indulgent by fortunes or circumstances, usually well off. This is why the girl who is in search of a rich husband and of idle attention from men invariably comes to that class. This fickle foam is the mesh full of young men who have fortunes to be married and who have leisure for the mere pastime of love-making. The fact that they are masters of a certain inconsequential viciousness, a whimsical dishonor that seizes but does not utterly destroy, is not the worst of their attainments. Like all weak creatures, they have the self-protecting instinct developed almost to the mania of suspicion.

This was the difficulty I faced, flirting in the sunny foam of Millidge society. During that first year I acquired everything Emmet Marshall had to give but his hand and his fortune in marriage. I did not understand the nature of the breastwork he had thrown up between him and matrimony. I was not a philosopher. Philosophy is the liver pill of life. We do not take it ourselves until we are compelled to, however many bitter wisdom pellets of it we may roll for others. And we do not feel much better after we have swallowed the dose. We have simply mended our constitution for enduring the vicissitudes of our condition. I was still too young to have recourse to this effective blue-mass of resignation, still too conscious of the power that a woman feels in her undisputed beauty and charm. But before the year ended I felt the uneasy pain of a disordered future, a future I had deliberately planned for myself. A woman is often a frivolous predestinarian in these matters. She lacks the wisdom for the business. She never counts the costs. In an idle hour, in a facetious moment, she resolves something, does something, that commits her to frightful consequences; that long afterward casts her naked and bound at the feet of Fate.

Occasionally already I felt the premonitions of that hour as I hurried from one gayety to another. I was not able to make ends meet, romantically speaking. Emmet made love to me like a young Machiavelli. He kept the house full of the most expensive flowers. He was only too ready to offer handsomer gifts which I dared not receive.

I do not know why, but it is a fact, we develop faster, learn more in the ways that are not good, that lead through shadows of terrible dangers, than we do in the straight and narrow paths of righteousness where we are forbidden to look either to the right or the left. And in a very short time I had the astuteness that enabled me to measure swords with this lover. There were moments when I was alone with him, behind a screen of palms at a dance or in the library at home, when we became enemies, each determined to overthrow the other. In such a moment I would snatch my hand from his, spring to my feet in the spirit and place my back to the wall, on guard, keen for the fray, meeting the humor of his narrowed eyes with a smile that all women have labored to make since the beginning of their hearts. We both understood perfectly. He gave me the impression then of seeking beneath every virtue for the elemental feminine weakness, for that place and that moment when a woman surrenders something with a laugh or a sob. And I knew that at the same time he knew why I hesitated—that I waited for the definite proposal of marriage which he evaded. He was certain that I would accept him, and I think that I should have done so. But I do not believe I should ever have married him. The point was, believing that he could have me for the asking, he was not sure he wanted me. This is characteristic of men. They prefer that woman most whom they are least sure of winning. I knew that he was infatuated with me, but there is nothing further removed from honest love than infatuation in such a man. It is at bottom a form of passionate hatred—the same struggling fury an animal might feel when caught. The only way to escape is to break the spell of the fascination which binds him by some devouring victory. This is plainly put, but not nearly so plainly as Nature sometimes dramatizes it in the face of such a lover.

But if I defended myself from Emmet I defended my heart from David Brock, which was, all told, a more difficult business. For David was not a trifler and he refused to be trifled with. This much I learned and conceded very early in the game. He knew as surely that I loved him as Emmet knew that I wanted a rich husband. He was gifted with a splendid veracity, with a rough tenderness in this matter which no woman could evade with mere coquetry. Coquetry was a thing he despised, one of those light crimes in society which he refused at this time to countenance.

We were sitting out a dance at the famous Franklin cotillon. I wore a coral gown with a bunch of lilies of the valley and ferns in my girdle. I had a fillet in my hair, a band of white tulle with the lilies and green woven in it. And suspended from a long strand of pearls, which Alice had loaned me for the occasion, I carried a little white web of a fan embroidered in silver. David was looking more ferocious than ever. This was the effect that evening clothes had upon his appearance. They brought out by contrast a certain ugly elemental quality of the man. They darkened him, made an ungainly capital letter of him in the midst of the fine Spencerian penmanship of the other frailer, more slim-bodied men about him. The shades of ancient heroes looking down, one of them might have exclaimed:

"Jupiter! There is one of us seated there beside the girl who was once a rose in Diana's hair! Antæus, by the looks of him, but he wears shoes, like a fool."

David reached forward timidly, caught the looped pearls in his hand, let them run glistening through his fingers. He kept his eyes upon them. I learned that this was a way he had of revering women, by not looking them in the eye too often or too intently.

"You called me the other day," he began.

"I did not!" I contradicted, flushing at the remembrance of my mistake.

"You called me over the telephone," he repeated slowly.

"You called me, you said you did," I corrected, laughing.

He lifted his eyes for one moment, covering me with a smile.

"I did not call you. I experienced the happiest amazement of my life when I recognized your voice."

I explained Molly's stupidity in hanging up the receiver. I hastened to clear my skirts.

"But you were thinking of me; that is why you thought it might have been I who wanted to speak to you," he half pleaded, half affirmed.

"Yes," I admitted.

"And just before you hung up the receiver you said: 'Good-by ——'" He hesitated, looked at me whimsically as if he were too uncertain yet to believe his ears about the remaining "dear" of that farewell.

"Oh, that was to Alice that I said 'Good-by, dear,'" I laughed.

"Alice! But you were speaking to me!" he protested.

"Some one came in and I didn't want him to know to whom I was speaking," I explained again.

"But you called me that," he insisted gravely.

"No; I called Alice 'dear,'" I cried, amused at his seriousness.

"Joy," he went on after a pause, "I am out of my element here. I do not belong. I came from a different walk of life."

I listened curiously. That was a matter about which Millidge was mystified. No one knew where he did come from.

"And I have lived differently," he went on; "so I think and feel differently. Things that are important to you here seem to me of no consideration. And other things that are of the greatest consideration to me seem—well, I take it that they seem light, of no serious import in a company like this." He waved his hand to indicate the whirling throng of dancers in the room beyond the alcove where we were seated.

"I was brought up harshly, where men eliminate trifles and where they do not trifle about what they consider important. They go after what they want and they get it, whether it is a fortune or a wife! I never saw an idle man or a flirt until I came here."

"Where on earth have you lived then—in a mine?" I interrupted facetiously.

"Partly, yes. Curious that you should have thought of that! Sometimes for days in the dark, where a man's thoughts are the only light he has except the dim lantern on his cap."

"How interesting! That accounts for something terrible we all feel in you. You've been in the dark so much."

"No, not then; I tell you I had my own thoughts for light then. But now, here, I'm in the dark. I do not see clearly. I'm completely turned round. All this—it seems meaningless to me. I cannot grasp—the—the purpose of it."

"But ——" I interrupted.

"Wait. Let me finish. One day when I was very far down in that mine I have told you of, inspecting a new vein of coal, the walls caved. A great mass of earth and coal fell across the passage through which I had come."

"Oh, how terrible!" I murmured. But he did not hear me. He seemed to have passed into a trance. His face paled; his eyes widened as if he still stared into that frightful darkness.

"At first I tried to get out. I raved and tore at the stones with my bare hands. Then I gave it up. For two days and nights I was there alone in the blackness before they dug through and took me out. It was terrible—like the grave would be to the living. But the thing that at last filled me with horror was not this loneliness of the grave, but another, deeper grief. I had no one to think of beyond it—no kindred, no one to love, no one who loved me. I realized this, that a man is not made without love. That was what I thought of every moment during the eternity I lay there with my lips to a little crevice in the earth, sucking what air through it I could—not, you understand, that I was hungry, or cold, or wet, or about to die, but that I had never loved, never been finished in the image of a man. I resolved that if I ever ascended from that pit I would look for her—a woman to love. And that I would make her love me as no woman ever loved before. I felt I must have that to—to create me. I can't explain it," he broke off, "but I tell you I know it is the way a man must feel who has passed out from among the living without ever having felt that kiss upon his lips. He knows he has missed all, including himself. Am I making you understand?"

"I think so," I almost whispered, overcome by the vision of him, a passionate pain for him there in the darkness.

"Well, I've found her, Joy, this woman, where I never expected to find her. It's been like discovering a gem, a little bright, imperishable thing in a wind-blown reef of burning grass. I want to, I must thrust my hand into the blaze and seize it!"

He waited. I lifted my fan, spread it over my breast.

"I've found you, dear!" he whispered.

"Is it—oh, are you thinking of me?"

"Of no other! I thought of you first down there in the terrible blackness, of you whom I had never seen. I began to love you then. That was a year ago. I've loved you, thought of you waking and in my dreams every hour since. I knew you the first instant my eyes fell upon you a month ago at your ball."

"But you didn't so much as look at me the whole evening!" I chided.

"I saw no one else! You love me?"

"I don't know," I answered, trembling.

"You do know. A woman always knows that."

"How?"

"By the beating of her heart, I think!" he answered.

"I Never Saw an Idle Man or a Flirt Until I Came Here"

And I knew then that my fan was rising and falling like a wing above a tempest.

"Joy!" came a tinkling cool voice.

Alice Archibald appeared between the tall palms beside us.

"Joy, my dear! Emmet is looking for you everywhere. You've missed this dance with him—spoiled the set."

I flew, angry, frightened, feeling that sense of guilt a woman does feel when a man searches her with the light of love. But I was still mistress of myself.

A minute later Emmet found me seated like a sad wallflower in the corner farthest from the alcove.

"Where on earth have you been?" he exclaimed.

"Waiting for you!" I replied in proudly injured tones.

"I've been looking for you these ten minutes!" he protested.

"Well, you couldn't have been very much in earnest or you would have found me," I retorted as we swung out upon the floor.

Still he had his suspicions, which every occasion confirmed afterward. From that night he began to recognize David, to puzzle over the depth and meaning of his interest in me. And what was more to the point, I felt that he often shrewdly calculated my interest in him.

He made it an excuse for the part he played to me. Such men are dangerous comedians in love. At bottom they regard an attractive woman as the possible enemy of their liberty. They do not love her so much as they desire her. And we are different. We feel only the need of being loved. We could do very well indefinitely without any man of whose love we are sure. It is the man of whose love we are not sure that we resent. But we are never the enemy of the other. Only the little clinging parasite of love. It comes near being, but is not quite, the same thing.

Emmet was a vandal in this, that he loved, not with the heart of a true man, but with the protecting instincts of a bachelor. He did not want a wife. He preferred to take the lighter rôle of a funny Lancelot—to win but not to keep.

One evening, in the early spring of that year, after he knew of David Brock's attentions, we were seated in the summer house in the now faintly blooming old garden. The moon showed a pale yellow disc in the twilight skies; rows of tulips held up their pink-and-white chalices for the dew; pale blue hyacinth bells mingled their perfume with buttercups. The syringa bushes swung white bridal-wreaths in the starry gloom.

He was in one of his sulky moods, which were becoming increasingly frequent. I was silent, wondering what form his peevishness would take and not daring to show the indignation I felt. This was a patience he had tested before and that he understood cynically. An evil man always knows the worst of you, even worse than you know of yourself. And there is no power in heaven or earth that can reveal to him your better qualities. He is color-blind to goodness. I knew the cause of Emmet's thinly veiled anger. And I felt that a man who would not propose himself had no right to resent the attentions other men paid me.

"I saw Margaret today," I said, finally resolved to turn the tables on him.

"Where?" he asked indifferently.

"At Deckyard's. You know that ridiculous evening-sky annex they have added at the far end of the café? She and Francis were seated back there at a little table having lunch together. They looked too funny for anything, with the blue-frescoed hills back of them, with the electric stars shining down upon them through gimlet holes in the ceiling and the midday sun shining outside," I laughed.

"Still living by the sword!" was his comment.

"But living!" I retorted.

"Were you chaperoning them?" he asked.

"No; I was having luncheon with David Brock. We had been out looking at West Meadow lots!"

"Thinking of investing?"

"I may—haven't decided," I answered coolly.

"Joy, this has got to stop!" exclaimed Emmet, looking at me with angry eyes.

"What has got to stop?" I asked levelly.

"You have everybody in this town betting, not guessing. You are like a penny they are tossing up to see which of two men will get you."

"Why just two? Are you leaving out Chan Peters, Bunk Hopgood and Tom Redding in your little crap game of chance? Perhaps I ought not to betray such confidences, but you force me to tell you that all three of them have asked my hand in marriage. And there's the Honorable Augustus Brown. Don't forget him!"

I was furious and showed the quality of my temper to him for the first time.

"Have you refused them?" he asked, regarding me with a kind of sneering amazement.

"No, I haven't refused anybody," I cried, springing to my feet and walking swiftly toward the house. He did not follow.

"Scalping is worse than living by the sword, Joy," he called after me; "not a square deal. And victims have been known to survive who accomplished strange vengeance!"

During the next hour, lying face downward upon my bed in my dark room, I wept and took account of myself. I was no longer innocent of myself. That great guilt had come upon me. No one who lives and thinks can escape it—this intimate knowledge of evil, real or potential, in the human heart.

I knew that I had been false to Emmet, whom I did not love at all. I knew that day by day I was being false to David, whom I did love, but to whom I refused to become engaged. And I knew clearly the reason why. Emmet's fortune was made. He had inherited it. There was no doubt about it. But the fate of the promoter of the West Meadow Land Company still trembled in the balance. Still, I knew that the only reason I could even bear the impudently offensive courtship of Emmet was because I was sure of David. I lived upon the love of one while I angled for the proposal of the other.

When I reached this astonishingly lucid view of myself and the situation, I sat up, brushed the hair from my eyes and stared across the room into the mirror, a shining surface in the mellow light streaming through the transom above the door. I saw there only the shadowy image of my face, blurred, marred, darkly distorted by refracted rays. It was too nearly emblematic of my inner self. I ran to the switch and turned on the lights. Then looking over my shoulder again into the mirror, I addressed the rosy, tear-stained face it held between masses of tumbled golden hair:

"Don't be a goose. You must do the best for yourself. Nobody else will do it for you. Not love, certainly. Love is a poor provider, they say."

I was not repentant. Women do not repent easily. It is a concession too damaging to their morals. It implies the admission that they have sinned. No decent woman knows how to do that. I was still decent enough; merely unscrupulous, merely in doubt about my hand. Uncertain which card to lead, vastly concerned to know whether I held trumps or not.

We all have the eavesdropping instinct—brought it up with us from that ambushing existence we formerly lived in the jungle. We curb it, of course, by way of setting the proper example to others, not to overhear what we say to ourselves privately. But there is not a man on the streets who would not take advantage of it, if by some strange telepathy he could suddenly know the thoughts of those who passed him, even to the humblest beggar. He would never come to his destination. He would prowl all day, listening, listening, knowing that he was beyond suspicion of his crime, that he would not be compelled to pay the penalty of it by forfeiting the respect of his fellows. Nothing would drive him to cover but the realization that the beggar and every man and every woman who went by also read his thoughts. One moment of such nakedness would send the most innocent flying from the face of man, as some of us who really do believe in omniscience sneak into agnosticism by way of taking refuge from the awful presence of God. Each would stand accused. None could bear it—the electric flare of another's intelligence in that secret place—deep as the pit, narrow as the grave and dark as the heart of a man.

This, I say, is what men would do. They would become hermits dwelling in the secret places of the earth, anywhere out of sight and out of the minds of other men. But not so women! The more they could discover of each other and of men, the more would they walk abroad to do it. Curiosity, that pale passion of the helpless, inspires them for a thousand adventures. For a woman is the only being in this world who will stand outside the sacred door of her own heart, where the spirit forbids that even she shall enter, and with her ear to the keyhole will not only eavesdrop her own deeper secrets, but record them, proclaim them by way of betraying the rest of her sex. Modesty forsakes her. Modesty is her garment, not her nature.

This, I believe, is what I am doing now—betraying one Joy Marr. Put your ear to the keyhole. The story is only beginning. You will get the inside version of an outside situation all too familiar in society. I make no excuse; I even defend the action—this revelation. When we are known, even as we suspect others, light, the only true light, will have come in the world. There will be no need then for laws and governments. We shall fear the awful judgment of each too much, and walk correctly, softly and humbly accordingly. We shall refurnish our hearts with better motives and ambitions. It will be like stringing arclights in the darkest streets of a great city where vice and crime have before walked hand in hand. After that there is a change. Pale virtues step forth to take the air. Soberness and charity and peace become foot passengers in that thoroughfare. It is not such a bad thing to tell your own truth. It destroys you, but it may save others.

VI

I HELD my place in the Vanity Fair of Millidge for two years, which is a year longer than the average belle blooms. A débutante is a kind of annual. Even if she does not fade she does not last among the fresher posies.

At twenty-two I was far handsomer, more really beautiful than I had been at eighteen, and I was infinitely more accomplished in the arts of social life. That, in fact, was the first disqualification I developed for the position I held—I had become too adroit. I no longer acted upon impulse, those quick moods that show the elemental passions of human nature and prove sincerity. The very truth that I lived was a lie, now recognized by the other liars. I had earned a reputation for finesse. This is dangerous, even fatal. Nobody believes you when you speak. No one is sure you are really merry when you laugh. Your very tears are pearls of doubt. All are lines spoken in the play of the hour—the fine speeches so adequate, the laughter so finely modulated, and the tears. The younger girls have the advantage, because at first they do these same things naturally.

Thus my fitness had become my unfitness. To succeed one must always be able to change one's rôle and take another part gracefully. I had not that part offered me. I was not engaged to become anybody's wife. Not only that, but I discovered that I must give up the character I had obtained and played for the preceding two years. Mabel Leigh was now the belle of Millidge, a little wren of a girl with a natural coyness that sent her tittering behind the primrose leaves of her own modesty upon every occasion. She merely peeped at her lovers and held them by this method.

The Next Minute I Came Upon David Brock

There were other changes even more direful to contemplate. These were due to the fact that my heart was not the only stage manager working out details behind the scenes. No one man or woman ever gets a corner in the great theatricals of life. There are too many other managers who have controlling stock in that business. Your next-door neighbor may drop your curtain for you and take the center of the stage in the next act.

This is what happened in my own case. The preparations had been going forward for some time, not deliberately or spitefully, but inevitably, like the forces of nature.

I remember well the day when for the first time the fear that I had lost my cue became conviction. It was early in November, a clear, sparkling afternoon, filled with a keen wind that carried the leaves before it from the elms, lifted them from the ground and sent them whirling past the library windows, like wreaths of yellow butterflies. I was seated alone inside by the fire, pretending to read, but the magazine lay in my lap folded over my fingers. I was wondering vaguely why no one had asked me to go to the football game at that moment in progress. The shouts of the players and spectators came to me faintly from the university campus, which lay back of our house. My young squires were squiring younger girls, I thought, smiling idly. It made no difference. I had never been interested in any of them. Still, I reflected, one missed the attention. My mind passed with a quicker, firmer grasp to other matters more important.

If these two years had changed me they had made greater changes in David Brock. He was now one of the most accomplished men socially in the town and by all odds the most popular. He went everywhere and with anybody. That singular darkness, that strange intimation of unconquered forces in him, was no longer apparent. He did the usual things, golfed, danced, drank, flirted, and did them all better than those who had been born to these pastimes and indulgences. The way the twig is bent the tree will grow sounds like an axiom; but if there is a man in the world whose life does not contradict that proverb it is merely the accident of environment. Change that and you are apt to see a changed man.

The change in David had been almost brilliantly rapid. I believe I was myself the barometer of it. He became the chameleon of my moods, courting me at first seriously, with the ardor and sincerity of an honest and devoted man. Later, when he had acquired the more facile manner of a man of the world, when he saw and understood too clearly to cherish his first illusions either of me or of the company we both kept, he continued to court me lightly, almost facetiously, like one who still clung with a kind of amusement to one reality—the reality of first love. Neither of us understood that process of mind by which such realities become mere memories; but this is a law as inevitable as the law of change in matter. Nothing lasts as it is. The great and small experiences, the most passionate loves and hatreds, all fade into the dim text of memory. They are those strange, invisible mortalities in us that must put on immortality by perishing out of the present into the past. They belong to it as we belong to the dust. And they make it as we make that fertile soil from which other lives spring. So, since the science of metaphysics was no part of the course we took in social economics, neither David nor I anticipated what must happen or knew when it did happen. We had both become moths, singeing our wings in another flame, long before we suspected the tragedy that had overtaken us.

Once late in that second summer, as we motored together along a fragrant country road, David turned to me and said:

"Come, Joy, marry me. Be a good sport and take your chances for fortune with me."

"But, David, it may be misfortune," I replied, for I no longer concealed from him the reason I had for not accepting him.

"And you are not willing to risk even misfortune—with me?" he asked soberly.

"No, nor with any man. I've had enough of that. I want a change."

"That settles it!" he said, beginning to speed the car.

"No," I protested, "only defers it."

"How many times have you refused me, Joy?"

"Never! I have only asked you to wait," I insisted.

"Meaning that if I fail, you will not marry me at all!" He laughed harshly.

"But you will not fail!"

"Still, you are not sure enough of it to be willing to marry me."

(Continued on Page 61)

THE PRICE OF PLACE

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

XXIX

ALTHOUGH Marsh laughed at Byron's warning, he knew there was truth in what he had said, and he resolved to be discreetly independent of organization influences in the Senate, where he was secure for six years, and where he felt he could become so important that he could be reëlected even if the organization opposed him. He would rely on the people and he would be the people's friend.

The special session opened. There was nothing for the Senate to do, for under the Constitution all revenue bills originate in the House of Representatives, and the tariff bill must be introduced and passed there before the Senate could take up the matter, except in a preliminary way, in the Finance Committee. Marsh, of course, was not a member of the Finance Committee. He was too new for that. He had been given several committee places, some good, and the chairmanship of a small committee, in order that he might have his clerk and messenger and other bits of pap the dignified senator values so highly. Paxton was on the Finance Committee.

The new session of Congress provided a supplemental social season and Mrs. Marsh continued her activities. Her musical mornings had been a success. She was continually in the social columns of the newspapers, and she and Dorothy were refusing a few invitations here and there, for Mrs. Marsh felt they had arrived at that distinction where they need not go everywhere but could choose the occasions their presence would honor. Elzey had submitted one or two intricate legal propositions to Marsh, and he spent most of his time on those, while waiting for the actual work to begin in the Senate. Also he familiarized himself to some extent with tariff matters, especially as they related to his own state, and had much correspondence on the subjects of wool, beet sugar and other agricultural products. He was a protectionist, of course, but felt that there might advantageously be reductions in certain schedules.

One day he presented his view to Senator Paxton. "Don't get that bug into your head, Jim," Paxton advised. "The protective tariff is the mainstay of our country. Also," and his eyes twinkled, "it is the mainstay of yours truly and many of my associates, and of the organization that controls our great and glorious party—our Grand Old Party, as we affectionately refer to it for purposes of public consumption. I suppose there will come a day when there will be a tariff bill that is not political but is economic and scientific, but I hope not while I am in the Senate. That would be a calamity, Jim. If we fail to nurture and protect and otherwise conserve our infant industries, how in blazes can our infant industries nurture and protect and otherwise conserve us? It will be a sad day for us if they take the tariff out of politics or take politics out of the tariff. However, I doubt if there is any immediate danger." And he laughed.

Mr. Elzey came to town. "Senator Marsh," he asked in a most dignified manner, "do you ever take any interest in financial matters?"

"In what way?" asked Marsh.

"I mean do you ever do anything in the Street?"

"Occasionally," said Marsh, wondering what he had in mind.

"Well, if I were you I would buy a few shares of Q. R. & D. There is likely to be a movement in that stock soon."

Marsh spoke to Rambo about it. "Who told you?" asked Rambo.

"A chap named William R. Elzey."

"Let's go to it!" exclaimed Rambo. "He's one of the big men in the Street, director in I don't know how many corporations. How did you come to know him?"

"I am doing some business for him," said Marsh.

"You don't tell me," said Rambo in evident admiration. "Well, you certainly are in soft if you have that man on your staff."

They bought some Q. R. & D. on joint account, and made enough out of it to enable Marsh to buy Mrs. Marsh the electric automobile she had been wanting for some time. Also Marsh paid some bills that had been hanging over. Two or three times after that Elzey told Marsh when to buy stocks, and Marsh found Elzey always knew what he was talking about. Moreover, Elzey advised Marsh when to sell each time, so he lost nothing by holding on. Marsh came to have a good standing in the offices of the principal brokers in the city and carried an account there. He put in his orders by telephone.

"You Can't Stop Me With Any of Your Cheap Blackmailing Threats"

"Jim," said Senator Paxton to Marsh about two weeks before the tariff bill reached the Senate, "brush up on steel and lumber and wool and the chemical schedule."

"Why?" asked Marsh.

"Oh, we're going to have some trouble with these low-tariff people and we'll need some speeches from you for public consumption. Great opportunity for you, my boy! Great opportunity!"

Marsh studied steel and lumber and wool and the chemical schedule. He had a quick mind, knew the rudiments of the tariff, and he felt he would be able to cope with any opposition senator, and show to the public that the wages of our workingmen and the prosperity of our people, as well as the very lives of these industries themselves, depended on the retention of a proper measure of protection on them. Paxton thought the old rates or rates a shade higher would suffice.

When the bill reached the Senate there was long debate. Marsh was put to the front and acquitted himself creditably. One day Elzey came to see him.

"Senator Marsh," he said, "I trust you have given consideration to the absolute necessity of a higher tariff on steel products."

"Higher?" asked Marsh.

"Yes. The industry must perish unless we get a higher measure of protection against foreign competition."

"But," said Marsh, "the Steel Trust sells steel rails in England, delivered, for several dollars less a ton than it sells steel rails at home."

"Oh," said Elzey, waving his hand, "that is an argument of our enemies. It has nothing to do with the case. I am thinking of the American workingman and the American consumer, not of the foreign consumer. I shall hope to hear a speech from you on the subject advocating a higher duty, or rather sustaining the action in that direction I understand the Finance Committee will propose."

Marsh wondered why Elzey was so solicitous about steel, and recalled that Elzey was a consumer of steel rails in his capacity as receiver operating the bankrupt railroad for which Marsh was an attorney. He looked in the Directory of Directors, and discovered that William R. Elzey was a director in twenty-seven corporations, fifteen of them corporations that had direct tariff interests, and were infant industries crying at the door of the Congress for protection from the cruel attacks of foreign competition and of foreign labor.

There was a long-drawn fight in the Senate, in which Marsh was used skillfully. The organization got what it wanted, except in such cases as it compromised in the conference where the bill went after it had passed the Senate in order that the differences between the Senate and the House might be composed. These compromises had been decided upon before the bill was introduced at all and the duties on the articles compromised were fixed in the Senate bill as they had been fixed merely for trading purposes, and in order that the Senate conferees might give in to the House on points the Senate leaders long ago decided to give in on, and thus protect the points they deemed vital to their scheme of profitable protection—profitable to themselves. Marsh's speech on steel was highly complimented by Elzey, who expressed his great gratification and told Marsh of another good thing in Wall Street.

Congress adjourned early in August. Mrs. Marsh and Dorothy had returned to Morganville early in June. Tom Darlington renewed his attentions to Dorothy, and was one day smiled upon, when he was preposterously happy, and the next day treated with cool indifference, when he was preposterously depressed. He was a mercurial young man, was Mr. Darlington, but he was tremendously in love with Dorothy. Besides, he had had a raise in salary, and was sure he was getting enough to marry on, for, as he had often heard, two can live as cheaply as one.

Mrs. Marsh was too clever to oppose Darlington openly. She knew the usual result of parental opposition in such cases, but she had invited some young people, including Wheeldon, to an elaborate camping party in the mountains, which she was to chaperon, and she had hopes that she might engineer a proposal. Tom Darlington was not invited.

Marsh went to Morganville and opened his law office. He was tired, for the weather in Washington had been atrociously hot, but he had a few important matters to whip into shape for Elzey. He was in a comfortable frame of mind, for he had considerable money ahead and all his bills were paid. Mrs. Marsh was much pleased at his improved financial standing.

The camping party was a social success. Most of those invited from Washington came out, including Wheeldon, who needed a change of air. Matrimonially, however, the party did not amount to much. Mrs. Marsh did her best to pair Dorothy off with Wheeldon on every excursion of exploration, every shooting trip, every horseback ride, and she maneuvered to have her at his side each night when the young people sat around the romantic campfire. She watched the two carefully, but much to her chagrin could discover no signs of affection, or of anything more than a good, live companionship. She resolved to make sterner efforts next winter in Washington, and contrived to cut the party short by a week on account of illness, which she regretted, but which of course could not be helped.

"I could see no sense of keeping up the expense, inasmuch as neither Dorothy nor that stupid young Wheeldon would fall in love," she said to Marsh when she returned.

"Fall in love?" repeated Marsh. "Surely you didn't think you could force a love match out of it."

"You never can tell," she replied. "Sometimes romance crops out in unexpected places. But next winter it shall be brought about."

"For Heaven's sake, Molly," protested Marsh, "give Dorothy a chance. She doesn't want to marry that young squirt."

"She doesn't know what she does want, nor do you," said Mrs. Marsh. "But I know what is best for her and for us."

Tom Darlington had wandered about Morganville during the camping party like a lost soul. Life had no joy for

him, for he was sure Dorothy would come back engaged to somebody. He didn't know which one of the young men it would be, and he had visions of all of them proposing to her in relays, so obsessed was he with her charms.

One moment he was certain one of them would win her, the next he assured himself that she would repulse them all. He brooded over the situation until his brain refused to work, and he took long, lonely excursions in his motor boat, relieving his feelings by driving that inoffensive marine structure to the full limit of its speed.

As a return for the camping entertainment, which had proved a very enjoyable outing, the girls in the party invited Dorothy to come East in the latter part of August and join a house-party at Watch Hill. Mrs. Marsh was delighted, because young Wheeldon was to be one of the company. When he learned of these plans Tom Darlington contemplated suicide and other rash things, but finally compromised on asking Dorothy to go out with him in his motor boat.

Dorothy did not tell her mother of this invitation, which she had accepted with alacrity. Much to her surprise Tom proved himself a moody and distraught companion. He talked little and tinkered much with his engine.

"You are not very amiable," pouted Dorothy.

"Who could be amiable with you running round after that young fool of a Wheeldon?" inquired Tom sulkily.

"There's No Use Making a Scene, Mother. I Love Him and I'm Going to Marry Him"

"Why, Tom Darlington, that's a story. I haven't been running round after Mr. Wheeldon. We're just good friends, that's all."

"Looks like it, doesn't it," exclaimed Tom—"with you going camping with him, and now going off to some party in Rhode Island where he will be constantly with you?"

"I couldn't help going camping with him and you know it," protested Dorothy. "Mamma fixed that up. And why shouldn't I go East and have some fun, I should like to know?"

"Why not?" inquired Tom with elaborate sarcasm. "Of course I don't count. And why should I when there's a millionaire's son round?"

"Don't talk that way, Tom," pleaded Dorothy; "you know it isn't so."

"How do I know it isn't so?" he asked, seeing his advantage and pressing it. "What encouragement have you ever given me, I'd like to know?"

Dorothy did not give him any answer for some moments; then looking up at him shyly, with eyes that smiled into his, she put her little hand into his big grimy one. "Do you want to marry me, Tom?" she asked.

"Do I want to marry you?" shouted Tom. "Do I want to marry you? Why, dear, I've asked you a hundred times."

"Well," she laughed, blushing and moving off a little, "why not ask me again?"

In one bound Tom was on his knees beside her, both her hands crushed in his, his honest eyes pleading up at her. "Will you?" he said. "Will you, sweetheart? Oh, I love you, Dorothy. I love you! I love you!"

And then, because he read her answer in her eyes, he kissed her.

Fifteen minutes later the boat ran up against the bank and grounded there. But the young people in the stern sat on undisturbed.

xxx

DOROTHY was the first to realize that it was growing late. For the next half-hour Tom struggled in mud and slime, his shoes and stockings off and his trousers rolled up to his knees, to get the boat's nose off the shore. She had bumped on firmly, although the engine had been at low speed and the boat going slowly when she ran ashore, and for some time Tom shoved and pulled with no result. Dorothy watched his struggles with concern at times and laughing unconcern at other times. Finally the boat was afloat again, and Tom headed for home at top speed, for it was getting late.

On the way they planned their future. Their engagement, they decided, should be kept secret until Dorothy came of age, and then they would be married whether Mrs. Marsh consented or not. Dorothy saw Tom twice more before she left for Watch Hill and promised faithfully to write to him every day.

"Write something," pleaded Tom; "even if it's just 'I love you,' it will help."

But Dorothy, who liked to write, did better than that. She sent Tom long letters, full of comment on the fashionable affairs she attended and the fashionable folk she saw, but always there was a last paragraph that Tom read first, in which she told him sweetly and sincerely that she loved him. And young Darlington spent all his spare time writing to Dorothy. He threw aside the news and gossip of Morganville as unworthy of his attention, and devoted himself to impressing on her the depth and enduring qualities of his love. He used up every simile for eternity and durability, and every word of endearment that he could think of, and ransacked love stories for new terms in which to express his adoration. One day Dorothy was astonished to receive a transcription of the love letter in Marion Crawford's Dr. Claudius, modified to suit Morganville and Darlington conditions, but breathing all the passion of that remarkable epistle. Tom was putting his whole soul into his writing, as well as the souls of other writers, and Dorothy thought his letters wonderful. She decided that when they were married he must try to write a novel.

Young Wheeldon was at the Watch Hill houseparty, but quite unconscious of Mrs. Marsh's designs on him. He took Dorothy as his partner when it was his turn, and was polite and affable, but nothing more. Dorothy went with one young man and another and had a very good time. She was in Morganville for a few weeks before she and her mother returned to Washington to open the house, and spent most of her time devising ways and means to see Tom, which was becoming more and more difficult. Mrs. Marsh had suspicions concerning him and she voiced them once or twice, but Dorothy fibbed prettily, and did her best to put her mother's mind at rest. She did not quite succeed, however, and Mrs. Marsh left for Washington determined to do her utmost to push the Wheeldon alliance.

The session passed quickly and rather quietly. Mrs. Marsh gave several distinguished entertainments, and succeeded in pruning a few more undesirables from her list and adding a few more desirables. Marsh made two great speeches upholding organization contentions, and was a most conspicuous senator despite his short service. Ordinarily a new senator is not active or considered of much importance for a year or two after his advent in the dignified upper house, and usually the older senators resent it if he is; but it was different in the case of Marsh and had been from the start. The organization had to have Marsh, for they needed his talents as an advocate, the old wheelhorse Dodson, who had been put up for the work Marsh was doing for ten or fifteen years, having retired. So Marsh, instead of remaining in obscurity for his year or two, came to the front at once, thereby gaining much newspaper acclaim as a rising young statesman who had risen through sheer ability as soon as he had an opportunity.

Marsh realized perfectly well that he would have been one of the rank and file for two or three sessions at least without organization support, albeit he might have forced himself to the front on independent lines, for every senator can do exactly what he pleases in that regard. However, he liked the comment. It pleased him to hear some one say: "There goes Senator Marsh, the great orator," as he passed a group of tourists. And he took his orders and played his part and reaped his rewards. He was well in the confidence of the leaders. The Senate oligarchy, headed by one great, powerful, masterful man, had five other members. Next to these came the men like Marsh, who were of but not exactly in that governing board, and after these the senators who voted as they were told and demanded their share of whatever was going.

Marsh had supreme faith in his abilities, and in the place he could command for himself, and looked forward to being the real leader, or, if not that, at least to having a place in the innermost circle. Elzey was liberal with market information. The Atlas Land Company paid a big dividend. Paxton engineered one or two other schemes and Marsh made a good deal of money, and began the recess with forty or fifty thousand dollars clear. He wanted to be rich. He wanted to be independent. He tried to argue himself into the feeling that when he had enough money he could be independent, but he knew better, for every dollar he made was an added link in the chain that bound him to the leaders who were using him for their own purposes.

Mrs. Marsh pursued Wheeldon assiduously. She set snares of all sorts for him, but that wary young man was not to be caught, nor did Dorothy help her mother in the slightest degree. She was polite to Wheeldon, just as she was polite to all other amiable young men, and every day she wrote at least one letter to Tom Darlington.

Presently Mrs. Marsh had her suspicions concerning Tom Darlington confirmed. Being a wise and clever woman, she said nothing, for she knew that if she openly opposed the match the probabilities were that Dorothy and Tom would run away and get married, and that was the last thing she wanted. She waited until she returned to Washington in the fall, when she mapped out a new line of campaign. She would drop Wheeldon, she decided, and center her efforts on a young Englishman named Vickers, of good family and with money, who was spending the winter in Washington and had the advantage of Embassy introductions. The Englishman was slow of wit, and he was amazed at the attentions showered upon him by Mrs. Marsh, who exerted herself to be most attractive whenever he was in her company. Dorothy for her part paid scant attention to him or to her mother's change of tactics. Her mind was full of many things those days, things that had to do with an approaching birthday and a piece of news that would soon be made public.

One night, at a dinner for the young people given by Mrs. Marsh in honor of two or three of the most fashionable buds of that season, the young Englishman, who had been maneuvered into almost exclusive company with Dorothy by the extremely capable Mrs. Marsh, revolted and went home as soon as he could with propriety. Dorothy had no part in this, but Mrs. Marsh thought she had.

"Dorothy," she said that night when the guests had left, "I consider your conduct this evening quite inexcusable."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Dorothy, amazed.

"I mean that you are defying my expressed wishes by snubbing that poor Mr. Vickers tonight. He was so uncomfortable that he left before any of the others."

"What a calamity!" murmured Dorothy.

"Dorothy," said Mrs. Marsh coldly, "I cannot understand your attitude in this matter. You know it is your duty to marry a man who can offer you both position and wealth, not only for your own sake, but for your father's and mine as well. I have spent much time and effort in having you meet desirable young men and giving you an opportunity to see something of them, and you have done absolutely nothing to help me."

Then, overcome apparently at the thought of her daughter's ingratitude, Mrs. Marsh indulged in a few tears.

Dorothy steeled herself for the encounter. She realized the time had come to have things out with her mother.

"But, mother," she explained, "I do not want to marry Mr. Vickers any more than I wanted to marry Mr. Wheeldon, and neither Mr. Vickers nor Mr. Wheeldon has the slightest desire to marry me. And besides—mother, dear, I am engaged already." Her heart was beating furiously as she spoke, but she tried very hard to appear calm.

For a moment Mrs. Marsh was too dumfounded to speak. Then:

"You are engaged?" she repeated blankly, her voice trailing off to a wail. "To whom?"

"Tom Darlington."

Mrs. Marsh once more resorted to tears, but from behind the handkerchief that she pressed to her face she eyed Dorothy narrowly to see how much in earnest she was. That young woman sat straight in her chair, looking very proud, very defiant and very indignant.

"There's no use making a scene, mother," she announced. "I love him and I'm going to marry him, whether you like it or not." That ended the interview.

When he got home that night Marsh found his wife in her room, sobbing nervously, her maid bathing her temples with cologne.

He knew something distressing had happened, but couldn't imagine what it was, and after some tender sympathy and a few discreet and tactful assurances of his love and support, went to his own room to await the developments of the morning.

Next morning Mrs. Marsh was pale but calm. She had her breakfast in her room, as was her custom, and sent her maid to ask Marsh if he would come to her at ten o'clock. She was reclining in a big chair in most becoming negligée when Marsh came in.

"What is it, dear?" he asked tenderly, for he saw at once that something was really on her mind.

"Oh, James," she said, on the verge of tears again, "Dorothy is engaged!"

"Good!" exclaimed Marsh. "I'm glad of it! Who is the lucky chap?"

Mrs. Marsh changed immediately into the socially ambitious woman.

"I regret your attitude," she said icily. "I had great plans for Dorothy, great ambitions. I sought to make her one of the social leaders of Washington. I desired her to take her proper place in exclusive circles, and now she tells me she intends to marry a common railroad employee of no family and no wealth."

"Tom Darlington?" asked Marsh.

"Yes."

"But, Molly, Tom Darlington is from one of the best families in New England, although he was born in the West, and he will have plenty of money some day. Besides, he's an honest manly young fellow and he is a comer in the railroad world."

Mrs. Marsh listened intently. "You don't mean to say he is of the Darlington family of Massachusetts?" she asked.

"David Darlington is his grandfather, if that's what you mean."

"And that family has money?"

"No end of it."

Mrs. Marsh sighed. "Well," she said, "perhaps it isn't so bad as I feared. Leave me now, James, I must think things out."

Marsh kissed her and went out. He found Dorothy downstairs, pale and anxious.

"Oh, popsy," she said, "have you seen ——"

"I have," he answered; "and cheer up, it will all come out right!"

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her that young man of yours isn't a half bad chap, and a lot of other things. You go to her later in the day and cuddle her a little, and you'll find she'll not only consent, but will give you a wedding that will make the eyes of these other girls pop right out on their cheeks."

It was three o'clock that afternoon before Mrs. Marsh and Dorothy had their meeting. In the meantime Mrs. Marsh had had her hair dressed, her manicure and her masseuse had been in, and she was ready for her day. She sent for Dorothy, who had been wandering about the house and had written three letters to Tom, telling him in the first one that possibly she would telegraph him to come and get her; in the next begging him to dismiss any such preposterous idea from his mind, and in the third asking him on what train he would arrive.

The interview went off much better than Dorothy had dared to hope. Mrs. Marsh was gentle and considerate, and after half an hour's talk consented to the match. Whereupon Dorothy sent the butler scurrying to the telegraph office with a telegram to Tom, which read:

Why don't you hurry? Love.
DOROTHY.

This message threw young Darlington into ecstasies of delight and paroxysms of woe simultaneously, for he fancied all manner of things, from a demand on Dorothy's part for an elopement, to a plot by Mrs. Marsh to marry her daughter by force to one of her social favorites. He took the first train to Washington and Dorothy met him at the station. Mrs. Marsh was cordial in a reserved manner, and questioned him at length about his family connections and financial expectations, and in due course gave an elaborate party for Dorothy at which her engagement was announced.

Mrs. Marsh prepared the press notices of the party that appeared in the society columns. She gave a detailed list of those present, spoke of the many flowers and engagement presents received, and conferred on the world this information concerning Mr. Thomas Darlington, the prospective groom: "Mr. Thomas Darlington, who is to marry Miss Marsh, is a direct descendant of the David Darlingtons of Massachusetts, an old and wealthy family. Mr. Darlington is by profession a civil engineer, and at present holds a responsible position with the R. R. & T. Railroad. He has a wide reputation among railroad officials as one of the leaders in his profession and undoubtedly has a brilliant career before him."

Tom Darlington whistled softly when he read that, but Dorothy put her arms round his neck and whispered: "Why not?"

The wedding was a grand affair. The president and his wife went to the church ceremony and sent a big bouquet of flowers from the White House conservatories to the bride. The president's daughter was at the breakfast reception, as was nearly all of Washington's best official, diplomatic, army, navy and residential society. The papers gave half a column to the affair, with pictures of the bride and groom, and Mrs. Marsh, although she could not help regretting that the groom was not Wheeldon or Vickers or perhaps an officer in the army or navy, was reasonably content. If there had remained any doubt in the mind of any person as to her social status, the list of guests at the church, the breakfast and the reception must have convinced the skeptical that she had arrived.

When Marsh was looking over her list of guests he saw the name of the former Cabinet woman who had snubbed Mrs. Marsh in her first season. This woman had left Washington when her husband retired from office, but was spending the winter there.

Fifteen Minutes Later the Boat Ran Up Against the Bank and Grounded There

"Goodness, Molly," said Marsh, "you are not going to ask that woman, are you? She's the one who snubbed you back in the old Bruxton Hotel days."

"Certainly I shall invite her," answered Mrs. Marsh. "She is very important socially, and I don't intend any one to remember that I ever had any Bruxton Hotel days."

XXXI

THE next three years passed uneventfully. The political firm of Paxton and Marsh maintained its supremacy in the state, Paxton was reëlected for his third term, and Marsh grew in reputation throughout the country as a great orator. There had been mention of him as his party's candidate for president. Marsh was rapidly becoming invaluable to the Senate oligarchy and he reaped a big reward. At the suggestion of Elzey he accepted a large retainer from special interests for the purpose of defeating legislation. Elzey had been discharged as receiver of the railroad and Marsh's fee terminated, but he had been given, at the suggestion of Paxton and some other friends in the Senate, a considerable sum by a combination of railroads for the purpose of holding up proposed legislation to compel the railroad to put on steel mail-cars instead of the flimsy wooden ones they were running, and the public was behind this bill, for the slaughter of mail clerks in wrecks is appalling. Marsh held up this legislation for several years. His activities extended in various directions. At first Paxton made no suggestion of division, but one day he said he thought that inasmuch as he was the business producer and Marsh the practicing lawyer in the combination, he deserved half the spoils. Marsh readily agreed to this. He was making money fast and he knew his obligations to Paxton.

Tom Darlington had been made division engineer, and he and Dorothy had moved to the city, fifty miles from Morganville, which was the division headquarters. They had a baby boy, the idol of Marsh, who, to her husband's disgust, insisted that Dorothy spend much of her time in Washington, so that he might be near the baby. Mrs. Marsh continued on her social way. She was one of the leaders and she was most exclusive. She had none but the most fashionable people at her numerous entertainments, and her dinners were celebrated throughout Washington, not only for the extremely smart character of the guests, but for the excellence of the food and wines. Furthermore, she had arrived at that stage of eminence wherein the society reporters sought her favor for news. She was no longer compelled to go after them.

At the beginning of Marsh's fourth year in the Senate he was worth two hundred thousand dollars. No suspicion had attached to his name. He was hailed throughout the country as a sturdy party man of extraordinary ability as a speaker, and he was in demand in political campaigns and at big dinners in New York and elsewhere. At the same time there had spread throughout the country a feeling of discontent, expertly fostered by men in Washington who knew the real conditions. The men in control of the Republican party had used that party so long to their own selfish ends they had become arrogant and flown with power. They refused to listen to the protest of the people. A revolt that threatened to become a revolution was in progress, but they would have none of the news of it, so secure did they feel in their position entrenched behind the interests they represented. They thought money would be all-potent, as it always had been, in maintaining their supremacy in the elections, and their arrogance led them to newer and greater abuses of their power and their disregard of the people.

One night early in April Marsh went out for a walk. He passed by the White House and stopped to look at the south portico of that beautiful building. There was a full moon. The magnolias and the other flowering trees shimmered in its light. The big fountain sent up spurts of gleaming water that fell back in glittering spray. The grass was green and fresh and velvety, and through this perspective he saw the great portico, with its gleaming pillars, and the lanterns on either side. Back of him the monument towered into the soft air, its great, gray

(Continued on Page 73)

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The Governor of New York

TWENTY-THREE years ago William Sulzer was elected to the New York Legislature, and he was reëlected four successive times. He was then elected to Congress and reëlected eight times in succession. He then ran for governor and received more than two hundred thousand votes over his next highest competitor.

Fifteen times Mr. Sulzer submitted himself to the investigation and candid judgment of his fellow-citizens, and as many times they duly stamped him with their approval. In all human probability he would have finished his term at Albany with unimpaired eligibility for the further suffrages of his countrymen if he had not quarreled with some political allies who are much worse than he is.

The outcroppings of that quarrel lose him several technical points in the game. For example he can scarcely repeat his edifying criticisms of last winter upon the stock exchange without provoking a grin; but he is still the average organization politician he always has been—still able to wave you the grand old banner of his party and yearn for the toiling masses.

Glancing back over the political history of the Empire State for the last twenty years we see no reason to suppose that New York will improve on its choice of Sulzer at the next election. He is admirably equipped for a rôle demanded by the condition of politics in New York and a good many other places. In spite of a foible for the stock market he is still just the kind of a candidate for those who never scratch a ticket.

Inevitable Lobbying

ANY member of either House of Congress may introduce a bill vitally affecting any business. If there seems to be a possibility of the bill's passing, persons engaged in the affected business will naturally and properly wish to be heard about it. Often the official opportunities for a hearing will be inadequate. Committee meetings to receive evidence and argument may be scantily attended; members of the committee come and go as other duties call them.

After the hearing entirely new matter may be incorporated in the bill. A written communication must take its chances in the deluge of mail that pours upon Congress. Often the best practical resource of the affected business is in unofficial interviews with members—which, of course, is lobbying.

Lobbying is usually vicious in proportion to the secrecy that surrounds it. The popular objection to all lobbying rests upon two assumptions, neither of which is warranted by facts—first, that Congress comprises a representation of the whole country and all its legitimate interests; second, that legislators always know what they are about. Few congressmen have trustworthy knowledge of all the businesses in their districts; still fewer can pretend to master the subject-matter of every bill they are asked to vote upon.

In every state legislature the same situation exists. How far astray a state may go in legislating upon a comparatively familiar business is shown by Missouri's fire-insurance law, the most objectionable clause of which the attorney-general has recently declared void in order to induce the insurance companies to return to that state.

Any business should have a hearing upon any bill that affects it. Often there is no adequate method of getting a hearing except by lobbying. More care in the preparation and introduction of bills would be the best remedy.

The Day of Opportunity

ONE exceptional thing about J. P. Morgan was that he inherited an ample fortune, for nearly all the great business successes in this country have been made by men who began poor. The fact is well known, and the stock explanation is that men of Morgan's generation started when opportunity was free; natural resources had not been cornered; business was not dominated by great organizations.

What of this generation, however? Go round Wall Street, among the railroads, into any lair of Big Business, and find the men under fifty who hold the best jobs—who are making themselves most felt—who are most up and coming. We do not pretend to have taken a census, but we venture to say that among these men you will find few who stepped into their positions from the alleged vantage-ground of a fortune. Probably you will find more college men and, on the whole, an early stage of material well-being higher than that of the Rockefellers and Carnegies; but most of the middle-aged and younger men who have success today made it with their own two fists and brains.

The middle-aged president of a corporation having a number of very rich stockholders was asked: "Doesn't it make you nervous to see the sons and nephews of your big stockholders coming in here? One of them will get your job pretty soon." He replied: "I don't care a rap whose son a man is! What makes me nervous is to see a young chap come in here who looks as though he might be able to think faster than I can."

For the exceptionally able, opportunity never was freer. The game is still set for the strong man to win. But the exceptionally able are necessarily few. No one need bother about them. They will take care of themselves. It is the rank and file that need bothering about.

The Short Crop

LAST year's corn crop exceeded three billion bushels; but, as the price fell, producers got no more for it than for the preceding crop of two and a half billion bushels. Within a month drought caused the price of corn to advance twenty per cent; but the Government estimated the reduction in yield at only ten per cent.

Time out of mind farmers have faced this paradox of getting more money by producing little than by producing much. In 1679 and 1680 Virginia tobacco crops were superabundant and prices fell to a point where a year's yield would barely clothe the family. In 1681 and 1682 the Assembly was urged to stop tobacco planting. When the last attempt failed mobs of planters destroyed crops right and left. Hundreds of plantations were laid waste. Colonial militia suppressed the mobs, three ringleaders were hanged, and a law was passed making plant cutting high treason, punishable with death and confiscation.

In the ensuing two hundred and thirty years we have not improved much—except in the minor details of riot and hanging—upon those crude attempts to trim the balance between producer and consumer. Last year's average corn yield to the acre was under thirty bushels. It might easily have been forty. If it had been prices would have fallen below the cost of production.

In short, in a good year we could easily produce a surplus that would carry us tidily through a bad year; but if farmers did produce any such surplus in a good year we would requite their pains by bankrupting them. When a bad year comes we see that a surplus carried over from good years would be convenient; but the penalty of producing any important surplus is bankruptcy for the producer.

Leisurely Legislators

THE banking bill has been improved since its text was first published. The amendments that have been accepted so far show an openminded and conciliatory spirit, from which one may draw good auguries of a law that will finally be quite acceptable to the banks and very beneficial to the public.

Every mention of the subject in the Senate so far, however, has provoked opposition to any consideration of banking legislation at this session. The subject is a difficult one, say the objectors; senators must have much more time to study it; there must be ampler opportunity for debate.

Five years have elapsed since Congress created the National Monetary Commission, which collected from the entire commercial world the most extensive literary of pertinent information on banking and currency that was ever undertaken. Unofficial reports and discussions appearing continuously in all sorts of public prints during the last five years make up an even more extensive literature on the subject. It is discouraging to hear that the Senate is so far behind all intelligent laymen who have any interest whatever in the subject that it is not even ready to begin considering it!

Senator Owen calculates that it will take a year after the passage of the bill to put the new system into operation; and the bill itself provides that thereafter three years shall elapse before the final reserve requirements come into force.

We hope the president will succeed in prodding the Senate into action this year.

Banks for Farmers

SENATOR OWEN announces that his committee has already given much attention to the subject of agricultural banking, and by the end of the year will present a bill to establish banks especially for farmers.

The Glass-Owen Bill provides that country banks may lend on farm mortgage; but the loan must not exceed half the value of the land or run for more than nine months; and no bank must lend more than a quarter of its capital on land. That is as far, certainly, as a commercial bank can safely go; yet a nine-months loan on the land does a farmer little good, for it takes a farm about ten years to pay for itself.

In short, the farmer's need for credit is different from that of the merchant. He engages in long-time operations. A whole year elapses from crop to crop. More than two years pass before the cow's duplicate stands in her place. To build up a rundown soil is a matter of from three to five years; but when the farmer's product is once made there is always a market for it. He has no unfashionable goods to carry over. Give him sufficient time and he can liquidate. He needs long-term credits, such as are not expedient in commercial banking.

Unscientific Charity

LONG ago we learned that we must not give indiscriminately, handing coins to unidentified beggars, because that wasted the money and confirmed them in mendicancy; that charity, to be effectual, must be scientific. Latterly we have been learning that a good deal of scientific charity has no science about it, except in the name; that it is vastly wasteful and scandalously ineffectual.

In a single city a dozen or a score of competing organizations beat over one another's trails, making the word charity synonymous with nuisance to the benevolent, and absorbing a large part of the collections in managerial expenses. Some of these charities have been and are no better than private grafts, for half their collections go to the collectors.

Cleveland, at least, has changed that, and Chicago is by way of changing it. Experience indicates that a unified organization will raise more money in a given city than half a dozen or a score of independent organizations, working at cross purposes.

The man who is able to give cannot excuse himself then by the fiction that he patronizes some other charity, or by the fact that an unconscionably large portion of his donation will go to the collector. The advantage of a unified organization in dealing with recipients of charity is obvious.

It is true we have no great enthusiasm for organized charity. The community itself ought to provide for all its really unfortunate and helpless members by direct and equal taxation; but as the community does not, and the unfortunates are there, a unified charity organization for each city is the best stop-gap.

The Gentle Jingoes

WASHINGTON dispatches express a low opinion of Huerta. He does not represent the people of Mexico, we read; he seized the government by fraud; he was probably privy to the murder of his predecessor.

Suppose this irresponsible and disreputable person had pulled the nose of that estimable citizen of Minnesota, John Lind! Should we have been obliged to whip Mexico, at a cost of many thousand dead and wounded Americans and many million dollars produced by the toil of a laborious population? If Huerta is the sort of man he is represented to be could any possible act of his sully the honor of the United States?

Frederick the Great's unfortunate talent for sarcastic personalities helped to bring armed Europe down upon Prussia. William the Third's impolitic jest about the French king's old mistress and young minister whetted a kingdom's vengeance. We say those days of personal government are passed—even in Russia; but in the strained relations with Mexico how much might hang on a purely personal exhibition of bad manners! How trivial a touch might precipitate a war that both peoples were anxious to avoid! How light a breath might condemn thousands to death and disability!

It is a consideration of the dire nature of such a catastrophe and the slenderness of the thread upon which the possibility hangs that makes us yearn, in the most pacific spirit, to kick the author of every truculent utterance.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Now and Again We Encounter a Feat in Facial Foliage

A MUSTACHE is what you choose to make it. Almost every man has the raw materials at his command, and he can cut them or cuddle them as he sees fit. Some men beat their mustaches savagely back into their upper lips, refusing them growth, shave them remorselessly once or twice a day and never let a hair of them see the light of day. Other men coax and cajole their mustaches to emerge, pet them, pamper them, protect them, and view the resultant hirsute effects in the lights of artistic achievements.

But not all mustaches are artistic. Some are stubby and some are scraggly and some are simply unmowed hair. Now and again we encounter a work of superior excellence, an accomplishment in mustache-making, a feat in facial foliage, and one of these is the mustache of the Honorable Thomas J. Walsh, senator from Montana. It is the most ornate and orgulous mustache in the Senate, and never has there been so ebon an emblem hung on a statesman's face since the historic day when the late Senator Stewart, of Nevada, inadvertently allowed a foot or so of his beard to drop into the inkstand while he was leaning despondently on his desk and thinking despairing thoughts of the Crime of '73.

It is an intense and serious mustache and Senator Walsh is an intense and serious man. Those who know him could never in any circumstances think of him with anything frivolous depending from that earnest face, and nothing does. As in everything else, when the senator determined to cultivate a mustache he concentrated on that cultivation, and produced what must inevitably take first rank among all the lambrequins our senators affect. He never does anything by halves. When he likes a man he likes him, and when he hates a man he hates him. So, too, with his work. He is so thorough he makes you wonder and so efficient he makes you gasp.

There was a disposition to judge the senator by his little facial foible when he came to Washington last March, but that was soon dispelled. He hadn't been in Washington very long before his colleagues discovered that he is a man who knows what he knows, and who knows a heap. Further, he has the courage of his knowledge and his convictions and lacks both stage-fright and self-consciousness. He was a senator from Montana. Very well; he proceeded to be a senator from Montana, and before he had been at the Capitol a month all his party associates and most of his political opponents had set him down for what he is, a strong lawyer, a man of tireless industry and of much ability, a man of convictions with a faculty for concentration that is amazing, and a distinct addition to the majority, albeit he took a tariff stand that disconcerted some of his party associates.

Usually the man who concentrates has difficulty in disconnecting himself from the concentration. It isn't so with Walsh. His most remarkable attribute—and it is remarkable—is his faculty for grasping the details of what he has before him, for looking into the very vitals of the subject, and then apparently dismissing it from his mind. But the result is always there ready to be called into efficient use at any time. He is a stockholder and director in several sheep-raising companies operating in Montana. He goes to one of those meetings of directors and bores into the affairs of the organization. When he leaves he has a complete knowledge of the workings of the company. The next time there is a meeting he knows more about the minute details of the business than the men who have done nothing else but manage its affairs in the lapsed time.

Rough on Contract Jokers

RECENTLY the citizens of Helena decided to build a new hotel on one side of the crooked main street of that city, which marks the line of Last Chance Gulch where so many millions in gold were taken out in the early days. Walsh was the lawyer for the company. The representative of the contractor making the lowest construction bid came before the board to discuss the contract. Walsh listened to the reading of the paper and ordered several clauses and many phrases stricken out. After the amended agreement was signed the contractor said:

"Our firm has been doing business in every part of this country for eighteen years, but your funereal-looking friend over there is the first lawyer I have butted up against who caught all the jokers in a contract."

These two minor phases of him give an adequate key to the remarkable mind of this man and type his characteristics. He is short, slight, nervous, earnest, and so intensely serious and absorbed that he makes his consideration of a trivial matter seem of great import. You get the impression that if this man had taken up the church instead of law he would have been a crusader. There are no half measures about Walsh. He is always one hundred per cent one way or the other. His eyes are deep-set and black. He has trained his will so that it dominates whatever subject he has in hand. Everything is an intellectual problem with him. Nothing is sentimental. But for all that when he was far poorer than he is now he contributed regularly and liberally to ten charities in Helena at Christmastime each year.

Walsh is a radical. He studied political and economic problems just as he studied every other subject that engaged him. His beliefs are as firm as his study was exhaustive. Moreover he has a scrupulous regard for what he conceives to be his obligations and no question of policy can change his convictions. He never relaxes. When he walks he walks as hard as he can. When he plays whist he plays with every faculty. When he rows or fishes or tries a lawsuit or makes a speech or has a conversation or writes a brief or takes up a business problem he is always at top speed. He never was idle in his later life.

Six years ago he was not a factor in Montana politics, as complicated as any we have in this country and as full of plot, counterplot and intrigue, to say nothing of corporation domination and money control. He was a candidate for Congress. The politicians did not take him seriously, nor did the people. He was earnest, serious, not a mixer, and though everybody admitted his great ability, nobody thought he could get anywhere with the voters. Conservative Democrats were in control. To get rid of him they gave him the nomination, and he was easily defeated.

Instead of getting rid of Walsh the politicians found they had just acquired him. He announced himself as a candidate for the United States Senate. The leaders tried to shelve him. He refused to be shelved. He campaigned ceaselessly and two years ago they had to give him their nominal support. He stumped the state against the late Senator Carter and a Democratic legislature was elected. Then Walsh found the politicians were merely playing with him. The big Montana corporation interests were against him and some of the Democratic legislators refused to go into caucus. There was a deadlock that was ended on the last day of the session by the election of Senator Myers.

That same legislature passed a preferential senatorial bill, which provides that the state conventions shall nominate the party's candidates for senator, and pledges the legislative candidate. Walsh kept pounding away, and he forced the leaders to give him the convention nomination. The split in the Republican party made it easy for him and he was elected.

Walsh is the leader of the Montana bar. Already he is a considerable force on the Democratic side of the Senate, and there is little doubt that he will be of much influence before his term expires, for he has ability in great measure, and with that courage and concentration, qualities that are not so abundant on either side just now as to make them commonplace.

"I'm Going Back to Mother"—But Who Keeps the Child?

THE FIGHTING SIX

Rip Van Winkle in Business—By Edward M. Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

After Twenty Years I Was at Last on the Road of Real Endeavor

BACK in my boyhood days in Stony Bend I never dreamed of becoming a Pullman conductor. I cannot remember that I had any particular ambition then except to get very rich and have everything I wanted. This harmful yearning was fostered by our Fighting Six Club, with its imaginative exploits. I suppose most boys have played at being pirates and that sort of thing, and apparently no harm has come of it. Still I can trace back to that boyhood society of ours, with its fantastic hidden treasure and Captain Kidd doings, my hope that fortune might come to me without work on my part.

At any rate I failed to pick out a definite vocation, but up to the time I was twenty-one left my personal activities to chance. After I quit school I worked for a time in a drygoods store in my home town, Stony Bend; then I spent a year in a wagon shop and finally secured a clerkship in our village post-office at twenty-five dollars a month. My name, I should say, is Donald Randall. My father died when I was a child.

In Chicago my mother had a cousin who was a doctor of some local prominence, and one day I wrote to him, asking whether he could get me work in that city. He responded at once, inclosed an application blank of the Pullman Company, and said he could get me in there through one of the executives he knew.

Not long afterward I received notification from the Pullman people to report in Chicago at once. I was really amazed at the ease with which the thing had gone through.

"There's nothing like having a pull!" I said to Hen Hogan, who was clerking in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank. By this time the boys of our old Fighting Six were more or less scattered. Fred Hastings was in Chicago, Bob Hotchkiss out in Nebraska or Wyoming, and Buf Southern in New York. My departure would leave only two of our band still in town—Henshaw Hogan and Horace Ewell. Hen Hogan, by virtue of his job in the bank and his substantial personal attributes, had been a sort of confidant and adviser to the rest of us.

"I'm sorry to have you go, Don," said Hen. "Do you think you stand much show for advancement?"

This was just like him—always looking ahead to something better.

"Well, I don't know," I confessed. "I'll have time enough to think of that later on. Of course I don't expect to remain a Pullman conductor forever, Hen; but I'm not worrying just now over that."

How Gill Hooper Got Ahead

THE night I left Stony Bend most of the fellows and girls in town came down to the station to see me off, and afterward I learned that half the boys in the village put in applications for positions as Pullman conductors; but I was the only fellow in Stony Bend who had pull enough to land.

I reported at the Pullman headquarters on Michigan Avenue, was duly equipped with a uniform, and sent out to be broken in on a run between Chicago and Detroit. The conductor under whose tutorage I began was an old man, who was anxious to quit and go to farming.

"The only reason I don't do so," he observed, "is that I haven't any money. Oh, I can't complain of the Pullman service! My job hasn't been bad so far as actual work was concerned—and I've been treated fairly, and all that; in fact, I've had something of a snap for a good many years. But somehow I got into a rut and couldn't get out. A young man with ambition shouldn't look for an easy job, with agreeable duties."

For a while I had runs to Minneapolis, Louisville, Grand Rapids, and other one-night cities; and for a short time I ran to Galveston, Texas. Then I was given a dose young conductors often get—one of the long runs we call "man-killers." For five years I ran between Chicago and Los Angeles, and Chicago and San Francisco.

It was during this period I began to realize the truth of the old conductor's philosophy. I commenced to wonder whether a pull, after all, could be considered an advantage to a young fellow. I could not see that I was making any progress in the field of endeavor. As the months slipped by, and I rode back and forth in my endless journeys across dusty deserts, I found myself performing the same routine duties over and over, and losing whatever push and initiative I may have had at the beginning. I was able to save a little out of my salary of ninety dollars a month; but I had my mother to support and I got ahead slowly.

Still, aside from the irregular sleep I got, my job was easy and, in a way, fascinating. Railroading is always fascinating—but, you see, I had none of the character-forming responsibility that devolves on a railroad man proper; in fact, my life was devoted chiefly to loafing and dozing, with the least possible expenditure of effort.

During this loafing process, however, I formed the acquaintance of many men whose examples should have had a cumulative effect upon me. One of these men was Gill Hooper. He was a boy at Flagstaff, Arizona, when first I knew him, and he used to haunt the railroad station with sandwiches and doughnuts for sale. I remember how alert he was to pick up a nickel. One day I said to him, while my train stood at the depot in Flagstaff:

"Gill, why don't you start a restaurant or hotel? The very sight of you makes a man hungry! Here, give me a dime's worth of doughnuts!"

He did have a faculty of impressing his wares on travelers! There were no idle or sleepy traits in Gill Hooper's makeup. I think he was about eighteen then. He had lived all his life out in that lonesome country—was born on a ranch over near Bill Williams Mountain, and reared in a land where I could not see much opportunity for anybody. But finally I missed him from Flagstaff and somebody told me he had gone up to Bright Angel Trail, or somewhere near Grand Cañon, and started a little eating place. Then I heard that he had quite a hotel up there.

Years afterward—to jump ahead of my story just a moment—I had Gill Hooper as a passenger on my sleeping car in another part of the country.

"I own a neat little chain of hotels," he told me: "one in Florida, one in Vermont, and one in the city of New York. Yes, I've done pretty well, Randall! I can't kick!"

"Tell me how you did it," I suggested. We were talking—Gill and I—in the smoking compartment.

"Well," said he, "I simply kept moving—always reaching out for something a little bigger. I can't really tell you how I did it, except that I wouldn't stand still. If I had I suppose I might be selling sandwiches and doughnuts now at Flagstaff."

I did not say much, but I thought pretty hard. While Gill Hooper was reaching out for bigger things in Arizona, I was riding comfortably to and fro on a heavily upholstered seat!

There are some people who find their opportunities anywhere—even in the mesas, mountains and forests of Arizona; but for years I gazed through a car window at the snowclad peaks of the San Francisco Mountains and saw nothing back of them. Gill Hooper did!

There was another man down in that Southwestern country whose example ought to have taught me a lesson—George Bolliver, formerly of Cleveland. I first met him when I was running between Chicago and California. He was a passenger on my westbound continental train, and I remember that I thought him a rather green young chap, despite the fact that he was a law graduate.

"I'm going to New Mexico," he confided to me as we rolled through Illinois the first evening, "to build up a practice. I think I can get ahead faster down there than I can in the East—don't you?"

Getting a Start in New Mexico

I DID not like to discourage him, but for the life of me I failed to see why a young man with a law sheepskin should abandon Cleveland and settle in New Mexico—a land of prehistoric cliff-dwellings, fossilized trees and cattle.

"Probably you'll find the law business a trifle dull down there at first," I hinted diplomatically.

"Oh, I guess not!" he returned cheerfully. "I mean to let folks hear from me, once I get down there."

He left the train at Albuquerque, and as I bade him farewell I said to him:

"Since you are bound to try your luck in New Mexico, stay here in this town. They've got a university here, and street cars and railroad shops and clubs. I imagine there's quite a bit of law business here, along with some culture and things of that sort."

I did not see him again until after I was transferred to another run. Then I picked him up accidentally on his honeymoon—with his bride—up in Utah. He was making a circle tour of the West and incidentally looking after a mining lawsuit at Salt Lake.

"Oh, yes," he said as we shook hands—"Oh, yes, I still live in New Mexico. I've stirred up too much business down there to quit."

He had not taken my advice, however, about staying in Albuquerque at all; he had located in some confounded little camp north of Las Vegas, where there did not seem to be any show for a lawyer! But he was a mixer and an orator, and pretty soon the people of half a dozen counties did hear about him. His name was in the Albuquerque Journal nearly every morning, and before long he began picking up clients way down in Silver City, up at Taos, and even in places like Puerto de Luna. He might have had

political preferment down there, but he chose to go to New York as counsel for a big railroad system. He lives there now and is rich.

As to myself, I could not see anything worth fostering in ancient pueblos, adobe houses and meaningless inscriptions carved in rocks by the near relatives of Noah. Those were the things that represented New Mexico, in my opinion. I liked to be where things were doing, and it was agreeable to hustle out of that country in a Pullman car.

I was pleased when the company shifted me to a run between Chicago and Portland, Oregon; but there were bad lands and dreary mountains up on that run, too, and I was always glad to get into Chicago for my three-days layover. Chicago was lively enough for anybody; and at various times I thought more or less seriously of striking out in that city for something that would bring me more money.

On one of my trips I met a Chicago advertising man named Whittaker, and I asked him if he would help me get a better job.

"Come up to my office some day when I get home," he said, "and perhaps I can fix you up there. Of course I should have to start you at low wages, but if you proved competent to learn the advertising business you'd have a good chance to advance rapidly."

One winter's day about a month later I did go to his office—as far as the door. Then I turned and made my escape without seeing him. I did not like the looks of that office; it scared me out with its atmosphere of hustle and work. I was afraid I could never make good in anything of that sort; so I went out on my run that evening, reflecting that I was wise in leaving good enough alone. Besides, it was pleasanter to sit in a cozy sleeping car on a bitter winter's day and dreamily watch opportunity flit by!

A young man who entered Whittaker's office about that time is today earning twenty thousand dollars a year. Of course I do not mean to say that I could have done that—I have no way of knowing what I could have done. I never tried. For a long time before and after this incident at Whittaker's office I got cold feet when I saw an opportunity coming my way.

Out in Helena, Montana, one of the street-car lines terminated at the railroad station; and one day a driver named Harrison Decker backed his bobtailed car up to the depot and began shouting for traffic like a hackman.

"All aboard for the Capitol, Federal Building and all points of interest!" he cried. "Only five cents! Save your cab fare! All aboard!"

Round and Round the Circular Rut

THE street-car company had never seen a driver who cared a continental whether the company had passengers or not, and Decker made a hit with his employers. After a while they took him into the office; and he kept on going up, through his original methods, until he became a street-car official in Denver, and then San Francisco—or somewhere out there. On several occasions Decker rode on my trains and told me his story.

I refer to him here merely as another example of the sort of men who get to the top, whether you drop them in Arizona, New Mexico or Montana. They are the men who overcome the inertia that holds most men down to the level.

I could tell you about dozens of such men I knew if I had the time. In my loafing Pullman-car days I used to talk with them by the hour. I believe I knew men from every state in the Union—country, village and city—who had got to the top in some such way; but all this time I was not getting any nearer the top myself!

After I had run for seven or eight years in the West I was transferred to a New York-Chicago run, passing through my home town of Stony Bend. One night Hen Hogan chanced to go down to New York with me. Even as a boy Hen was frank with his opinions; and now, as I sat for a while in section ten with him, he said to me:

"Don, you've been away from home a good many years now, but you don't seem to get anywhere. What's the trouble—is it with you or your job?"

Hen himself had been getting on finely at Stony Bend, where he was now the only member of our boyhood Fighting Six band. He was practically running the Exchange Bank and had an interest in the stone quarry.

"I think the trouble lies mostly with my job, but perhaps partly with me," I said, answering his question. "A fellow hasn't any show as a Pullman conductor; but some day, Hen, I'm going to make a break for something better."

He smiled in a cynical way and changed the subject.

The time slipped along and I did not make the boasted break. For several years I kept the New York run, and then I ran between Chicago and Florida. There were better jobs with the Pullman Company, such as district superintendent, or even superintendent; but I was not picked for any such job. You see, I got tangled up occasionally with the service inspectors and was written up, as we called it; in fact, I was guilty of a good many petty violations of the company's rules during those latter years, and I winked at the infractions committed by porters under me. Like a lot of men who work for a long time in mediocre positions, I regarded my employers as my natural enemies. By observing the rules I could have earned a reward of an extra month's salary each year; but, as we conductors used to say to each other: "It's worth more to earn the extra money than a man can get out of it."

Afterward I came to see the thing differently. Men who cannot even live up to the everyday requirements of their employers certainly cannot look for promotion. Why should they? Preferment does not come so cheaply as that.

On one occasion I was laid off for thirty days without pay for failing to rebuke a porter who stood on the arm of a carseat while he lighted a lamp. At another time I got sixty days off for taking seven hours' sleep instead of the five hours allowed me on a long run. Again, I was suspended for lack of care with my uniform. I fear that all the originality I displayed in those days was devoted to infringing the discipline without getting caught.

One day when I got into Chicago from Florida I was summoned to the district superintendent's office.

"Get your pay and quit," he said. "We can't use you any longer. When an employee must everlastingly put himself on the defensive against his employers he'd better look for another job."

The shock of this event kept growing on me—not merely because I had lost my poor little ninety-dollar job but because I began to realize the full tragedy of the thing. For nearly twenty years I had done nothing better than stay on the rung where I first got a foothold! I had not tried to take even one step up! All those years my mind had worked in its little circular groove, while thousands of men with whom I was thrown in contact had reached up and grasped as many forms of attainment.

The Looks of That Office Scared Me

I had married years before and was living with my wife and two children in a Chicago suburb. My home, worth three thousand dollars, was half paid for, and I had four hundred dollars in the bank toward another payment. This property represented my savings, due to the rigid economy of my wife.

I was forty years old and things looked pretty dark.

I saw plainly enough my folly in risking discharge for the mere sake of a few conveniences in the way of rule-breaking. Now that I was up against it at last, I wondered why I had not tried the other tack and sought advancement instead of dismissal. But, of course, I had not really expected to be fired.

There was nothing to do but hunt for work, and I started out with a heavy heart. I tried scores of offices and stores, but everywhere I was turned down. Sometimes it was the age limit; sometimes my utter lack of experience; sometimes because no vacancy existed.

I had almost reached a stage of desperation when one day on State Street I met Bob Hotchkiss, one of the old Stony Bend boys. Bob has already told you his story and I need not repeat it. I will merely say that he had become a railroad official connected with passenger traffic and had just been transferred to Chicago from the West.

Analyzed by Bob Hotchkiss

"BOB," I said almost as soon as we had shaken hands, "I might as well come out and tell you first as last: I'm out of a job. I want work. Can you help me?"

"Come over to the hotel," he said, "and we'll talk it over."

For an hour we sat in a Michigan Avenue hotel lobby and I told my story without much attempt to shield myself. There was no use trying to fool Bob Hotchkiss; he could see for himself.

"Don," he said when I had finished, "I suppose I might give you a job by dodging our age-limit rule; but even if I got you into our offices the job would have to be a cheap one—say, about sixty dollars a month. If you were a young man that wouldn't be so bad, because you'd be more apt to advance. Of course you might do this even at forty, but a man who has gone along twenty years without making an effort to better himself wouldn't be apt to get along fast in a railroad office. You'd be more likely to drop back into the rut and drift along with the current—that would be the easier course, you know. That's what you've been doing for a couple of decades."

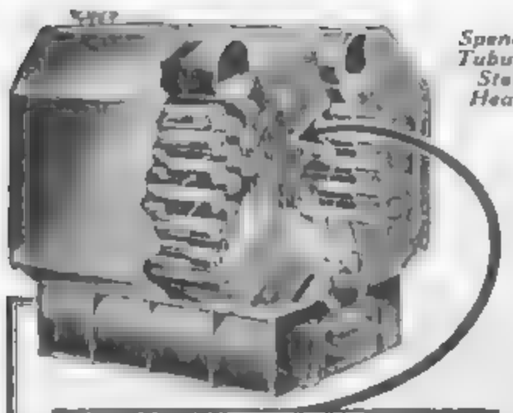
"Go ahead and roast me, Bob," I said bitterly. "Roast me as hard as you please; I deserve it."

"I'm not roasting you," he assured me. "I am merely trying to analyze your case so as to make the best out of it instead of the worst. Now, see here, Don: There are two qualities you lack; and this lack stands out big."

"In other words," I put in, "those two missing qualities embrace all there is to Donald Randall!"

"By no means! On the contrary, you have other qualities and possibilities that may mean important things to you yet. But, first of all, you have got to cultivate some originality; and, next, you've got to put that

"Why Don't You Start a Restaurant or Hotel?"



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originality to work with initiative—in other words, nerve. Those are the two qualities you need—originality and nerve. If I can get you started along these two lines I believe you'll make good."

"I don't understand you," I said.

"Don," he asked, "have you never thought of a field of business for which your training naturally fits you?"

I was puzzled.

"No," I said after pondering the question. "I can't just see what you are driving at, Bob. I haven't had any training except running a sleeping-car. That's as far removed from business as anything I can imagine."

He laughed.

"You simply prove that your faculty of originality is suffering from a bad case of atrophy," he retorted. "You need a mighty big stimulant to restore it to a normal condition. I sometimes think that a bomb, touched off in the immediate proximity of some men I know, would not wake them up."

"Touch off your bomb, Bob," I assented. "If it blows me to pieces the loss will be small."

He grew more serious and said to me:

"Don't underestimate yourself—that's a bad fault of some men; and they are always men who haven't succeeded. After all, Don, you know that you aren't much different from the general run of men the world over. There's not any tangible difference between many men who make good and many who don't. Right down at the foundation you'll find them simply men. This thing of getting up in the world is largely a matter of habit and of systematic ways of going about it. Once you get into the habit of succeeding in some reasonable and useful way for which you are adapted, you are pretty apt to keep on succeeding as long as you live. Once you get into the habit of failing, you keep on failing. But if you analyze these two habits—success and failure—you will see that the difference does not lie so much in the men as in the methods and choice of vocations."

"If I didn't have considerable confidence in your training and latent abilities," he went on, "I shouldn't suggest this thing to you, Don. But it seems to me there is one thing you are qualified to tackle. Why don't you start a tourist agency?"

"Such a thing has never occurred to me," I confessed.

"No; and that is where you display weakness. Your mental creative faculties have been asleep. Your brain is a sort of Rip Van Winkle. I am trying to waken you. For ten or fifteen years this opportunity has confronted you every day, but you've never seen it."

"I don't know just how I'd work it," I half protested.

I Become a Tourist Agent

"Of course not! That's to be expected of a man in a lethargy. I'll have to tell you how to do it. But first let me sketch your qualifications: For twenty years you have been in constant association with tourists of all classes. You know their habits, wants and whims. You ought to know tourist nature and tourist psychology, and all the vulnerable spots of people who travel. In a general way you are familiar with the haunts tourists seek. You make a good front and you're a good talker. Thus you are equipped to make money by inducing people to travel. Where you fall short is in the business faculty of putting your training and knowledge into practical use."

I began to see myself in a new light, though I was not yet thoroughly awake to the possibilities he talked about.

"You are like many other men I might point out to you in various lines of work," he continued. "I know plenty of them who are equipped to do better things, but lack the motive force. I am going to supply you with that force for a starter, Don; after that you'll have to keep going yourself. But don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to put up any capital for you or do any of your work. I'll give you suggestions and advice, but nothing else. I want you to tackle the thing on your own resources; that'll be the best way to develop you. If you don't want to sink you'll have to swim."

Then he outlined a plan.

"First, rent deskroom in a downtown office; you can get quarters for perhaps ten dollars a month. Get a second-hand desk and a few office appliances, and some cards. Make up a list of names of people who have money and are in a position to travel. Advertise a little; send out circulars; and then answer inquirers in person. Tell them that under an arrangement with Robert Hotchkiss, passenger traffic agent of the W. & B. L. Railroad, you are planning a personally conducted tour of New Mexico, Arizona, or perhaps California. Talk to them—well, you ought to know what to say! Hammer away until you get your travel party in line.

"The W. & B. L. Railroad will stand back of you—but it'll not finance you. You could make the same arrangement with any other live railroad; so you will be standing squarely on your own feet as an independent tourist agent. One thing I will do for you, however, as a pure matter of business. If you wish I will furnish you transportation covering an advance trip over the territory you decide on. Thus you will have an opportunity to study the points of interest in detail, make your hotel arrangements, and so on. Now go home, get a good night's sleep, and tomorrow morning turn a new leaf and make up your mind to do things!"

Getting Established

The following night—having secured deskroom meantime—I left for New Mexico. It seemed strange I should be going out into that country in search of my opportunity—after traveling through it continually for years without seeing anything there to seize. Ah! I found enough out there now! Opportunity was everywhere—in the Grand Cañon; the Pajarito Cliff-dwellers' Park; the dreamy old Plaza at Santa Fe—in every cañon and mine!

For a month I studied that country; then I went back to Chicago and set about the task of getting up my initial party of tourists. It was hard work, my savings ran low, and at times I was almost discouraged; but I had Bob Hotchkiss' counsel and encouragement, and I stuck! Three months later I took out this party, composed of twenty-five persons. My commissions amounted to about five hundred dollars. It was small pay for the time and expense I had put into it, but I was satisfied; I felt that after twenty years I was at last on the road of real endeavor.

I have been on that road ever since, slowly gaining headway despite obstacles, competition and setbacks. I have scarcely been in the field long enough to say that I am established; in fact, I doubt if any man or any concern can ever truthfully lay claim to being established beyond the point of possible failure.

As Bob Hotchkiss says, a fellow must keep everlastingly going.

And yet I have paid for my home, established offices in three cities, and extended my operations over many parts of the land. My field is a big one, and I marvel that I remained in the very midst of it so many years without once getting a glimmer of it.

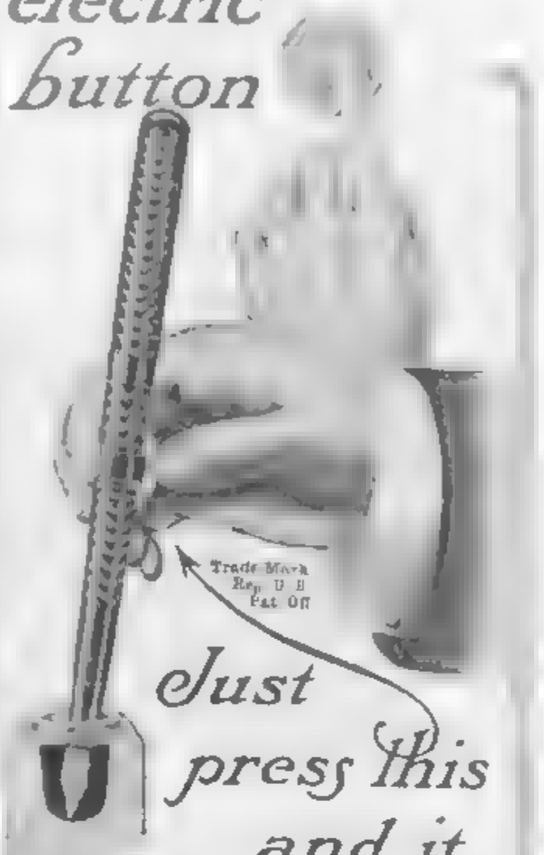
I believe it is true, as Bob insists, that large numbers of men go through life without getting a squint at the possibilities surrounding them.

In recent years I have had opportunity to drop in, at intervals, on all the members of our old Fighting Six. My business keeps me traveling. Down in Texas I saw Fred Hastings, who has given you a glimpse of his unfortunate life as a speculator; in New York I found Buf Southern, whose adventures in partnership would make a good textbook; at Stony Bend I spent a night at the home of Henshaw Hogan, banker and capitalist; in Europe, where I conducted a party of tourists, I ran across Horace Ewell, who grew rich in the mattress business down in Oklahoma. Bob Hotchkiss I see often.

You have heard the life stories of all these men, so, in closing the series, I wish merely to make this observation: The history of our Fighting Six boys convinces me that a man's life is about what he makes it.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last in a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley.

a Simple
as pressing an electric button



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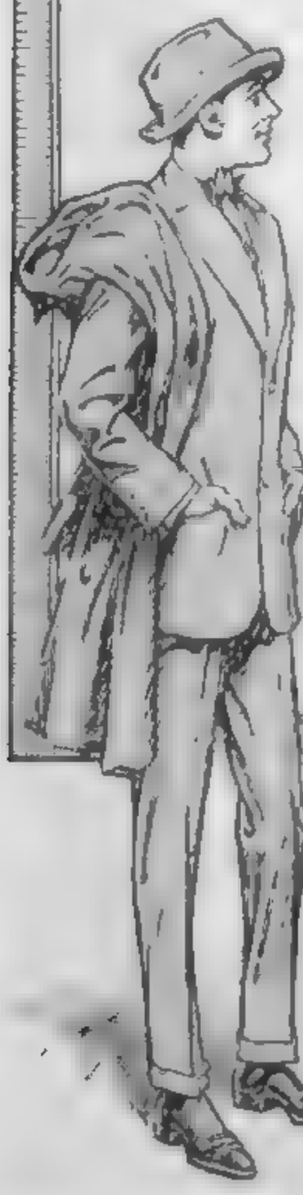

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Sense and Nonsense

Here and There

A LAWYER in Portland, Oregon, was assigned to defend a Chinaman accused of murder. He had a talk with the official interpreter, who in turn had talked with the man in jail, and that earnest person assured the lawyer that the prisoner was innocent; that at the time of the crime he had been miles away in a railroad camp. Later they went to the jail to talk with the prisoner.

The official interpreter held a long conversation, the lawyer giving him the questions. It seemed all straight and regular. The interpreter insisted that the prisoner had a perfect alibi.

It was some weeks before the case was called, and shortly before that time the lawyer wanted another talk with the accused man. The official interpreter had disappeared, and so he secured for his interpreter this time a Chinaman who had been his cook and who talked fairly good English. They went to the jail.

"Tell him," he instructed the interpreter, "that I want him to relate to me again the exact circumstances, all he knows about this, the whole truth, and particularly where he was that night."

The two Chinese jabbered together for fifteen minutes. Then the interpreter turned and said: "He say after he shoot the man he lun down Mollison Stleet an' thlow pistol in McGuire's fishyard."

"Hold on!" yelled the lawyer. "That can't be true. Ask him again. According to the other story he was miles away and didn't shoot the man at all."

There was another long conversation between the interpreter and the prisoner. Then the interpreter said: "Oh, les; he shoot the man. He say he shoot him and lun down Mollison Stleet an' thlow pistol into McGuire's fishyard."

"But," insisted the lawyer, "I was told he was not in the city at all that night, but miles away in a railroad camp."

The interpreter smiled blandly. "Oh, les," he assented cheerfully, "he have plenty witnesses to plove that."

The Same Old Suit

ONE-EYED BILL PLASTER, long since passed to his reward, moved suddenly from Texas to Arizona.

"How comes it, Bill," asked Marc Smith, now senator from Arizona, "that you left Texas and came over here?"

"Why," said Bill, "I'll tell you, Marc. It's all on account of a lawsuit. Every term of court I was pestered with a lawsuit. Always there was that durn lawsuit every blamed term, and I just sloped to git rid of it."

"What lawsuit?"

"Oh," Bill answered, "the same old lawsuit every time. They allus called it The Commonwealth of Texas agin Bill Plaster."

A Poor View

AN IRISH widow who lives in a small frame house in the West side in Chicago has a still smaller cottage in the rear of her house that she rents to an aged Irish woman who lives alone and rarely stirs out.

Not long ago the landlady was telling the tenant of some things she had seen in the paper and said: "An' them Turks and Bulgarians! They do be havin' a terrible time. 'Twas only yesterday that the Turks grabbed thim by the hair an' pulled thim down the street."

"Glory be; that's awful!" exclaimed the tenant. Then she sighed and added: "That's just it, though; you never see anything when you live in the rear."

Served in a Celery Glass

AN OHIO man who had the liquor habit was told he would help himself toward sobriety if he would eat a meal every time he felt the craving for liquor. He quit drinking and tried it.

One night when he was away from home, stopping at a hotel, a man in the next room killed himself in a particularly messy manner. The reformed drinker heard the noise and went into the room. Then he dashed downstairs and yelled to the hotel clerk: "Gimme an order of ham and eggs and a sack of doughnuts quick!"

A Quick Cure

WILLIAM P. WILLIAMS, of Chicago, once United States sub-treasurer there, has a summer home at Lake Beulah, Wisconsin, and he invites many of his friends up to spend the week-ends with him.

One Saturday night, when the house was full, there came a heavy thunderstorm. Williams got up, draped in a long nightshirt, and went round to close the windows.

Just as he was pulling down a window in the hall there was a tremendous clap of thunder and an alarming streak of lightning. Williams dropped to his knees and when he tried to get up he couldn't. He tried again and couldn't budge.

"Struck by lightning!" he moaned. "Struck by lightning and paralyzed! This is the end!"

Then he roared for help, for his voice wasn't paralyzed. Some of the men guests ran down to see what ailed him.

"Boys," he sobbed, "I guess it's all over. That last streak of lightning got me and I simply can't move a muscle of my legs. I am paralyzed from my waist down. I'm utterly helpless. Be calm and don't alarm my wife. Break the news to her gently and get a doctor."

The sympathizing and horrified guests tried to raise him. There was a sound of ripping cloth.

"Paralyzed nothing!" shouted one. "The tail of your nightshirt is caught under the window!"

Mr. Wilson's Alibi

WHEN President Wilson, then Candidate Wilson, was making one of his ante-election trips over the country he went into an Indianapolis barber shop to get his hair cut. It was a shop with negro barbers, and Mr. Wilson chose an old man, who had a chair at the end of the line.

The old barber was the only person in the room who did not know Mr. Wilson. He went methodically about his work. Presently a band came along and blared a tune in front of the shop, which was in a hotel.

"What's the band for?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Oh," said the barber, "they're goin' out to the ball game an' that man Wilson that's runnin' for president is right there at the head of the p'rade."

Shielding Shields

SENATOR JOHN K. SHIELDS, of Tennessee, was on the supreme court bench of his state for a good many years and was chief justice when he was elected to the Senate.

The senator has a farm which he doesn't try to run himself, but he has also a local reputation as a farmer. Three years before the end of his first term as a justice of the supreme court, at a political convention, a farmer delegate tried to get a resolution adopted by the convention indorsing Shields for reelection.

"What's the hurry?" asked another delegate. "His term doesn't expire for three years yet."

"I know that," the farmer delegate replied, "but we'd better get this thing sewed up. If we don't they are likely to stick some lawyer up there in John Shields' place."

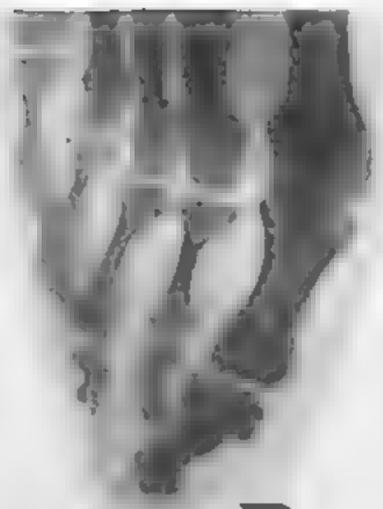
Beyond Words

WHEN Senator James Hamilton Lewis was practicing law in Seattle he had for a client an old lady who was afflicted with asthma. She came four times a year to have the colored make out her pension papers. The colored never failed to show a tender solicitude in her welfare and always received a wheezy but pleased response.

One morning when the colored asked his question about her health the old lady turned to her granddaughter, who accompanied her, and motioned. The girl stood and stared. The old lady wigwagged frantically. The girl looked stolidly at her. The old lady wheezed and coughed and panted. The girl stared straight before her.

Finally the old lady burst out furiously:

"Drat you, Mary Louise! Didn't I tell you you would have to talk for me? Can't you see I can't say a word to save my life?"



Bones Bent

You Wouldn't Bend Your Hand Bones

YOU wouldn't think of tying the muscles and bones of your hand into a tight mass, crippling it and robbing it of its Efficiency.

Yet you do it to your feet,—on which you have to depend nearly as much as on your hands.

If you put them into narrow, unnatural shoes, as in the above X-ray, you can't walk or stand without feeling the discomfort of corns, or bunions, or callouses, or ingrowing nails, or fallen arch.

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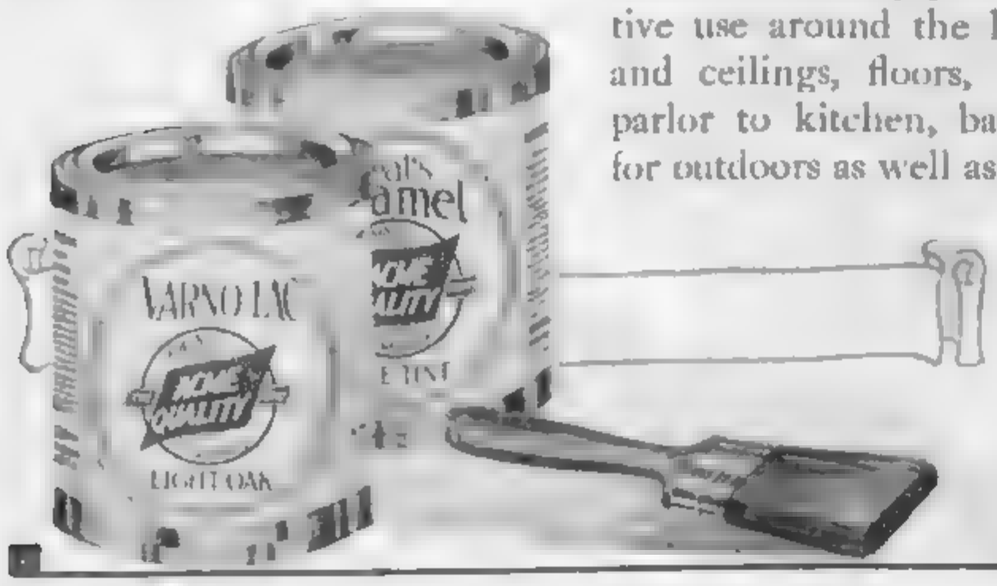

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For any member of the family, say Mentor when you want clean, comfortable underwear. Any size, any weight, any material, any sleeve or leg length, any price within reason.

Look at the way Mentor is made—excellent fabrics, reinforced seams, good buttons and buttonholes, fine workmanship throughout. Get the right trunk measurement and you can't fail to get the right fit.

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What Next?

Air Gongs

A NEW instrument of torture for city dwellers is the air gong for trolley cars. By stepping on a valve the motorman can set the gong banging at the rate of eight hundred vigorous blows a minute—wholly beyond his most ambitious former efforts. Compressed air from the same tank used for the airbrakes operates the hammer.

Particularly in Chicago will this new invention be welcomed by the motormen, for truck drivers generally ease the loads for their horses by driving on the cartracks; and the motormen of cars overtaking the teams have had to express their annoyance by stamping on the gong at the expense of much energy.

Wings That Never Grow Weary

WINDSHIELDS on automobiles arranged to deflect the wind upward, so that the driver will not receive the full force of the wind even when his eyes are above the level of the top of the windshield, are common enough; but this principle of wind deflection has now been applied ingeniously to an aëroplane. The effect sought is to make a reduced air pressure above the aëroplane wings or planes, and consequently to increase their lifting power. The front of the wing is so curved that the wind shoots up above the plane instead of sliding along its top.

It is the idea of one of the great number of foreign scientists who are now studying wing shapes. His laboratory tests and a limited number of practical tests have convinced him that a very considerable increase of lifting power can be gained in this way; so he is now preparing to make complete tests with a practical machine. It is on this question of wing shapes that the future development of aëroplaning largely rests.

Birds have an enormously greater lifting ability in proportion to the power they exert than do aëroplanes, due undoubtedly to the shapes of their bodies and their wing forms.

The efficiency of the gasoline engine has enabled men to overcome the inefficiency of aëroplane shapes and wings; but the prevailing tendency in flying now is to give less attention to increasing the power and more attention to shaping the wings so they will lift as much as they should, and so that they will give better stability when flying through the air.

Modern Elevator Planning

THOUGH the elevator banks of some of the recent New York skyscrapers are remarkable, those of the great office building that will occupy the site of the Equitable Building in New York are entitled to the honor of being a modern wonder. For one thing it has been decreed that a tenant of the fourth floor and a tenant of the thirty-fourth floor, for instance, shall both be able to get to their offices from the street in the same number of seconds. Every square foot of space in the building is worth many dollars a year, so the elevators must be planned to leave the greatest possible amount of renting space.

A very large proportion of the people who will occupy the offices will arrive at the building between nine-five and nine-twenty in the morning, and they must all get to their offices about as quickly as they could during less busy times in the day.

Elaborate statistics on the habits of office cliffdwellers have been prepared; so the builders know just what to expect. There is to be one million two hundred thousand square feet of rentable space in this great office building, and a census of skyscrapers has shown an average of twelve hundred square feet of space to every tenant. Thus there will be one thousand tenants in the building when it is fully rented.

Another census showed thirty per cent of the occupants arriving in that fifteen-minute period in the morning.

A Chicago census developed the interesting fact that there is no such concerted rush in that city, for a great many of the offices open at eight or eight-thirty, while the employers in those offices are more apt to show up later, thus spreading the morning rush period over two hours. It was decided to provide enough elevators so that no person would have to wait more than thirty seconds for a car, and to give a

What's the use? You can't make better tomato soup than Campbell's. And think of the labor and fuss of making soup at home! Think of the time consumed, and the heat required! You avoid all this with

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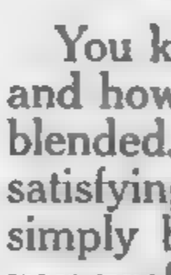
You know what choice materials we use, and how carefully they are prepared and blended. And you can have this rich, satisfying soup ready in three minutes simply by adding hot water—or milk if you prefer a tomato bisque.

Why not enjoy the benefit of *our* labor and experience, and *our* unrivaled equipment?

Just phone your grocer to send you half-a-dozen of Campbell's Tomato Soup *today*. That is the easy and practical way, the *sensible* way. *Your money back if you want it.*



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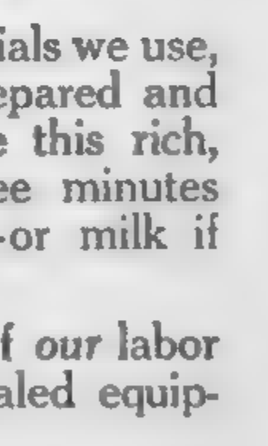
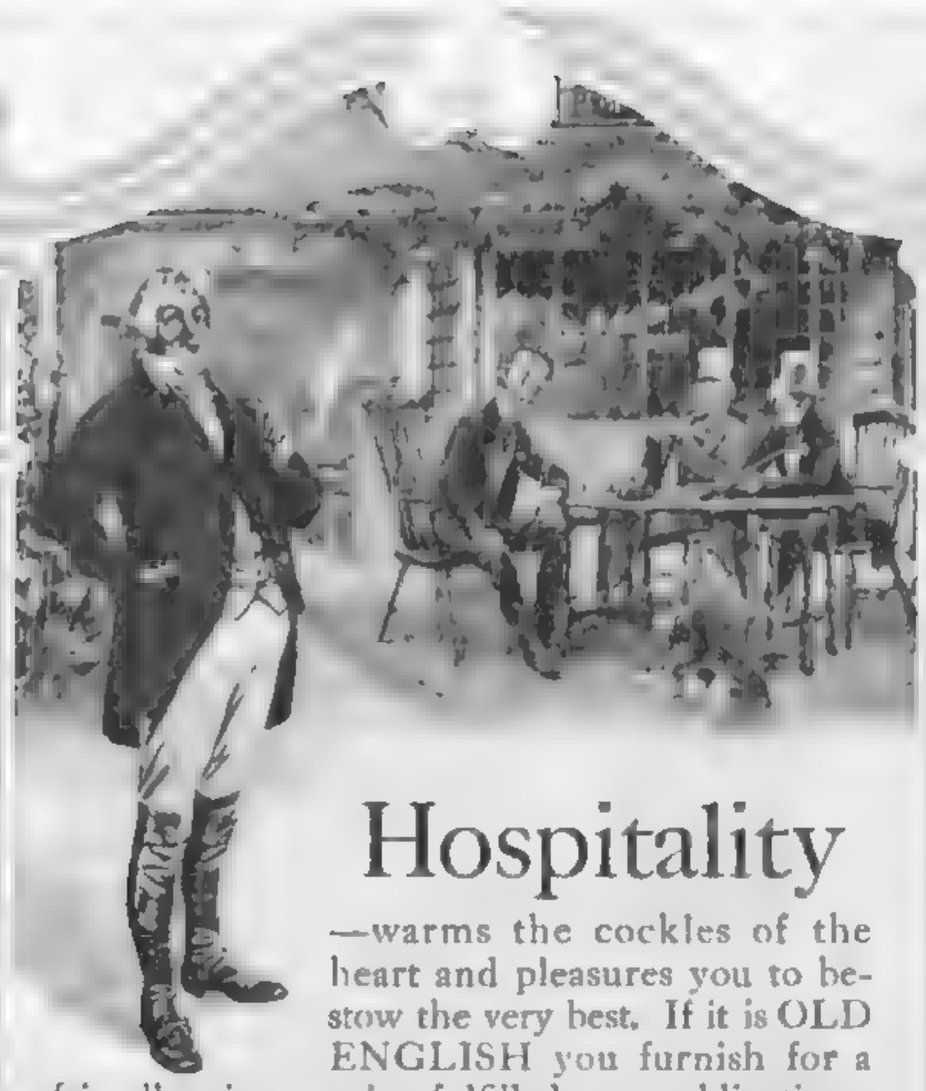
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label



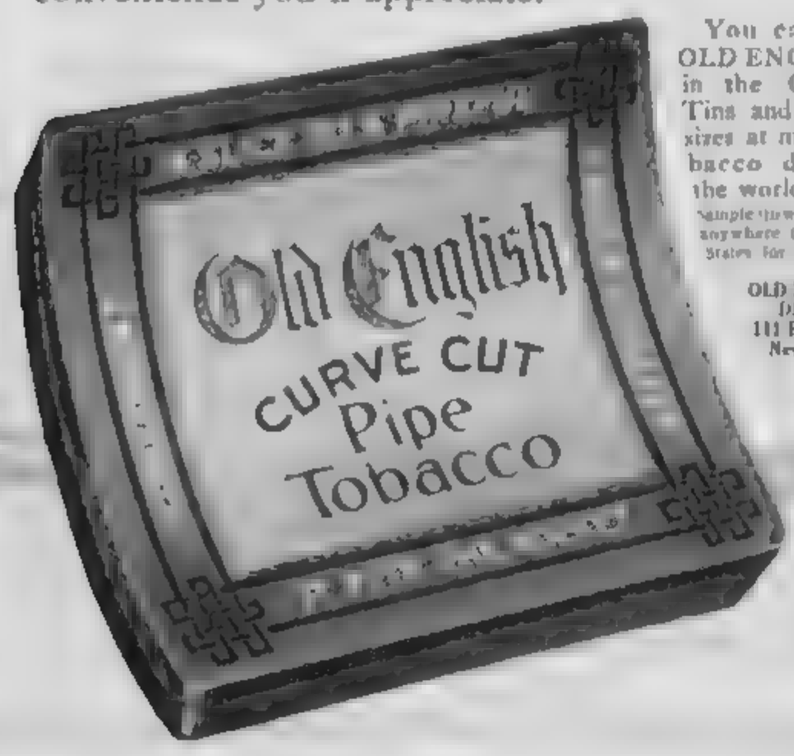
Hospitality

—warms the cockles of the heart and pleasures you to bestow the very best. If it is OLD ENGLISH you furnish for a friendly pipe, you've fulfilled your obligations.

OLD ENGLISH is *reasonably* the best. OLD ENGLISH is made simply and solely for the *pipe*. Unlike the various "combination" two-purpose-tobaccos, there isn't any idea that OLD ENGLISH will be used for anything but the pipe. There is the characteristic English singleness of purpose in making OLD ENGLISH, which has made it the selection of men who really *know* pipe-tobaccos.

The thin, curved slices of OLD ENGLISH—fresh, moist, hard-pressed—tell a significant story. That is the best form for pipe-smoking and sets OLD ENGLISH away and apart from the "general utility," loose-cut tobaccos which must dry out and burn hot in the nature of things.

The OLD ENGLISH slice *guarantees quality*, for only the long, ripe, fully matured leaves of the best Burley tobacco will hold together in this form. In OLD ENGLISH you get a never varying smoke of supreme enjoyment. It is always cool, always fragrant, always the highest form of pipe satisfaction. The flat form and curved shape of the OLD ENGLISH tin is a convenience you'll appreciate.



You can get OLD ENGLISH in the Curved Tins and larger sizes at most tobacco dealers the world over.

Sample tin will be sent anywhere in United States for 2c stamp.

OLD ENGLISH DEPT
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round-trip service, including all stops, of one hundred and eighty-one seconds with every elevator.

In order to get people to the upper floors as quickly as to the lower floors it was found that, though a little better speed could be made on the express elevators, the real timesaving must come in giving less work to the elevators for the upper floors. Consequently there will be a bank of eight elevators serving the first ten floors above the street; another bank will serve only the eight floors from the eleventh to the eighteenth inclusive; another the six floors above that; another bank for the next six floors, and a final bank for the four top floors. The elevator banks for the lower floors will extend each two stories above the highest of the floors they ordinarily serve, thus saving much renting space on the upper floors.

Furthermore, there will be no doors at the floors where elevators are not to stop—the four top elevators, for instance, going up through a completely inclosed tower until they reach the thirty-first story. This allows the renting of space on the lower floors which otherwise might be taken up with passageways to the cars. If an elevator should become stuck in its shaft halfway up, with no floor door anywhere near, there will be no trouble in getting passengers out, for each elevator will have side doors; the adjoining elevator can be run up beside it and the passengers taken from the crippled car.

A special problem was what to do with a man who wanted to get to the nineteenth floor, for instance, and in his ignorance boarded the elevator that went only to the eighteenth floor. It would be easy to tell him to go all the way down to the street again and start over, but he would not be very well pleased; so one bank of elevators has been provided to stop at every floor all the way up, and the confused individual can complete his journey up without much trouble.

New Lighting Effects

THE modern science of lighting has brought out the peculiar fact that it is possible, with simple lighting effects, to change the size and shape of rooms, so far as the effect on the eye is concerned. Thus a narrow room with a high ceiling can be made to look wider, with a lower ceiling; and a big, wide, low-ceilinged room can be lighted so that the ceiling seems a foot or more higher than it really is.

The effects are made with indirect lighting or semi-indirect lighting. Semi-indirect lighting provides for a certain proportion of the light from a chandelier to come directly down from the fixture and another part of the light to strike the ceiling above the chandelier and so be reflected back down through the room.

An expert recently told the New York section of the Illuminating Engineers' Society that bright light on the ceiling will give the effect of raising it a foot or two. Thus a wide, low room can be improved with light on the ceiling. For a narrow, comparatively high room, such as a bathroom or a hallway, the best effect will be obtained by keeping light off the ceiling and sending it against the walls, thus giving the effect of throwing the walls back.

The Newest Explosive

ONE of the new high explosives is so mild under ordinary conditions that it is perfectly safe and entirely practical to make billiard balls of it and play a game with them. It can safely be compressed to a greater degree than any other explosive now in use; so blocks of it can be compressed hard enough for billiard balls. A compressed block can then be sawed into smaller blocks, using a steel handsaw. The small blocks may then be placed on a lathe and turned until perfectly round balls have been made.

On the billiard table any ordinary knocks will not rouse the latent power of the explosive. If a careless player happened to drop a lighted match on one of the balls after lighting his cigarette it might catch fire, when it would burn rather slowly. Yet it is much more powerful than guncotton; and, unlike guncotton, it does not deteriorate. Rifle bullets have been fired into a block of it at a distance of about sixty-five feet without causing it to explode. Explosion is obtained by using a special form of detonator. The new explosive is made largely from coal-tar derivatives treated with other chemicals.

A Dozen Cans
What Kind?

When a grocer delivers a dozen cans of baked beans, they are usually Van Camp's.

For these are not once-a-week beans.

These are the beans that you can't serve too often.

These are the beans which countless housewives keep stored on the pantry shelf.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

How They Differ

This dish is baked by a famous French chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

It is baked with beans picked out by hand—white, plump, even-sized.

It is baked in steam ovens, so the hours of baking never crisp or burst the beans.

It is baked with a sauce made of whole, ripe tomatoes. A sauce five times as costly as the common sauce.

It is so baked that it brings to your table all the fresh oven flavor.

It's a matchless dish. It has brought us national fame. We are now baking 300,000 meals daily to supply folks who know Van Camp's.

Hundreds of these meals will be baked for you when you discover this grade of baked beans.

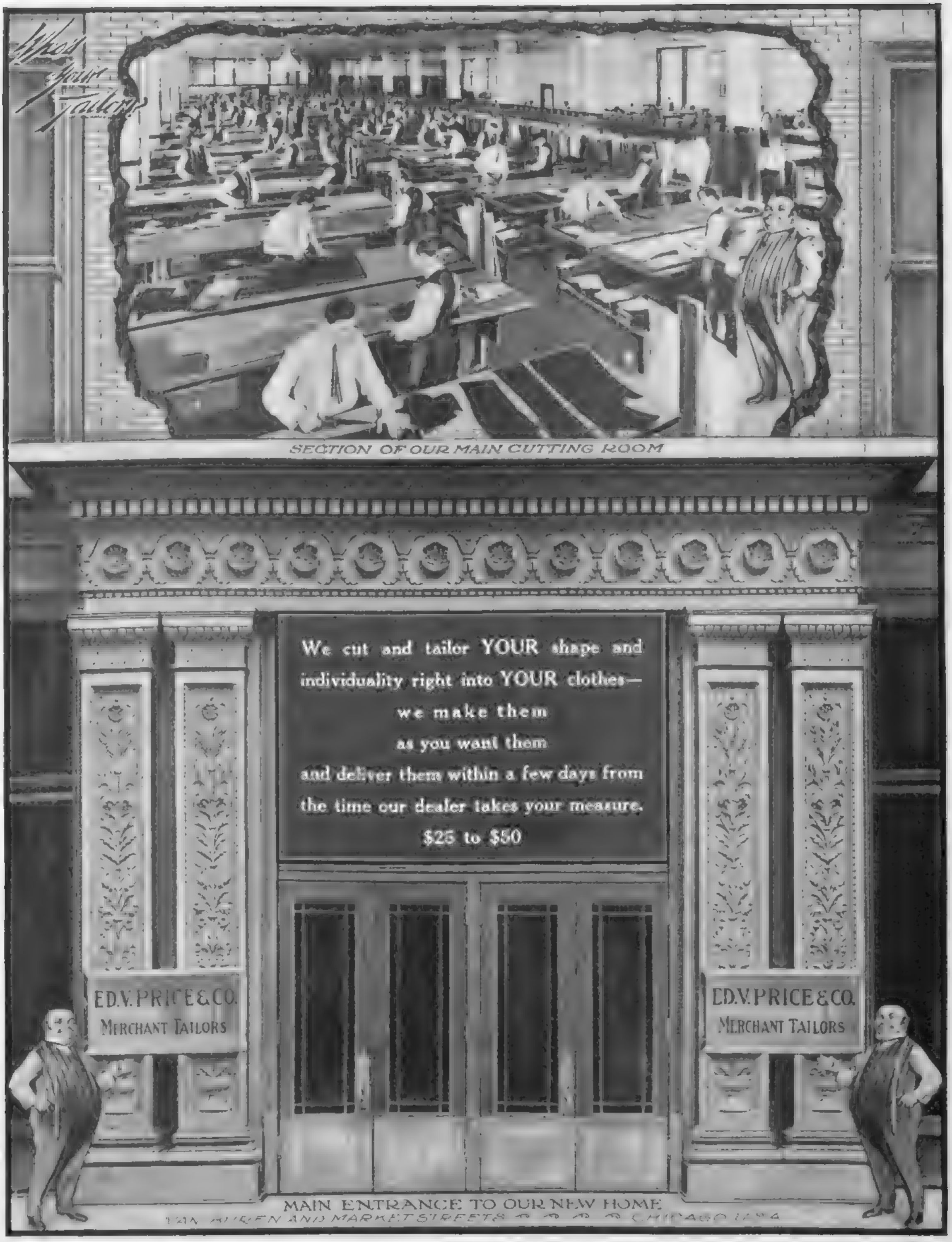
Three sizes
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Prepared by

Van Camp Packing Co.

Established 1861

Indianapolis, Indiana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NO AUTOMOBILE buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

He shows why six cylinder cars are now so popular.

He explains the reasons for their smoothness, and why they are so desirable. With diagrams, and in the clearest language he makes you understand why so many makers are now manufacturing sixes exclusively.

He tells about wire wheels and wood wheels—about left side drive and right side drive—about gasoline economy—electric and other gear shifts—streamline bodies—speedometer drive—new things in lighting, and other features embodied in the 1914 designs.

No man is more eminently qualified to prepare such a review. Mr. Coffin's reputation as an engineer, and his many contributions to the progress of the automobile industry both as a designer of many successful cars, and a contributor to engineering literature make this review authentic.

Of course he also describes the HUDSON SIX 54. No discussion of automobile tendencies would be complete that omitted mention of this new car.

It approaches a new ideal with its true streamline body—135-inch wheel base—six cylinder motor of extreme flexibility and smoothness—electrical lighting and starting by an improved Delco system—left hand drive—center control—and entrance to the driver's seat from either side. These are features that make the HUDSON SIX 54 a prominent car in the 1914 announcements.

Can you afford to consider the purchase of any car over $1,500 without knowing what such an authority as Mr. Coffin has to say upon the subject?

Send your name and address.

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7717 Jefferson Avenue **Detroit, Michigan**

THE TRUE STREAMLINE BODY

HUDSON Six 54, $2,250

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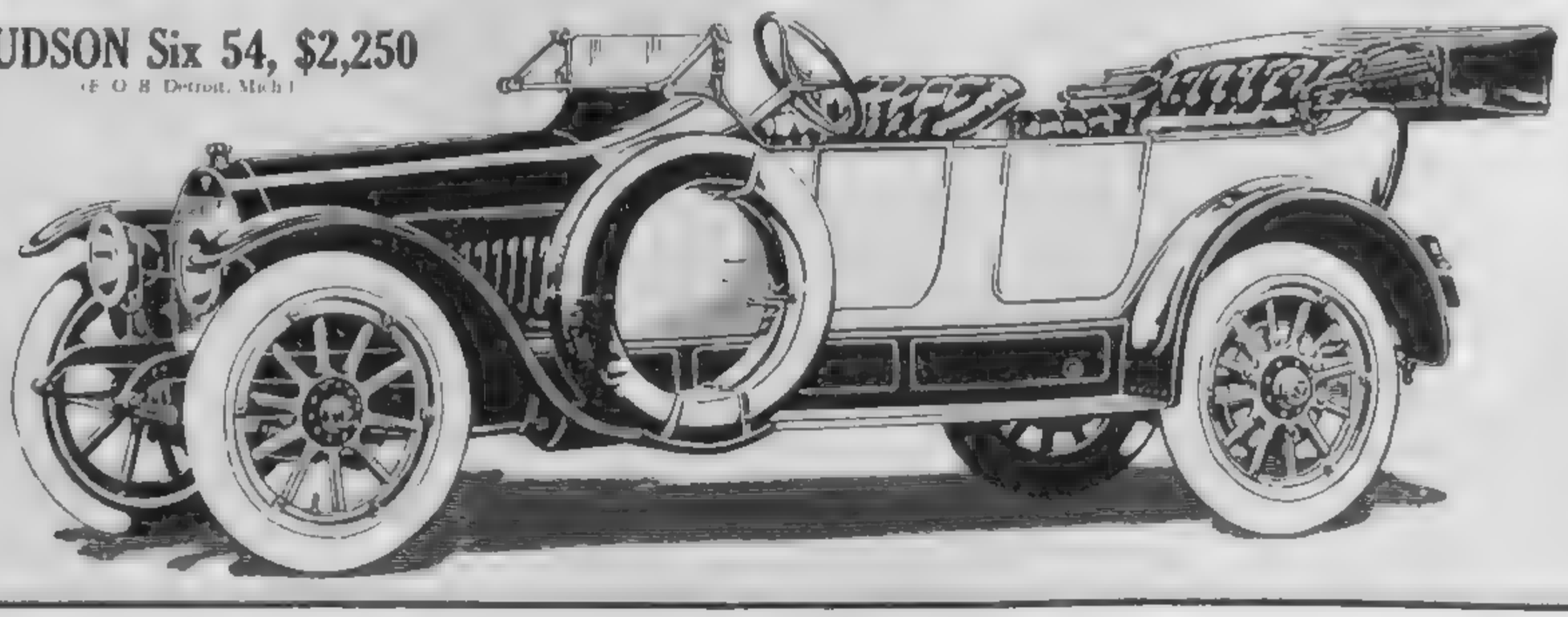


A SINGER'S STORY

(Continued from Page 13)

country; and it besides gave employment to a large number of young Americans, several of whom began their careers in the chorus of the company and soon advanced to higher places in the musical world.

During the three seasons of our English opera company we put on a great number of operas of all schools, from The Bohemian Girl to The Flying Dutchman. The former is pretty poor stuff—cheap and insipid—I never liked to sing it. But the houses it drew! People loved it. I believe there would be a large and sentimental public ready for it today. Its extraneous matter, the two or three popular ballads that had been introduced, formed a part of its attraction perhaps.

Most of the traveling that our company was obliged to do on its big Western tours was very tiresome, although we did it as easily as we could and often had special cars put at our disposal by railroad directors. We were still looked upon as a species of circus and the townspeople of the places we passed through used to come out in throngs at the stations. I have said so much about the poor hotels encountered at various times while on the road that I feel I ought to mention the disastrous effect produced once by a really good hotel.

It was at the end of our first English opera season, and in spite of the fact that we were all worn out with our experiences we proceeded to give an auxiliary concert trip. We had a special sleeper, in which naturally no one slept much; and by the time we reached Wilkes-Barre we were even more exhausted. The hotel happened to be a good one, the rooms were quiet and the beds comfortable. Every one of us went promptly to bed, not having to sing until the next night, and William Carleton left word at the office that he was going to sleep, and "Don't call me unless there's a fire!" he said. In strict accordance with these instructions nobody did call him and he slept twenty-four hours. When he awoke it was time to go to the theater for the performance—and he found he couldn't sing! He had slept so much that his circulation had become sluggish and he was as hoarse as a crow. Consequently we had to change the program at the last moment.

Carleton, like most nervous people, was very sensitive and easily put out of voice, even when he had not slept twenty-four consecutive hours. Once in Trovatore he was seized with a sharp neuralgic pain in his eyes just as he was beginning to sing Il Balen, and we had to stop in the middle of it. During this same performance, an unlucky one, Wilfred Morgan, who was Manrico, made both himself and me ridiculous. In the finale of the first act of the opera the Count and Manrico, rivals for the love of Leonora, draw their swords and are about to attack each other, when Leonora interposes and has to recline on the shoulder of Manrico, at which the attack of the Count ceases. Morgan was burly of build and awkward of movement, and for some reason failed to support me, and we both fell heavily to the floor. It is so easy to turn a serious dramatic situation into ridicule that really it was very decent indeed of our audience to applaud the contretemps instead of laughing.

Meeting Eugene Field

Naturally these tours brought me all manner of adventures that I have long since forgotten, little incidents along the road and meetings with famous personages.

But there is one experience of those days that I treasure in my memory, and that is my meeting with Eugene Field. It was in St. Louis, where Field was a reporter on one of the daily papers. He came up to the old Lindell Hotel to interview me; but that was something I would not do—give interviews to the press—so my mother went down to the reception room with her sternest air to dismiss him. She found the waiting young man very mild-mannered and pleasant, but she said to him icily:

"My daughter never sees newspaper men."

"Oh," said he, looking surprised, "I'm a singer and I thought Miss Kellogg might help me. I want to have my voice trained." This is the phrase used generally by applicants for such favors. My mother looked at the young man suspiciously and pointed to the piano.

"Sing something," she commanded.

Field obediently sat down at the instrument and sang several songs. He had a pleasing voice and an expressive style of singing, and my mother promptly sent for me. We spent some time with him in consequence, singing, playing and talking. It was an excellent "beat" for his paper, and neither my mother nor I bore him any malice when we read the interview next day. After that he came to see me whenever I sang where he happened to be and we always had a laugh over his interview with me—the only one, by the way, obtained by any reporter in St. Louis.

On one concert tour—a little before the English opera venture—we had arrived late one afternoon in Toledo, where the other members of the company were awaiting me. Petrelli, the barytone, met me at the train and said immediately:

"There is a strange-looking girl at the hotel waiting for you to hear her sing."

"Oh, dear," I exclaimed, "another one to tell that she hasn't any ability!"

"She's very queer looking," Petrelli assured me.

As I went to my supper I caught a glimpse of a very unattractive person and decided that Petrelli was right. She was exceedingly plain and colorless, and had a large turned-up nose. After supper I went to my room to dress, as I usually did when on tour, for the theater dressing rooms were impossible. Presently there was a knock at the door and the girl presented herself.

She was poorly clad. I questioned her and brought out a pathetic tale of privation and struggle. She told me, furthermore, that she took care of her mother, brothers and sisters.

A Girl Worth Helping

"I must go to the post-office now and see if there's a letter from mother!" she exclaimed presently, jumping up. It was pouring rain outside.

"Show me your feet!" I said.

She grinned ruefully as she exhibited her shoes, but she was off the next moment in search of her letter. When she came back to the hotel I got hold of her again, and took her to the concert in my carriage. After I had sung my first song she rushed up to me.

"Let me look down your throat," she cried excitedly. "I've got to see where it all comes from!"

After the concert we made her sing for us and our accompanist played for her. She asked me frankly if I thought she could make her living by her voice and I said yes. Her poverty and her desire to get on naturally appealed to me, and I was instrumental in raising a subscription for her so that she could come East. It has been said that I am responsible for Emma Abbott's career upon the operatic stage, but I may be pardoned if I deny the allegation. My idea was that she intended to sing in churches, and I believe she did so when she first came to New York. She was the one girl in ten thousand who was really worth helping, and of course my mother and I helped her. When we returned from my concert tour I introduced her to people and saw that she was properly looked out for. And she became, as every one knows, highly successful in opera, appearing in many of my own rôles.

In a year's time from when I first met her Emma Abbott was self-supporting. She was a girl of ability and I am glad that I started her off fairly, although as a matter of fact she would have got on anyway whether I had done anything for her or not. Her way to success might have been a longer way unaided, but she would have succeeded. She was eaten up with ambition, yet there is much to respect in such a dogged determination to succeed. Of course she was never particularly grateful to me. Of all the girls I have helped—and there have been many more than I can count—only one has ever been really grateful, and she was the one for whom I did the least.

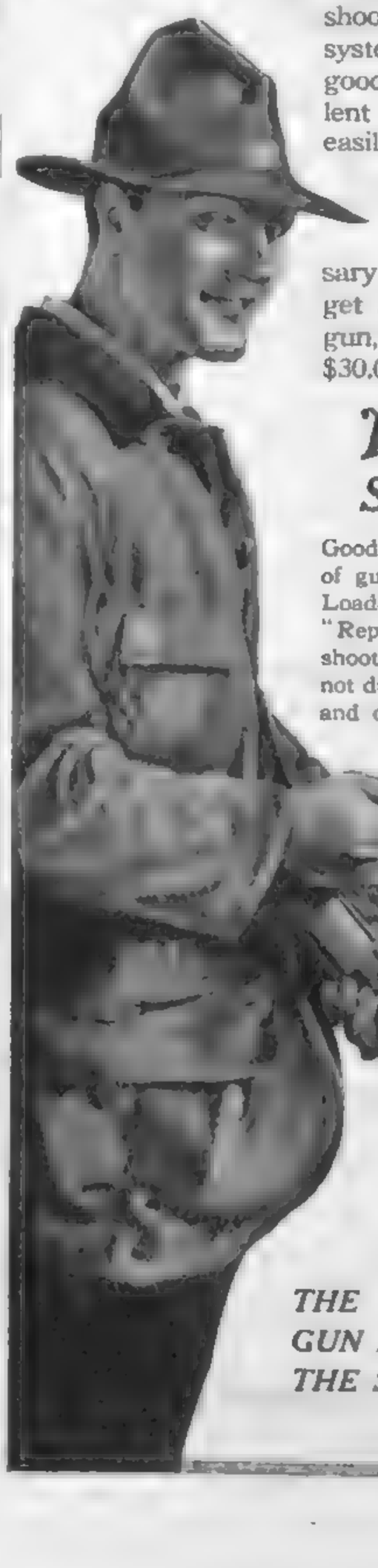
It was her love of success that finally was the indirect means of her death. When Utah was still a territory, the town of Ogden, where many traveling companies gave concerts, was very primitive. The concert hall had no dressing room and was cold and drafty. I always refused outright to sing in such theaters, or else dressed in my hotel and drove to the concert

WINCHESTER

20 GAUGE

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

The Winchester Model 1912 is a correctly proportioned, light-weight, small-gauge repeater, which, for strength, balance, symmetry, shooting qualities and refinement of detail and finish, is in a class by itself. It weighs only about 5¾ pounds, yet it has surpassing strength, because all its metal parts are made of Nickel steel, which is about twice as strong as ordinary steel such as is used in similar guns of other makes. The receiver, which is closed on top and in the rear, is unmarred by a single screw or pin. The handsome walnut stock is finely proportioned and has a full comb and a small, well-shaped grip; features which count for easy handling and accurate sighting. The 20 gauge is a fine shooting gun, the famous Winchester system of barrel boring insuring a good, even spread of shot and excellent penetration. This gun works easily and smoothly and can be taken down as readily as a double barrel gun. The introduction of this gun makes it unnecessary to pay a big price in order to get a first class small gauge shotgun, for the Model 1912 *lists* at only $30.00, and it retails for less.



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THE GUN AND THE SHELL

The New Style

Bread and Milk

Made of wheat, and the whole wheat.
Four times as porous as bread.
Crisper than crackers—bubble-like, thin.
And a taste much like toasted nuts.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice in the mornings, of course, are served with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit.

But for luncheons or suppers—between meals or bedtimes—they are served in bowls of milk.

Served as you serve bread or crackers. But you don't need to break them—they are just the right size.

They form toasted brown wafers—thin, floating wafers—fragile and brittle, easily crushing. They are ideal wafers to serve in milk.

Night Foods That Never Tax Digestion

Remember, too, that these Puffed Grains are scientific foods. They are steam-exploded. Every food granule is literally blasted to pieces.

They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. And no other method so fits cereals for digestion.

Serve them at any hour. Let children have them between meals. Make this their bedtime dish. For these foods supply them, without taxing the stomach, every element found in whole grain.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Their Almond Taste

These grains in the process, for one whole hour, are rolled in 550 degrees of heat.

That heat gives the nut-like taste.

Then the explosion puffs the grains to eight times normal size. It fills them with a myriad cells.

The result is a food confection. Yet every element and flavor comes from the grain itself.

Use them in candy making—to garnish ice cream—in frosting cake—wherever you use nut meats. That will give you some idea of how delicious these foods are.

And yet a whole package—enough for ten big servings—costs but ten or fifteen cents.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

warmly wrapped up. Emma Abbott was warned that the stage in the concert hall of the town of Ogden was bitterly cold. The house had sold well, however, and the receipts were considerable. Emma dressed in an improvised screened-off dressing room, and having a severe cold to begin with she caught more on that occasion, and suddenly developed a serious case of pneumonia from which she died.

In the seventies New York was interesting musically chiefly because of its amateurs. This sounds something like a paradox, but at that time New York had a collection of musical amateurs who were almost as highly cultivated as professionals. It was a set that was extremely interesting and quite unique and bridged in a wonderful way the traditional gulf between art and society.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to know New York then look about us with wonder and amazement now. It seems, with our standards of an earlier generation, as if there were no true social life today, just as there are left no great social leaders. As for music—but perhaps it behooves a retired prima donna to be discreet in making comparisons.

Mrs. Samuel Barlow was in advance of everybody in patronizing music. She was cultivated and artistic, had traveled a great deal abroad, and had acquired a great many charming foreign graces, in addition to her own good American brains and breeding and her fine natural social tact.

I often visited her at her country place, Glen Cove, Long Island. She was the most tactful of hostesses, and in her house there was no fuss or formality, nothing but kind geniality and courtesy. She was the first hostess in the United States to ask her women guests to bring their maids; and she never once has asked me to sing when I was there. I did sing, of course, but she was too well-bred to let me feel under the slightest obligation. American hostesses are certainly sometimes very odd in this connection.

A Reception in Chicago

I was once visiting in Chicago, where I was being made much of as an American prima donna freshly arrived from European triumphs, and some friends of my father gave me a reception. I had been for nearly fourteen months abroad, and had come back with the associations and manners of the best people of the older countries; and this I particularly mention to suggest what a shock my treatment was to me.

On the day of the reception I had one of my worst sick headaches. I did not want to go naturally, but the husband of the woman giving the reception called for me and begged that I would show myself there, if only for a few moments. My mother also urged me to make an effort and go. I made it and went. In view of what afterward occurred I want to say that my costume was a black velvet gown created by Worth, with a heavy, long, handsome coat and a black velvet hat. When I reached the house I was so ill that I could not stand at the door with my hostess to receive the guests, but remained seated, hoping that I should not groan aloud with the throbbing of my head.

The ladies began arriving, and nearly every one of them was in full evening dress—in the afternoon! One social leader I remember particularly came in an elaborate point lace shawl and no hat.

I had not been there half an hour before I was asked to sing! I had brought no music, there was no accompanist and I was so dizzy that I could hardly see the keys of the piano, yet as the request was not altogether the fault of my hostess I did my best, playing some sort of an accompaniment and singing something—very badly, I imagine. Then I went home and to bed.

That episode was served up to me for eight years. I never went to Chicago without reading some reference to it in the newspapers, and my friends have told me that years later it was still discussed with bitterness. It was stated that I was ungracious, rude, and that I had insulted the guests by my plain street attire, that I only sang once and then with no attempt to do my best, that I did not eat the elaborate refreshments, did not rise from my chair when people were presented to me; and left the house inside an hour, although the reception was given for me. It was very different with the New York hostesses, of

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Costs no more; lasts longer.

whom Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Gilder were the representatives.

Oh, you unfortunate people of a newer day who have not the memory of that enchanting meeting ground in East Fifteenth Street—the delightful Gilder studio, the rebuilding of which from a carriage house into a studio-home was about the first piece of architectural work done by Stanford White. There was one big, beautiful room, drawing room and sitting room combined, with a fine fireplace in it. Many a time have I done some scene from an opera there in the firelight to a sympathetic few. In those days everybody went to the Richard Watson Gilders'—at least everybody who was worth while. They were in New York already the power that they remained for so many years.

I met many interesting people at the Fifteenth Street studio. Helen Hunt Jackson I remember well. She was then Mrs. Hunt, long before she had married Mr. Jackson or had written Ramona. She was a most pleasing personality, just stout enough to be genuinely genial. And Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett I first met there, about the time her Lass o' Lowrie's appeared, a story that we all thought most impressive.

George Cable was discovered by the Gilders, like so many other literary lights, and he and I used to sing Creole melodies before their big fireplace. His voice was queer and light, without color, but correct and well in tune. He had only one bit of color in him and that—the poetry of his nature—he gave freely and exquisitely in his tales of Creole life. At a much later time I saw something of the old French Quarter of New Orleans of which he wrote, the whole spirit of which was so lovely. I also first met John Alexander at the Gilders' after he came back from Paris; and John La Farge, who brought there with him Okakura, the Japanese art connoisseur.

The Three Graces

I have liked as well as known many stage folk and have had first and last many real friends among them. It was my good fortune to know the elder Salvini in America. He happened to be stopping at the same hotel. He looked like a successful farmer a very plain man. Irving and Terry, always among my close friends, I first met in London, at the McHenrys' house in Holland Park. At that time the McHenrys' Sunday night dinners were an institution. Later, when they came to America, I saw a great deal of them.

The only complaint Henry Irving had to make against New York was that he had no one to play with. He insisted, and quite justly, too, that New York had no leisure class; that cultivated Bohemia, the playground for people of intellectual tastes and varied interests, did not exist in New York. He used to say that after the theater and after supper he could not find anybody at his club who would discuss with him either modern drama or the old dramatic traditions, or give him any exchange of ideas or intelligent comradeship.

It was not long after this that I embarked upon a venture that was destined in spite of much success, to be one of the most unpleasant experiences of my professional career. Max Strakosch and Colonel Mapleson, the younger—Henry Mapleson—organized a Triple-Star Tour all over America, the three being Marie Roze, Annie Louise Cary and Clara Louise Kellogg. The press called us The Three Graces and wrote much fulsome nonsense about "three pure and irreproachable women appearing together upon the operatic stage." The classification was one I did not care for. Here, after many intervening years, I enter and put on record my protest. At the time it all served as advertising to boom the tour and, as it was most of it arranged for by Mapleson himself, I had to let it go by in dignified silence.

The late H. C. Bunner celebrated this triumvirate in Puck, of which he was the editor, with this triolet—I record from memory:

Kellogg and Cary and Roze
Together they sing at the opera.
Cary, as Sybil, wears hose,
Kellogg's attire is far properer—
Kellogg and Cary and Roze
Together they sing at the opera.

Editor's Note This is the fifth in a series of articles giving the Reminiscences of Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch. The sixth and last will appear in an early issue.

No Investment Needed to Reduce Your Fire Insurance Premiums

40% to 90%

We *pay for* and install in your buildings the most highly approved system of Automatic Sprinklers. You do just what you are doing now—*pay for* whatever insurance you need to carry at your present rate.

WHEN we install the sprinkler system your rate immediately drops 40% to 90%.

For a few years (4 to 7) we take this reduction in premiums as our *only compensation* for paying for the equipment.

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Thereafter you get *all* the insurance reduction yourself.

This is clear profit. It is never less than 15%—often it is *30% or 40% a year on what the system cost us.*

Practically it amounts to a legacy—an annuity.

In addition to the money gain, you have, from the moment the system is installed, *absolute fire protection*—protection which reduces fire danger over 90%.

This assures you that your business is not going to be interrupted and disrupted by fire; that your customers are not going to be deflected to competitors because you can't fill orders; *that the lives of all your employees are absolutely safeguarded from fire.*

Information on this is free. Fill out and mail us the attached blank. It does not obligate you in any way. It may open up a new source of profit to you. Information you give us will be considered strictly confidential.

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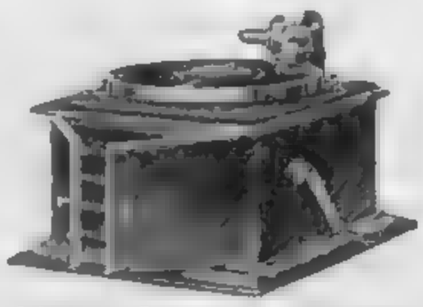

Victor-Victrola IV, $15
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Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
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If you belie you need a V

If you believe in the power of music to elevate your thoughts and broaden your intellect, to stir your imagination and quicken your emotions, to soothe your mind and lighten your toil, you can appreciate what it would mean to have a Victrola in your home.

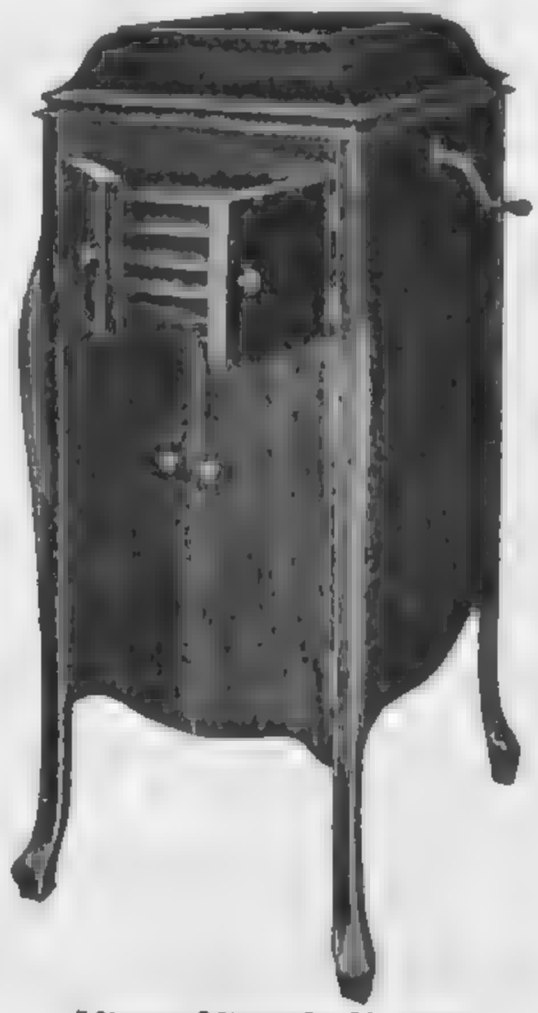
Music is no longer a luxury to be understood and enjoyed by a select few. Music has come to be an actual necessity in every home, and its foremost exponent today is the Victrola.

eve in music Victor-Victrola

With this wonderful instrument, you bring some music into your life each day to add to your happiness and make your home more complete.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.



Victor-Victrola X, $75

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100—50 cents per 1000
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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Pupils range in age from 14 to 92

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How to Acquire Perfect Health, Wonderful Energy and a Vigorous Heart.

ARE you as healthy, strong, well developed, vigorous, cheerful, hopeful, pleasant and as happy as you can be? Are you satisfied with yourself? Have you reason to be, or are you satisfied because you do not realize your deficiencies and fail to comprehend how much better life actually can be for you?

Remember Nature never helps the man who is satisfied with himself, even though he be the most inferior of beings.

You represent two beings: one is what you are mentally and physically, and the other what you may be. The Swoboda System can make you better than you are at present, as it has helped thousands of others to become better, mentally and physically.

If you will write for my free book, I k[illegible] be to realize the joys of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is, that no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

Why lead an inferior life when the Swoboda System quickly and positively strengthens the heart, lungs and all internal organs and thus promotes ideal health?

THE SWOBODA SYSTEM

with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money and with no In[illegible]venience Builds [illegible] great reserve forces, strong muscles, creates a perf[illegible] by vitalizing and developing the body, brain, and nerves to their highest power.

[illegible]

The Swoboda System is no Experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over [illegible], pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, [illegible] members of cabinet, ambassadors, gov[illegible] and a great number of women.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

[illegible] can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and [illegible] power."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character [illegible] impossible for me.

"Even skeptical men are pleased with results, have gained 5 pounds." "In very first [illegible] began to work magic. In my gratitude I am [illegible] speaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

Words can not explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 20 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

[illegible] muscle."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it.

"[illegible] helped me most [illegible]. I [illegible] all you claim for it, it has certainly made me feel ten years younger."

"I consider your system the finest thing a man can take and would not take anything for the benefit I have received.

"Ten minutes of your exercise is equal in value to three hours of horse-back riding."

"I first was almost beyond belief."

[illegible] best measurement increases 5½ inches in 56 days.

[illegible] more have been [illegible]

[illegible] pounds in 30 days.

[illegible] pounds, sleeps better, muscles [illegible]

"Ten [illegible]ths of your system better than hours of any other."

"Very first lesson worked magically."

"Although I have only been performing the exercises four days my [illegible] much firmer."

[illegible] through the secondary and tertiary effe[illegible] energizes, develops, recreates and cau[illegible] body internally and externally to adapt itself.

[illegible] public but you but I also want you to know of the high standard of its

MY UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE
Is Every Sense a Government Guarantee

When you read the testimonials you may have to the contrary that [illegible]

In order that you absolutely avoid even the [illegible] possibility of risking a single penny and yet [illegible] the opportunity of [illegible] own satisfaction that MY SY[illegible]

best for you. [illegible] not completely satisfied I want you to say so, that you honestly believe MY SYSTEM is not what I claim, and I will refund to you your money [illegible] nothing could be more fair than for me to [illegible] with my instruction. Let you use it—ex[illegible]

therefore subject to [illegible] may think of my [illegible] The above is a part of [illegible]

The Swoboda System is the Result of a discovery I made in the human body which has absolutely revolutionized the possibilities and effect of exercise. The results are startling in their extent and are noticeable from the first day. You never will know what it is to be really well and vigorous, or to comprehend what the SWOBODA KIND of health and energy of body and mind actually is until you give the SWOBODA SYSTEM a trial.

Join the Army of the Vigorous, Strong and Happy

[illegible] be physically perfect you must [illegible] be [illegible] all, [illegible] I guarantee. I will [illegible] for [illegible] My guarantee is startling, specific and positive.

My new book, "EXERCISE REVOLUTIONIZED," is free. It tells of the dangers of exercise and conscious deep breathing and explains how the "SWOBODA SYSTEM" is making vigorous and strong men and women out of weak and poorly developed individuals. The evidence it offers is most convincing. My free book will be a revelation and an education to you. Write for it and my complete guarantee today, before it slips your mind. ADDRESS

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 236 Victor Building Washington, D.C.

Do You Want More Money for Your Business?

By ROGER W. BABSON

MERCHANTS and manufacturers show wonderful skill in handling men and materials; but when it comes to handling money, many of them fall short of their opportunities. The average business man is likely to scratch his head at thoughts of "finance" and he blinks at the word "financier." In fact he often seems more proud than otherwise of his ignorance along these lines, taking the easy attitude that finance, like Providence, moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform; and that this whole field is a rather sinister and forbidden territory, which the legitimate business man would do well to avoid.

In this series of articles I hope to show that the business man, however strong may be his intentions, can no more escape the laws of finance than he can the law of gravity, and furthermore that a little knowledge of this subject is not at all dangerous, but, on the contrary, is highly profitable.

Heretofore I have discussed with readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the principles of successful investing; and it is important to note that the present series, on raising funds, is the converse of investing. In other words the business man and the investor are the two parties to the same transaction, and the natural desire of each is to get the better of the bargain. Although in a broad sense their interests are identical and neither can permanently prosper by exploiting the other, nevertheless, in a technical sense, they are in conflict.

Just at present let us take this more narrow view. Let us also assume for the sake of clearness that the business man is the only party in whom we take a personal interest. He is seeking to raise funds on the best terms he can fairly obtain, and the investor must look out for himself.

At the same time, if I may be allowed the suggestion, I feel that it will not do the investor the least harm in the world to get for once the viewpoint of the borrower, and I therefore recommend that the investor now come behind the scenes with us, overhear some discussion that ordinarily does not come to his ear, and see just how the various offerings are prepared for market.

To Borrow or Not to Borrow

To borrow or not to borrow: that is certainly among the first questions that arise in this connection. It is a question which almost inevitably confronts a business man sooner or later, and it often takes the following form: For example, Jones begins in a small way to manufacture some specialty. His product finds a good market, and before long he is facing the alternative of less vigorous marketing or more vigorous manufacturing. It is contrary to all business instincts to let orders go begging, and so Jones decides that he must have a larger factory, which means more capital. Or competition may compel the installation of better machinery to cut down cost. Or again, it may be the sales end of the business that calls for reorganization and development, with attendant expenditure of ready money. In fact from the time an idea originates in the mind of the inventor there is an endless variety of situations arising, which call or seem to call for more funds than can be drawn from the resources of the business itself. For Jones to borrow money is not so very difficult, but for him to borrow it on profitable terms is a little harder, while the matter of supreme difficulty is to decide whether to borrow it at all.

In talking with business men I find an increasing tendency to give more weight than formerly to the fundamental situation and outlook; in other words the question, Shall I enlarge my factory? is fast becoming, Shall I enlarge my factory at just this time? In the old days fruit used to be shipped and vessels set sail, with a prayer for luck, on the day most handy. Now the most successful shippers and skippers first consult the indications of the Weather Bureau, and so far as possible govern themselves accordingly; and I believe somewhat the same change is taking place in the methods of those who would borrow money. To erect an extensive plant, burdened with heavy interest charges, at a time when all the signs are set at "caution" is equivalent to putting out of harbor in the face of a gale. At such times it is extremely probable that new plants will persistently be idle, or run only at a loss. Moreover, times of caution are usually times of tight money, a further reason why borrowing is ill advised.

I would therefore suggest to all merchants and manufacturers that, prior to any figuring on borrowing, they determine to their own satisfaction whether the country is passing through a period of improvement, prosperity, decline or depression. A century of financial history is now on record for this nation, to say nothing of the comparative histories of other nations, and it is a simple matter for any business man to verify for himself the fact that the four periods mentioned above are fairly well defined, and that the country passes through these periods in the order named and with reasonable regularity. When we have completed a period of decline, before industry and commerce start on the up-grade, then, and not till then, it is time to consider whether you can show a profit by borrowing money and extending the plant.

The Lender's Side

Assuming that fundamental conditions are judged to be right, the practical issue now concerns the propriety or impropriety of the purposes for which the funds are contemplated. Volumes might be written on this subject, and indeed have been written; but the guiding principle is this: the burden of proof rests on the man who advocates the loan. In other words, if one partner proposes borrowing it devolves upon him to justify this course fully, or withdraw his proposal. For example, there is a well grounded prejudice against raising funds outside the business for the purpose of paying dividends or maintaining the dividend rate. Dividends are and by right should be indicative of profits, and there are few cases where anything is really gained by robbing one account to pay another. An exception to this rule is where there is an ample surplus profitably employed, and the object of the loan is to disburse this surplus without disturbing a good investment.

Another healthy prejudice is against the all-too-common habit of continuously refunding floating debts without an annual or seasonal "clearing up." Let me say right here that this is anything but a diplomatic policy if you care to keep your standing with first-class banks. Many banks will lend thousands of dollars to buy merchandise but not one cent to pay your debts. If I may be allowed to dictate a Don't I would say: Don't borrow money to pay notes. Again we may cite exceptions, such as the legitimate refunding operations whereby maturing bond issues are met; but the practice is capable of abuse.

The main consideration, however, apart from the underlying condition of general business, seems to me to arise when a small concern is graduated into the class of large corporations. Will your proposed borrowing—and I refer now of course to capital operations—merely enlarge your present organization, or will it develop a new type of organization? Jones is master of his little shop, and nobody doubts but that he can run with equal success a larger shop; but can he manage a factory? He can handle salesmen—none better—but how will he handle a sales manager and an advertising manager? Will he rise to the stature of a corporation president, ably representing his concern in the eyes of the public? I do not mean to imply a doubt that the smaller business man is not capable of keeping pace with the growth of his concern, but often it happens that this growth catches him unawares, and he is swept into a new field of activity before he realizes the change. Capital is a powerful force to invoke; and although I would not preach a timorous counsel, I do want to tell our younger business men: Before you forge a giant's weapons, have the strength to wield them. Don't raise funds in expectation that thenceforth your worries are all done.

In speaking of young men I am reminded of an anecdote attributed justly or unjustly

to one of our prominent business men. He was asked the usual question put to the famous: "To what do you attribute your success?"

"Well," was the reply, "when I was a youngster just starting out in the world my father laid his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Son, whatever else you do, never contract a debt which you cannot at any time pay without reborrowing.'"

The reporter was mentally sketching out a "story" to the headline "Never owed a dollar in his life" when the master of millions added impressively:

"And I attribute what success I have since had to a consistent and lifelong violation of my good father's advice."

From this it would appear that there are two different kinds of debt: One, illegitimate debt, which has cursed the world since the world began; the other, legitimate or business debt, credit funding, investment, the capitalistic method that is the basis of our modern world of industry, commerce and finance. To confuse these two types of indebtedness is to fail; to keep them separate is at least a foundation of success. I should call this the first law of raising funds.

But what is a legitimate debt and what is an illegitimate debt? I think that the advice of the father above referred to answers this question. Said he, "Son, whatever else you do, never contract a debt which you cannot at any time pay without reborrowing." The last phrase, "which you cannot pay without reborrowing," is the crucial test. When a young man comes to one of the banks of which I am an officer to borrow money, I care not how much he borrows so long as he is in a position to pay me up without resorting to the necessity of arranging for a loan elsewhere. For this reason I don't like to loan young business men money to buy real estate or to enlarge their plants, or even for the purpose of installing new machinery. For purposes such as these, I urge my friends either to borrow from savings banks on long-term mortgages, or else to incorporate and increase the capital of their business. On the other hand I gladly favor loans made for the purpose of carrying an additional stock of goods, especially if the goods are of a standard nature; or for the purpose of doing a greater volume of business, especially when the borrower is one who carefully scrutinizes his credits. Moreover, my reason for this is very simple. If the man borrows money on a six months' note for the purpose of buying real estate, erecting buildings or installing machinery, I cannot expect him to sell this real estate, building or machinery to liquidate the loan when it is due.

When Assets are Liquid

On the other hand, when the borrower uses the money simply to increase his stock of merchandise or extend additional credit, he can at any time pay me by reducing the stock of merchandise or contracting his credits. Therefore, to be concrete, I consider the loans of a national or commercial bank illegitimate when the money is used for fixed and non-liquid capital expenditures, while I consider the loans of such bank legitimate when the money is used only for increasing the stock of merchandise, the bills and accounts receivable, or the working cash capital.

Hence when you wish to buy real estate, improve your buildings or install additional machinery don't borrow the money for a few months from a national or commercial bank, but either increase your capital or borrow for a long term on mortgage. Four businesses out of five today need additional permanent capital, and should increase their capital and reduce their indebtedness. When depressions and panics come no bank can squeeze a firm with a large capital which is free from indebtedness, but the failures occur among the firms with a small capital and large indebtedness.

Nevertheless the national and commercial banks have a function to perform in the community, and this function is to furnish temporary capital to manufacturers, merchants and investors. If you really want money for only six months to aid you during your especially busy season, or to enable you to carry additional merchandise or credits for a portion of the year, then go to a national bank and borrow the money on a six months' note. Of course one year out of five the merchandise may not sell or the customers may not pay their accounts. In such a case it will be necessary for you to ask for a renewal, and any reasonable bank will gladly grant it. In four years out of five, however, you should be able to pay such notes when they become due, and this you should do.

Most borrowers think that a bank considers primarily the amount of the loan, but this is not true. A bank is primarily interested in the purpose for which a loan is used. A great banker said to me the other day: "When a man applies for a loan at this bank I insist upon knowing for what the money is to be used, and in nine cases out of ten our decision is determined, not by the amount of the loan, nor the worth of the man, but by the purpose for which the money is to be used. If it is to be used for permanent capital purposes we always refuse it; but if simply to help carry a man over a busy season, which periodically comes once or twice each year in his business, we make every effort to grant it."

The point I wish to make in this first article is that money should not be borrowed from national and other commercial banks on the six months' business paper. Such banks should be used for what they were originally intended for, namely, temporary or seasonal loans.

The Golden Rule for Borrowers

Hence all the so-called legitimate loans as above classified are not always desirable for either the bank or the borrower. I classified loans made for the purpose of increasing merchandise or accounts receivable as legitimate, and such they are because they can be liquidated if necessary. Nevertheless, it is advisable to borrow on six months' paper only such portion of the money used for such purposes as can be paid without crippling one's business. An illustration will make this point clear:

In the city of Gloucester are many fish firms, and these firms are borrowing money for various purposes, and these loans I classify as legitimate and illegitimate in accordance with the explanation above given. Unfortunately there are without doubt many illegitimate loans, where the money has been used for permanent improvements to the plants, and such loans should be paid and permanently cleaned up either from earnings or by the corporations' increasing their capital stock. There is no other course concerning these, and no room for excuses.

I do, however, wish to say a word more about the so-called legitimate loans; for, as above suggested, these may be subdivided into two classes, which bankers classify as unattractive legitimate loans and attractive legitimate loans. Some firms are borrowing to the total amount of their bills and accounts receivable. This on the face of it is wrong, because it is impossible for any going concern in the fish business to be totally free from bills and accounts receivable at any time during the year. A firm with accounts receivable, during the busiest portion of the season, of $100,000 may reduce them to $50,000 during the year; but to have all of the $100,000 cleaned up can't be expected. Yet some firms in this position are borrowing $100,000, or the full amount of their bills and accounts receivable. This is a mistake, and the notes of such firms, although legitimate, are nevertheless unattractive.

The well-financed firms in Gloucester and every other city in such cases would borrow only $50,000 of the banks, or the difference between the maximum and the minimum of their outstanding receivables. Therefore the notes of these latter firms are both legitimate and attractive. This brings me to a rule which I will lay down, and which every young business man should copy and stick on some prominent place on his desk:

"Let not the amount of your indebtedness to commercial banks (or if possible the sum of all your accounts and bills-payable items) exceed the average difference during any year between the maximum and minimum of your merchandise accounts and bills-receivable items."

This is not a difficult rule to follow; and the young man who follows this rule, and therefore cleans up with his banks, will not only keep himself in a strong position in which it is impossible for any bank or competitor to crush him, but such a man is also gradually establishing a credit which will some day enable him to be the head of a great, powerful and prosperous American industry.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Babson explains how business and industrial enterprises are financed. The second will appear in an early number.

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and a hard fought contest with "Bogey" there is nothing like Armour's Grape Juice to put you in trim to go 'round again.

For this pure and undiluted juice of luscious, sun-ripened Concords, all their wonderful rich flavor retained by sterilization and air-tight bottling, has wonderful refreshing and reviving qualities.

It is cooling and thirst-quenching, and as delicious as only "whole" Concord grape juice can be.

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The Armour grape juice factories are at Westfield, New York, and Mattawan, Michigan, America's banner grape growing sections.

Each day's harvest, sun-ripened to fullest perfection, goes to the press that same day—grapes are never held over to wilt or wither.

Send home a case from your grocer or druggist, and ask for America's Grape Juice at fountains, buffets and clubs.

Should you have any difficulty in getting your order filled we will forward you, express prepaid, a dozen trial pints for $3.00, or a dozen quarts for $5 50. Address **Armour and Company, Dept. 323, Chicago.**

Ask for our new grape juice recipe book, FREE for your name on a postal. Just say, "I would like your Grape Juice Book."

(394)

Armour and Company's Grape Juice Factory, Mattawan, Michigan

Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun

IT is a peculiar fact about firearms, that every great forward invention has to go through a period of suspended judgment before it wins adoption into the family.

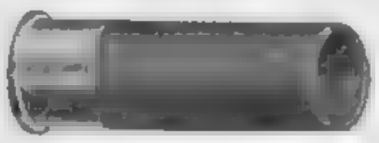
Men yet living can remember the long struggle of the breech-loader for recognition—and again, of the hand-operated repeater as against the single-shot breech-loader.

How is it, then, that the new *Autoloading* principle has passed this period of suspended judgment so quickly; and the Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun is accepted so generally and so heartily?

Why, plainly, because the Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun *gives the full advantage of the repeating action, without discount*—five shots, each loaded, fired and ejected by pressing the trigger; no shifting of the hands; less disturbance to continuous aim, owing to reduction in kick.

The Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun *puts the recoil to useful work*—to eject the empty and slip in the fresh shell. It saves the gunner's shoulder—increases his shooting average.

This Company has been inventing and building firearms for ninety-six years. And when we say that the Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun and the Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle are mechanically the finest arms ever put out in America, we do so with the fullest knowledge of the facts.



We know the experience of men who are shooting them.

We have the opinion of alert dealers who are selling them—in your community and every other section of this country.

Go to this alert dealer. Get him to demonstrate the features of the Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun—the solid frame; the lock between the barrel and breech-block, which gives the Remington-UMC Autoloading Shotgun *more penetration and higher velocity than any other shotgun in the market.*

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The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

YOU are hearing a great deal nowadays about bank reform. But one of the best bank reforms that ever happened has been put into operation quite extensively during the last half dozen years, and comparatively little is said about it. This is the way it started:

In 1905 John R. Walsh was running two banks in Chicago—the Chicago National and the Home Savings. Mr. Walsh was a rugged, able, domineering sort of man, who for many years had been a conspicuous figure in Chicago finance and politics. Although he began as a newsboy, he was supposed to possess a large fortune outside of his banks. His banking policy, so far as anybody knew, had always been characterized by extreme conservatism. His banks were very successful, paying handsome dividends to the stockholders. The Chicago National held about twenty million dollars of deposits and the Home Savings over four millions. No bank anywhere in the country now stands higher in public confidence than the Walsh banks stood in the fall of 1905.

One of the shrewdest investors in bank stocks in Chicago—a man with exceptionally good means of judging their value—bought a block of Chicago National shares that fall round three hundred and seventy dollars a share.

In fact, on Saturday of the week before Christmas three hundred and seventy-three dollars a share was bid in the market for Chicago National stock, and three hundred and fifty dollars a share for Home Savings stock. The banks closed as usual that Saturday—and never opened again. On the following Monday morning notice of their insolvency was published.

A dozen years before, Mr. Walsh had taken over an Indiana stone quarry that had borrowed money from him and could not pay. Then he had acquired a small railroad as an outlet for the stone; then a little bigger railroad to give the small one better connections. Finally he had undertaken to build a connecting line into Chicago. For months and months he had been steadily pouring the assets of his banks into this railroad speculation, using dummy notes signed by clerks.

National bank examiners had regularly inspected the Chicago National. State bank examiners had duly investigated the Home Savings. But the actual situation was not known to anybody except Walsh and two or three subordinates until the week before the failure. Mr. Ridgley, the comptroller of the currency at that time, was notified on Thursday. He reached Chicago Sunday, met the members of the clearing-house association, and the Walsh banks were immediately put into liquidation.

The Clearing House to the Rescue

As a matter of self-protection the clearing-house banks agreed to take over the assets of the Walsh institutions and to pay their depositors immediately in full. As every depositor was thus assured of receiving his money in full at once, the shock to public confidence was vastly softened. There was no run on any other bank, no hint of a panic. But in order to bring about that comparatively happy result the clearing-house banks were obliged suddenly to assume some twenty-four million dollars of liabilities of the Walsh banks—on which, as a matter of fact, they finally met a considerable loss.

Less than two years later there was a stock-market panic in New York, brought about as usual by a combination of over-speculation and tight money. There had been some peculiarly scandalous manipulations of copper stocks. Heinze, who was supposed to have taken a hand therein, had been forced to resign the presidency of the Mercantile National Bank, a comparatively small concern.

A bank out in Butte of which he was president had closed. Banker Morse, more or less associated with Heinze, was under fire, and the stock market was in a decidedly panicky condition.

So long as it was simply a stock-market panic the country at large, as usual, looked on quite complacently. But in the inner circles of Wall Street a rumor began to circulate touching the condition of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, whose president had been doing some rather extensive promoting. Naturally this rumor reached the ears of Valentine P. Snyder, president of the National Bank of Commerce, New York's second largest bank, through which the Knickerbocker Trust cleared.

What happened next is thus described by a man on the ground floor:

"Mr. Snyder immediately telephoned Mr. Barney to come over and see him. 'They're talking about you,' he said when Mr. Barney arrived. 'It isn't a time to ignore talk. Now if you are going to need any help at the Knickerbocker Trust it will be up to us to do the helping. I want to know just how you stand.'

"'Why, we're all right,' Mr. Barney replied. 'The Knickerbocker Trust will need no help at all. We shall be amply able to take care of ourselves. If you've heard any gossip about us, just dismiss it from your mind.'

"The Knickerbocker Trust was one of the largest banking institutions in the country, with more than sixty million dollars of deposits. Mr. Barney, its president, enjoyed a very high reputation as a financier. So Mr. Snyder duly dismissed the rumor from his mind."

A Hurry Call for Ten Millions

"On reaching the Bank of Commerce next day he found waiting for him two directors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company and a stranger. The two directors introduced the stranger to Mr. Snyder as the new president of the Knickerbocker Trust, Mr. Barney having retired. The two directors also confessed that the trust company needed assistance.

"'How much shall you need?' Mr. Snyder asked.

"'We think five millions will see us through,' the directors replied.

"'If you think you will need five millions,' said Mr. Snyder, 'you will need ten. Go back to the trust company and make up a list of fifteen million dollars of the best collateral you have. Meanwhile I will get the clearing-house committee together to arrange a loan. Bring your list of collateral over to the clearing house. There's no time to lose.'

"Mr. Snyder telephoned the members of the committee to meet him at the clearing house, where he laid the situation before them. They were much shocked and not a little frightened to hear that the Knickerbocker Trust was in deep trouble and must have ten million dollars immediately. Conversation at the clearing house proceeded for some time; but the directors with their list of collateral did not appear. Finally Mr. Snyder left the clearing house and hurried over to the Knickerbocker Trust to urge on the directors. They had a list of collateral about made up. Mr. Snyder looked it over and saw there was no probability that the clearing-house committee would accept it as security for ten million dollars. Whereupon he telephoned back to the committee that the Bank of Commerce would not clear for the trust company on the following day. This notice necessarily was made public and the failure of the trust company promptly followed. Mr. Barney committed suicide a fortnight later."

It should be understood that the Bank of Commerce, in acting as clearing agent for the trust company, made itself responsible for all the checks that might be drawn upon the trust company on a given day, a responsibility which the bank was no longer willing to assume.

The failure of the great Knickerbocker Trust Company was a portentous affair. The New York banks at once resorted to clearing-house certificates, which means a suspension or restriction of cash payments. Banks all over the country promptly followed that example. It was no longer a mere stock-market panic, but a nation-wide affair, laying a paralyzing finger on business everywhere.

Now the basic similarity between this and the Walsh case is that a great banking institution was deeply involved; but the other banks, whose fortunes were inevitably bound up with it to some extent and from whom alone it could expect help, knew

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Sum it up and you won't fail to mail us the coupon below—think of it, a handsome style book that costs you nothing—we even prepay the postage. An opportunity to purchase clothes direct from New York—made to your measure by the finest custom tailors in any one of the latest and most aristocratic styles.

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nothing about its actual condition. And the panic of 1907 was decidedly a bankers' panic. It was the fright of bankers, not the fright of depositors, that brought on the calamity.

So, beginning in Chicago, banks decided that thereafter they would know about the condition of institutions with which they must stand or fall in time of trouble. The clearing-house association of that city instituted an independent, thoroughgoing examination of every bank that enjoyed clearing-house privileges, which means every bank in the city big enough to do any damage.

This examination is decidedly more searching than that of the official national or state examiner, because the clearing-house examiner not only lists every separate item of a bank's assets—every bond, stock and note—but submits that list to a committee comprising three of the ablest bankers in the city, whose competence to pass upon every item is unquestioned. This system has been adopted in nearly every other clearing-house city, although with some modifications in some instances.

Wherever it is adopted and vigorously carried out, the banks have every reason to feel assured that they know what one another's condition actually is and that no thunderbolt out of a clear or partly cloudy sky, such as sudden knowledge that a Chicago National or a Knickerbocker Trust is insolvent, will throw them into confusion and panic.

Delinquent Directors

This is one of the best banking reforms that has happened in a generation, although the Money-Trust inquiry tried to discredit it. Another valuable reform goes with it. The Walsh banks were one-man concerns. The directors were mere dummies, subordinates of Walsh who depended upon him for their positions, or men under other obligations to him, or men who trusted everything to him and paid no attention whatever to the banks.

With honest directors of ordinary business ability who really attended to the duties of their office, no bank could possibly be looted and no bank would ever fail, excepting possibly in some tremendous financial convulsion. For the banking business is essentially very simple. There is nothing recondite about it. The rules of sound banking are so few and plain that it is doubtful whether a single bank depositor in the last fifty years has lost a single dollar except through downright dishonesty on the part of the management. With the margin of its own capital and surplus to protect depositors against bad judgment in making loans, any bank that sticks to a legitimate banking business can be sure of paying its depositors in full.

It is very easy for directors to see that a bank is sticking to a legitimate business. A little exertion on their part in the way of examinations will insure it.

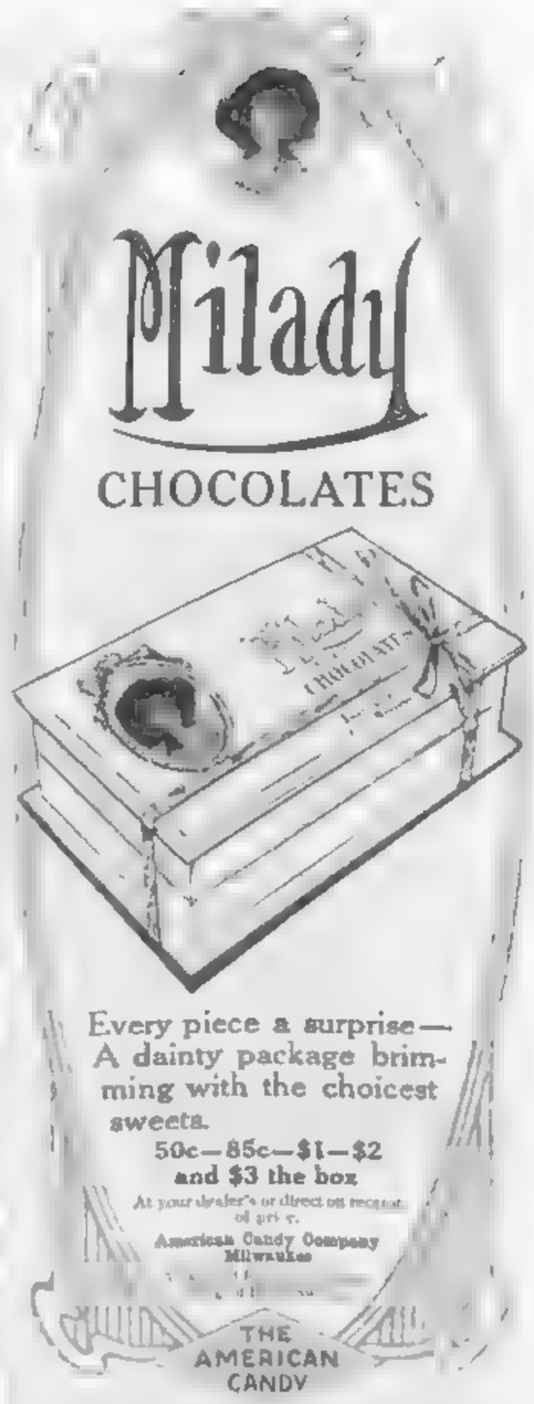
Comptroller Murray spent a considerable part of his eight years' incumbency of office in persistently nagging directors of national banks into doing their duty. He insisted that they attend board meetings and actually acquaint themselves with the affairs of the bank. For a while this made him rather unpopular with bank directors. But there is no doubt that his efforts have brought about more actual directing on the part of directors, and a good many state bank departments have adopted the same policy. Superintendent Van Tuyl, of the New York State Banking Department, says:

"Every banking institution which has failed in New York State in the last few years has had well-known men on its board of directors. But they were directors in name only. In almost every case they had delegated their powers to an executive committee whose members never appeared to be aware of their proper duties and were content to be guided by the will of those in control."

In fact, dummy directors and bank failures go together.

To be assured of the solvency of any bank all you need know about it is that the directors are honest men of ordinary business judgment and that they actually attend to their duties.

The clearing-house examinations of city banks and the general prodding up of bank directors everywhere to do their duty constitute a banking reform of first-rate importance, although not much is heard about it.



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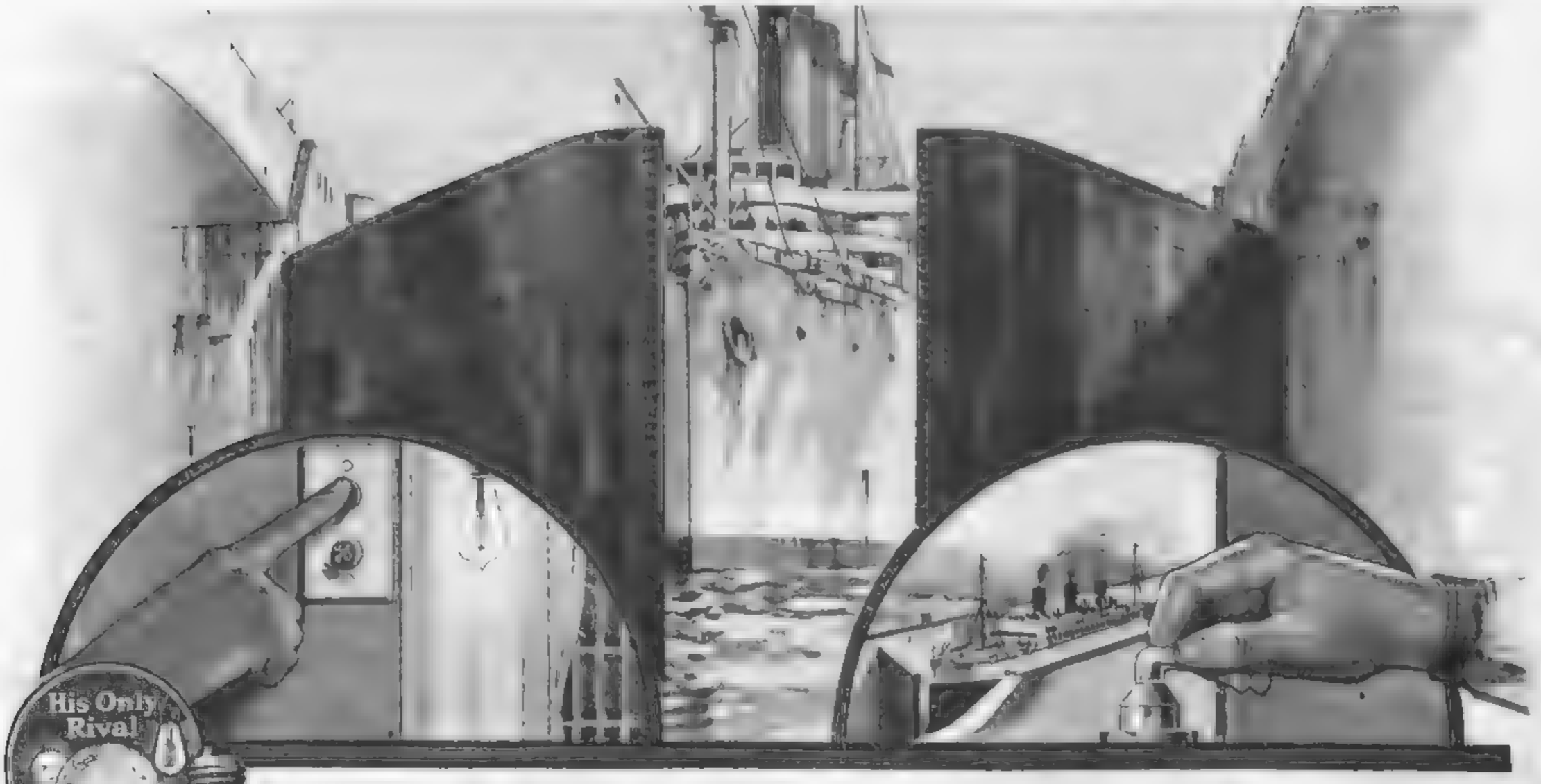

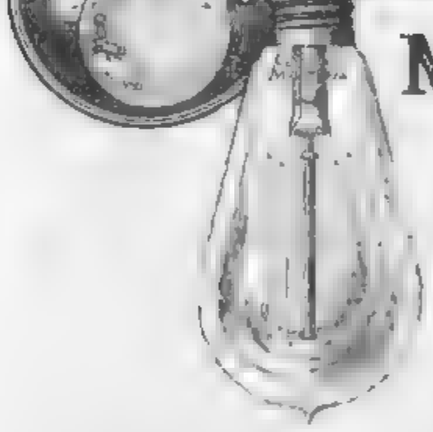

Master Forces under man's hand Panama's Power — Sunlight's Rival

WHEN the touch of a man's hand on an electrical controller opens the giant-gates of the big Canal as easily as a child might open the doors of a doll's house, that hand is using the same resources of inventive skill that give us a flood of light when we turn the switch of the Mazda Lamp.

Both the hand on the controller and the finger on the switch-button tell the same story—the story of electrical achievement.

And stupendous as is the electrical engineering feat at Panama, there is an equally big significance to humanity in the triumph of the Mazda Lamp.

As the electrical machinery at Panama helped cleave the barrier between the two oceans, so the Mazda Lamp has shortened by *two-thirds* the journey towards cheaper electric light—for the Mazda saves *two-thirds* of the current demanded by the old style lamps of equal candle power.

The G-E achievement in drawn-wire tungsten, as revealed in the Mazda Lamp, transformed the whole lighting problem in home, in office and in workshop. The current thus saved enables you to enjoy the labor-saving washing machine, vacuum cleaner, sewing machine and other household comforts driven by G-E motors.

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Let your lighting company or any electrical dealer show you also the G-E Ozonator, the Edison Mazda Lamp and the many G-E conveniences now available for your home.

In choosing these valuable home helps you have the assurance that those bearing the G-E trade-mark are backed by the same vast resources of knowledge and experience which have mastered the biggest problems of the world's electrical engineering.

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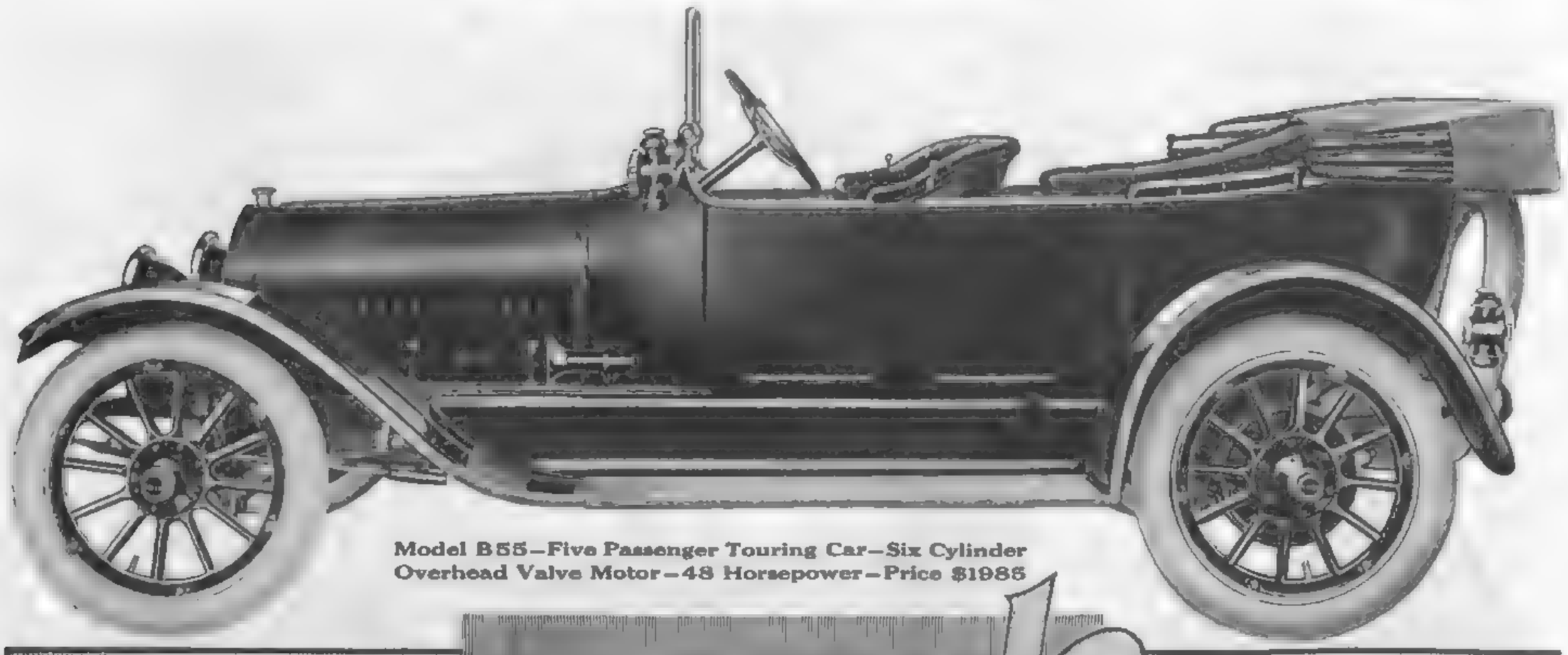
It costs no more to purify office air with a G E Ozonator than it does to light a desk with an Edison Mazda Lamp

Use all three an hour for less than a cent's worth of electricity



Model B55—Five Passenger Touring Car—Six Cylinder
Overhead Valve Motor—48 Horsepower—Price $1985

The Buick Six

The Giant Overhead Valve Buick Motor with the Multiplied Power, the Smooth Balance, Flexibility and Silence of Six Cylinder Construction

The basic reason for a six is more power. And that is a basic reason for a *Buick* in *any* model. The man who wants a six wants a Buick Six, when he knows motors. Because he knows the Buick Overhead Valve Motor delivers more power than others, cylinder for cylinder, of equal size. Why compromise? That extra power is not charged in the price of the car. It is a mechanical advantage—maximum efficiency. *And that extra power costs you less on the road.* The overhead valve is a gasoline saver—as well as a spur to power and speed. If you are not convinced of that, ask any of the 150,000 Buick owners.

Smoothness, flexibility and silence are expected of a six. But there are degrees of these advantages. A demonstration will insure your surrender to the Buick standard on these features.

Delco Electric Cranking—Lighting—Ignition on all Buick Models for 1914

Electricity puts the finishing touch of practical convenience on the sturdy Buick structure. The Delco System is built into every 1914 Buick. It does its work of starting the motor and furnishing electricity for lamps and ignition as perfectly as the Buick engine lifts the car over hills or through sand. It is just as worthy of the Buick name as the Overhead Valve Motor. Try to think, if you can, of any more powerful, usable motive force than a Buick Six Overhead Valve Motor cranked by the Delco System.

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Every 1914 Buick will be driven from the left side. The gear-shift and emergency brake levers are in the center. Your right hand controls them. Your position at the left gives you a good view of the road and of passing traffic.

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MOTOR—Six cylinders—overhead valve type—famous for its power on hills and at high speed—48 actual horsepower by brake test

Electric cranking, Electric headlights, side lamps, tail lamp and dash lamp. Motor driven Electric horn

LEFT SIDE DRIVE. CENTER CONTROL.

WHEELBASE—130 inches.

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DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

BODY—5 passenger touring or 2 passenger roadster.

Advance specifications in detail mailed promptly on request

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A Buick Contract is a business asset; it was designed to make you make money. Its protection is an assurance of a satisfactory business. You'll make a fast friend of every customer. Immediate returns—a volume that increases astonishingly. Buick dealers don't change—*ask us why.*

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, Flint, Michigan

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

OUT-OF-DOORS

Hunting the Deer

IN A PROMINENT club of a Western city there may be seen a series of old German woodcuts depicting divers fashions of the chase of the deer a century or so ago in Europe. It would appear that the main thing in those days was to get the deer in any way he could be had. There are scenes showing deer chased by greyhounds, trailing hounds—all sorts of dogs; deer caught in heavy nets; deer driven into pens; deer driven through chutes past a platform containing noblemen firing upon them at a distance of three or four yards; deer pursued by horsemen, footmen—all sorts of men. In short, there would seem to have existed at the time these cuts were made a vast, delirious desire to exterminate the whole deer family as soon as possible.

Something of that same desire seems to have existed from that day to this. The chase of the stag has always been held to be one of the highest forms of all sport; and today, much as in the past, the game seems to be to give the said stag as small a show as possible.

If memory serves aptly as to figures there were shipped last year from Maine, subject to the game laws, not less than five thousand two hundred and eighty-three carcasses of white-tailed deer, not counting those consumed within the state. The deer-license fund of Maine annually makes an enormous sum, itself only a tithe of the money spent in the state by deerhunters. Indeed, in Maine, New Brunswick and Ontario, moose and deer are regarded as valuable state resources. In all the states of the Union that have deer, stiff license fees are exacted from residents and nonresidents; and few states allow the shipment of more than one deer—that one to be accompanied by the killer of it. The day of five-cent venison is gone, and in these days a deer is a deer!

Yet, keen as has been the chase of the stag all these centuries, and increasingly efficient as have become all the agencies employed against him, the white-tailed deer of America at least holds his own astonishingly well. There are more deer in Maine and New Brunswick than there were twenty years ago. The hunting areas of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are now more restricted, but the current season shows the stock of deer about as large as ever. Indeed, there are more deer now in these states than there were when lumbering operations were at their height and when most of the camps were fed on venison.

The marketing of venison in the cities has become a far more difficult proposition, and the bag limit has been cut down. Given any kind of a chance the Virginia deer will take care of itself. Naturalists rank the species with the bob-white quail and the black bear in ability to fend for itself in a semi-civilized country.

The Need of Stricter Game Laws

Nearly every man who hunts at all has dreams from his youth up of killing a deer sometime. He pictures the whole thing out to himself, and always makes himself out a hero in the experience. Sometimes he lives to see his deer—perhaps to kill him—and sometimes he is not much of a hero; but, whether or not he does or is, he holds this well-nigh universal human ambition—that of sometime slaying one of the wariest and noblest creatures of the wilderness, a stag. Mostly his stag is a doe.

There is no animal more intimately mingled with hunting romance or hunting traditions—none which serves more to set a hunter's blood atingle. Perhaps there is more excitement about deerhunting than any other kind of big-game hunting.

For instance, I have killed many bears of all sorts; but, though I have not cared for many years to kill a deer, a recent hunt developed the fact that there is fully as much nervous jolt in seeing a good, big deer as there is in meeting a bear, though the two sensations are entirely different. Perhaps it is the great alertness, beauty, power and speed of the deer that make the hunter's blood start and his eyes shine eagerly. Getting your bear after you see him is rather more of a business undertaking. In any case the zest of hunting the deer is centuries old, and is still as keen as ever.

As showing the popularity of the sport of deerhunting, it is estimated that there were between forty thousand and sixty thousand deerhunters out in Wisconsin alone last season—the figures are hard to obtain with exactness. Express cars coming down out of the pine woods in the month of November sometimes are packed almost full of deer carcasses—not so many now as when two or three deer might legally be exported, but still hundreds and hundreds in the total.

So it seems we Americans may still in goodly numbers enjoy the ancient and royal sport of hunting deer. We should be able always to enjoy it did we look upon the matter in a businesslike way and refrain from killing all the deer we could at all possible times. The likelihood is that, in view of the great interest that attaches to this splendid game creature, measures will be taken to prevent its extermination at an early date. State preserves, private preserves, interstate commerce laws, local game laws and, best of all, a public sentiment back of these laws, will very likely conspire to leave us the Virginia deer for many decades—let us hope for many centuries to come.

The most curious phenomenon of our deerhunting today is the fact that literally armies of hunters of all sorts, rich and poor, go out each fall for deer. The fall hunt is not so much a business proposition in the South as in the North, but in much of the pine wilderness of the North it comes near to being made a business; and the sport in its different phases has been brought to a high degree of efficiency.

Two Modes of Hunting

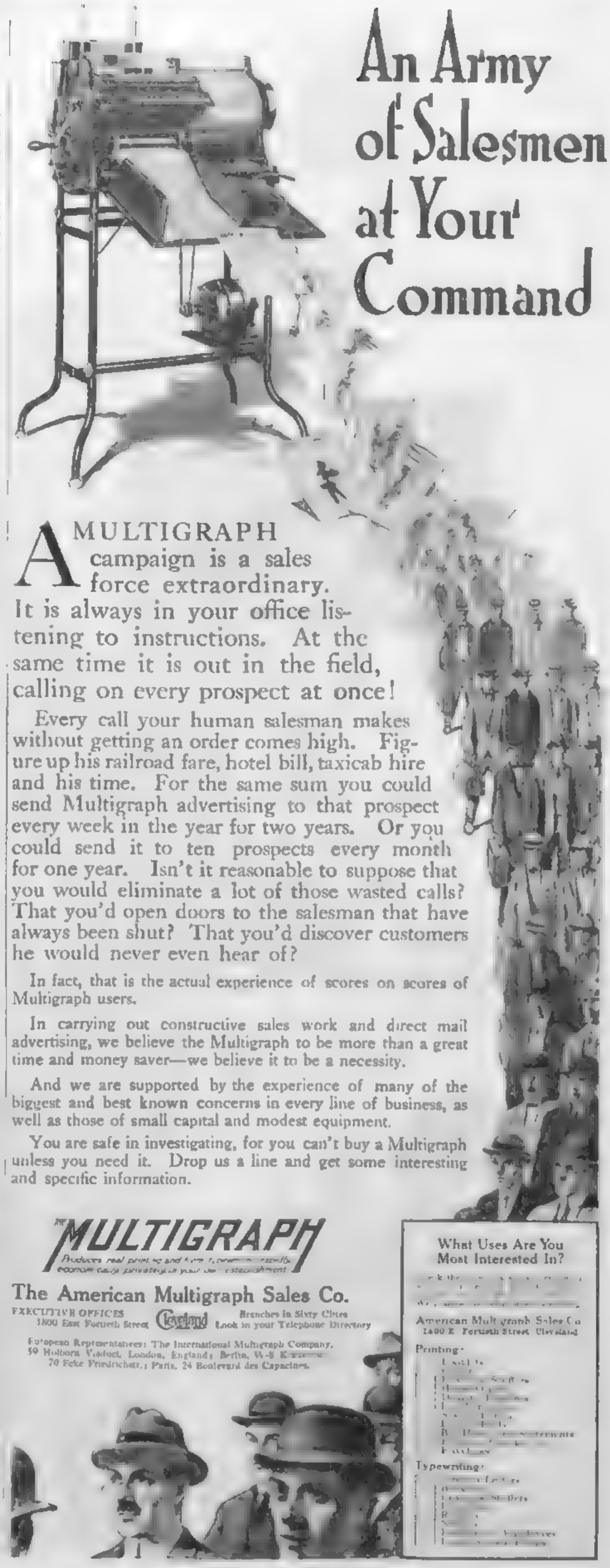
There are several ways of hunting the white-tailed deer, varying with the conditions of the country where it is found. In the South dogs are still used in the canebrakes, though hounding is prohibited by law in the states of the North. The shotgun is used in the South, but not in the North. In some parts of the South "breasting deer" is practiced, a party of horsemen in line driving them out of their cover in the grass. I once had keen sport coursing deer in the old Indian Territory with greyhounds—and it took a bit of riding to see a finish there!

Watching for a deer on a runway or at a salt-lick has been known to be successful, and more than one camp cook has made a deer-lick out of a pork barrel. "Shining" deer by jack-light in the summertime round the edges of lakes or streams is perhaps the most abominable of all ways of being lawless.

As deer are hunted today on the big camp-hunts of the North, the two commonest forms of the sport are driving and stillhunting. The latter is more difficult, the former perhaps more generally successful. Indeed, most of the deer killed in the woods are driven to the gun either by intent or accident. When the big influx of hunters begins on the opening day the deer are disturbed and run about a great deal—more than they would normally, even in the rutting season; so that a man passing across the country or sitting by some runway may now and then get an unearned shot at a deer that has been driven by some one else.

It seems to be the custom now for men to go deerhunting in large parties. The railroads used to solicit communities for deerhunting parties. One morning at a Wisconsin town a hundred and sixty-five deerhunters, all from Ohio and Indiana, stepped casually off the train. In most of this Northern country large camps, each with its own cook, locate here and there, either in big tents or in abandoned logging camps. With so many men in camp the drive is the most natural fashion of hunting; though, in order to practice it successfully, the leader must have a good knowledge of the country. Of course, if only two or three men are out stillhunting, very often a little drive will be made, one man going through a clump of bushes while the others wait on the farther edge. Little or big, the principle of the drive is the same.

Deer move about, like all other wild animals, mostly in the morning or in the evening; and in the daytime they lie under cover. As dawn approaches they are ready



An Army of Salesmen at Your Command

A MULTIGRAPH campaign is a sales force extraordinary. It is always in your office listening to instructions. At the same time it is out in the field, calling on every prospect at once!

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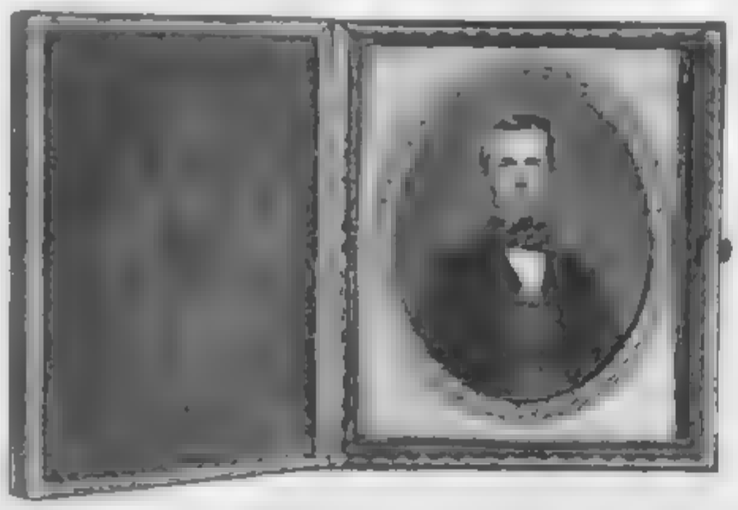
There was excuse in the old days for not having pictures taken at frequent intervals.

But to-day, clever photographers, in comfortable studios, with fast plates and fast lenses at their command, make the experience a pleasure.

And you owe this satisfaction to yourself and to your friends.



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Your furniture will look beautiful and bright—just as attractive and charming as though you'd had it newly finished—after you dust with

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Off comes dust, dirt, grease, grime, unsightly stains and blemishes, and **on** comes all the original beauty of the finish. It makes and keeps a piano like new; restores the finish of furniture and woodwork; cleans and polishes hardwood floors, brightens linoleums and oil cloth—there is almost no end to the uses of LIQUID VENEER in your home.

Remember, to make and keep everything looking like new merely moisten an ordinary cheese cloth with LIQUID VENEER and dust with it.

Get a bottle today—it's sold by good Furniture, Hardware, Grocery, Drug, Paint, Auto Supply and Department Stores everywhere under guarantee of satisfaction or your money refunded.

Be sure you get the yellow carton with the black tilted name, LIQUID VENEER

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y

to start out at any small alarm; so that is the best time to make a drive. Suppose we have a spruce thicket shot through with second growth or crossed by a cedar swamp, making a heavy cover half a mile or a mile across. If much of the surrounding country be more or less open this thicket is apt to conceal several deer. To drive them out is really a very cruel thing to the hunters who make the drive, for they will be obliged to get up at about four o'clock in the morning, eat a breakfast by candlelight, and walk or ride in the dark—perhaps several miles—to the appointed cover.

The drive is very often made against the wind, but much depends upon the lay of the country. Before the drivers begin their work they allow plenty of time—perhaps half an hour or more—for the hunters to take their stands on the farther side of the thicket. Each man gets on top of some eminence, so that he may shoot down and not across the country. A good stand is a hill at the edge of some marsh, where a path leads out of the thicket. A driven deer will not always stick to his runway, but he is most apt to pass out at some gap of the high country surrounding the thicket. The hunter on stand usually gets on top of a high stump, so that he can cover as much country as possible—say, two hundred yards on each side. He ought to be at his station as soon as it is light enough to shoot, though several drives may be made later in the day.

Scent and Speed

The sound of a shot puts every station man on his feet, eagerly watching his edge of the cover. Perhaps, long before he hears the voices of the beaters approaching, he may hear the faintest snapping of a twig and wonder whether it is the work of the wind, a bird or a deer. Then all at once, perhaps, ghostlike—not with any sudden crashing burst of speed, but gently, easily, silently, astonishingly gracefully—a deer breaks cover before him or at one side; you never can tell just how or where or when. That is the hunter's chance. If he does not kill he is sure to be disliked by all the rest of the hunting pack.

It is not difficult to hit a running deer, and few deer are killed standing. As a deer breaks from cover it does not seem to be very much alarmed. It may pause, look back, and trot or lope slowly ahead. If much alarmed it will run steadily, alternating low jumps with very high ones; but it rarely has the steady speed of the antelope in open country. There are all sorts of chances that interfere with the shot, but if you have two or three seconds of sight at a deer inside of a hundred and fifty yards he ought to be your deer.

The sense of scent in the deer is very acute; and as it runs into the wind it is on the alert to catch any scent of danger ahead. Hence the value of an elevated position, for then the deer will not scent you so readily—if at all. Guides say a deer will not smell you if you are eight feet above it. Also a running deer will not see you if you move, though your slightest movement will be detected by a standing deer.

In any case, when you see your deer you have your chance; and you must fire promptly, being careful not to shoot over the rim of the next hill, endangering the life of another watcher or one of the drivers. Shoot downhill or into the flank of the next hill—never into the free air.

The height of the art is to kill your deer clean with your first or second shot; but, as a matter of fact, in actual hunting conditions most amateurs worry down their deer in the chance-medley, haphazard work of rapid riflefire. In some way they get the range better after a while.

The common cause of missing is, of course, over-shooting. Here comes in the astonishing faculty a buck deer has for disturbing the excitement nervous system of an able-bodied man. Unless he has the coolness of the natural hunter he is apt to bang away without getting down into his hind sight. This is why as many deer are wounded as are killed. Of course a hunter with cold nerve does not take all sorts of chances; but if a deer passes him in good view under a hundred and fifty yards he simply kills it—that is all. The man who gets rattled will miss many shots at forty or fifty yards—and have many of them to miss too; for sometimes a deer will break cover astonishingly close at hand.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on deerhunting. The second will appear in an early issue.

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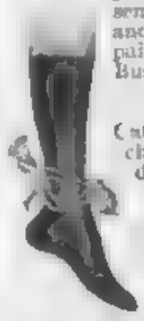

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BEATING BACK

Continued from Page 5

and assaulted a little one must expect to be shot. His father, of course, saw it in a different light. He had always been afraid of what Al might do in a temper, and he told him so with emphasis while he took steps to find just what had happened in Valk's Theater. The super-captain had not died, it appeared. The ball had passed cleanly through his shoulder; he was at work within a week.

So, by contrast, Al settled down to read law. The next summer, feeling his restlessness upon him, he played solo alto in the band of an old-fashioned wagon circus. And that autumn his family secured him a cadetship—equivalent to a scholarship—in the University of West Virginia.

In equipment and experience this was probably the strangest freshman who ever presented himself for matriculation. He had never received a day's instruction in grammar. He knew hardly any geography. He could add and subtract, but the multiplication table was to him as logarithms. On the other hand, he had a wide general acquaintance with English literature, carried universal history at his fingers' ends, and knew almost enough law for admission to the bar. The University of West Virginia—that state which, though loyal to the Union, had to bear with its secessionist sisters the heavy afterburden of the war—was still struggling to keep its head above water and took students on almost any terms. For two years Cadet Jennings divided his time between the grammar school of the preparatory department and the legal department.

Perhaps it is worth while to record one event of these school days, not only for its light on character, but because it had such a strange parallel in his later life. Wild and reckless, bored with the quiet of academic life, he founded the "U. of W. V. Guerrillas," a set of rough, surreptitious mischief-makers who delighted to overturn outhouses and break up class dances. The authorities knew that Jennings was the ringleader, but they lacked absolute proof. Whenever he was called to account Al, like a good lawyer, would refuse to affirm or deny the charges. Finally on a Christmas Eve, the Guerrillas stole four bags of powder and loaded them into an old cannon that stood on the square of the campus. They wadded the charge with rags, shotted it with broken bricks and touched it off with a fuse. The discharge blew the cannon from its carriage and broke the surrounding windows.

Al Decides to be Good

The next morning Al found himself on the carpet before Major Lee, a fine and respected old soldier.

"Jennings," said the major, "I believe you discharged that cannon."

"If you believe it," replied Cadet Jennings, "what's the use of me talking?"

The major looked him over.

"Jennings," he said, "you've got the makings of a man in you. You've never lied to me and I like that. You're an able boy and it would hurt me to expel you, but this can't go on. Why don't you settle down and go to work? I like you and I wish you'd play square with me." Suddenly Cadet Jennings found himself shaking hands with the major and promising to abide by the rules. Thereafter he was a model student. By the end of the year the major made him lieutenant in the cadet battalion.

Two years of this; then, having the general principles of law in his head, he grew impatient of looking to his family for support. His father and brothers had yielded to manifest destiny and gone West. He joined the band of the same old circus, with the idea of getting to his family and making a little money on the road. The solo cornet player fell out; Al secured the job for his brother Frank. The two played all summer in the mining camps and cattle towns of Colorado.

In the course of that tour he witnessed a tragic and desperate piece of heroism, which, even after all the melodrama of his bandit days, remains in his mind the bravest thing he ever knew. The circus train was running down from Leadville to Cañon City. They carried an exceptionally tough and drunken gang of canvasmen. The boss canvasman was a brutal fighter who ruled them by the power of his two fists. His forces had been sneaking away to get drunk. That night he swore a mighty oath that "they wouldn't run out on him again," and he padlocked from without the door of their bunk-car. Then he himself crawled into the car from the little high window at the end. There was a barrel of gasoline on the floor. Some canvasman, smoking against orders, dropped a match into it. In two minutes the car was a furnace—and the only outlet was that little high window.

The boss stood under the window, his clothes afire, throwing man after man out to safety, until the rescuers from without caught his arms and pulled him through. Burned beyond human semblance, he fought to get back. When his last breath left him, there beside the tracks, he was still fighting.

Tongue-Lashed in Court

When the circus disbanded, Al and Frank settled down with their father at Coldwater, Kansas, a new town, and were admitted to the bar. Al's first case is a picture of old court procedure in the West. A woman had been thrown off from her claim by an Englishman. She brought action. Al's father, Judge Jennings, held the brief for the plaintiff; Al took the case of the Englishman. Judge Jennings cast some aspersions upon the British attitude toward woman. This stirred up the Briton. He rose and started for the elder Jennings. The trial judge and the jury united in restraining him. Young Al, very nervous, grew personal in his summing up. He knew his father, he said; and the old gentleman had a genius for making black white. He urged the jury to disregard his father's eloquence and give their verdict on the merits of the case. "And father reared back," says Jennings, "and gave me the hardest tongue-lashing I ever got in my life. He fairly made me crawl inside. He took every one of my faults and laid them on the table. He asked them what they thought of a boy who'd talk that way to his old father, when he wasn't yet dry behind the ears.

"The jury gave me the verdict, but they did it because they were sorry for me."

Young Al, still quivering under this lashing, told his father two days later that he was going to quit law.

"Why?" asked his father. "You won, didn't you? And I gave you that roasting on purpose to teach you that when you face a court you've got to keep your temper and stand for personalities."

Al had acquired some property and was doing well at law when Fate and his own folly hurled him into another phase of life. While with the circus he had learned that he was a natural sprinter. He has been timed for the hundred yards in ten and a half; he might have done "even time" had he ever received expert coaching. An old professional sprinter named Foss—or so we will call him—appeared in Coldwater, traveling under an assumed name. He scraped up acquaintance with Al. They ran against each other; Foss could beat him six yards in a hundred.

Then Foss confided to Al the business that brought him to Coldwater. There was a sprinter in the next town who thought he could run. Foss had come incognito to get a match. Strangely, Al Jennings, for all his experience, had never heard of the "cross," the simple, primitive game that has discredited professional foot racing. He bet all his money on Foss; growing more enthusiastic, he hypothecated family property to bet. The race came. Of course Foss stumbled just after the start, recovered himself, and made a vain, plucky effort to catch his man at the tape.

"We were so astonished," says Al Jennings, "that nobody thought to shoot him."

Humiliated, in debt to his family, Al left Coldwater. His next stop was Boston, Colorado. You will look on the map in vain for Boston. It was one of those boom towns with which the pioneer business men of that era shook dice against fate. If they won, they had the foundation of a future Denver or Oklahoma City; if they lost, the place reverted to the primitive wilderness. Boston lay in the middle of a rich cattle country; but that was not the basis of its bid for prosperity. Las Animas, in which it was situated, is a large county. The boomers of Boston planned to divide the county and have Boston for the county seat. They put up a ten-thousand-dollar hotel and a street of stores; they laid out a town site and grew rich on paper, trading lots. They pooled all their ready money

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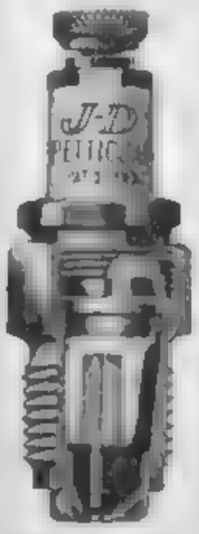

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in a fund to corrupt the Colorado legislature, which was in those days eagerly corruptible. The firm of Jennings Brothers—Al and Frank—kept a store, opened a real-estate office and pooled their funds with the rest.

Boston shared in the disorder of all towns of the cattle country. The cowboys used to come in from the ranges on Saturday nights and shoot up Main Street. On one day Boston had three funerals due to violence. A settler shot his neighbor. Since it was cold-blooded assassination, a band of the tougher citizens—the Jennings brothers had no part in this—lynched the murderer. That same afternoon an extremely drunken cowboy of bad reputation came into town and tried to kill the druggist. A bystander, drawing just in time, killed the cowboy. The one clergyman in Boston refused to bury him. Al Jennings, always a friend of the cattle element, conducted the services.

"Told all about his virtues," says Al. "Didn't take long."

There was another wild night—when Judge Jennings, by his courage and eloquence, kept a drunken mob from committing a lynching—before the bottom fell out of Boston. The legislature, as expected, voted for the division and for the creation of Vaca County, with Boston as county seat. But the governor vetoed the bill. A fire swept away most of the houses. A band of cowboys rode into town and shot up all that remained, which finished Boston. Over the town site now grow the alfalfa fields, and there is a watering trough on the foundation of the ten-thousand-dollar hotel.

The First Big Land Rush

That brings us to 1889, in which year Oklahoma was opened for settlement. To understand the rest of this story you must understand fully the civic condition, in that year and the following years, of the territory that is now the state of Oklahoma. It was then divided into two parts—Indian Territory and Oklahoma proper. The territory had long been the home of the Five Civilized Tribes. The legal system was dual—Federal law, with certain special provisions to fit Indian necessities, and the strict, often curious tribal laws which the Indians administered among themselves. The whites occupied this district only by a kind of courtesy. Some had married Indian women, and so became lords of principalities in Indian lands. Certain stockmen leased ranges from the Indians, often for trifling payments. Further, there was the element known contemptuously among cattlemen as nesters. These pioneer farmers were also leasers, usually agreeing to clear the land in return for a five-year tenure.

Oklahoma proper, the other end of the present state, had been held by the Government, practically untenanted, for the future use of the Indian tribes. By 1889, however, the Indian population had so dwindled, and the boomers had grown so insistent, that the Government threw it open for settlement. That was the first and greatest of our land rushes. The settlers lined up on the border. At the sound of a gun they rushed, the first comer to any tract seizing it by right of arrival and holding it often by force of arms.

The formal law of the land came early into Oklahoma. Within a few years it was a settled and orderly district. Now, less than a quarter of a century later, it is as though the old West had never existed in those prairies.

Until recently things went differently in Indian Territory. Held back from close modern settlement by its curious legal status, largely inhabited by Indian tribes that were civilized only in the relative sense, it became in the next few years the refuge for the "bad men" of the West, and for those who could live only under the gun law. The cattle business was changing. The range was shrinking every day. Under old conditions a man got his seventy-five or one hundred dollars a month for work which required nerve, resource and continual dalliance with danger. Now a line-rider at thirty dollars a month did the comparatively safe and monotonous work of keeping up the wire fences. Those who could breathe only under old conditions drifted to the territory.

There were four strata, roughly speaking, in white territorial society: First came the townspeople, living under Federal law about as people lived anywhere in new Western towns. A large part of them held

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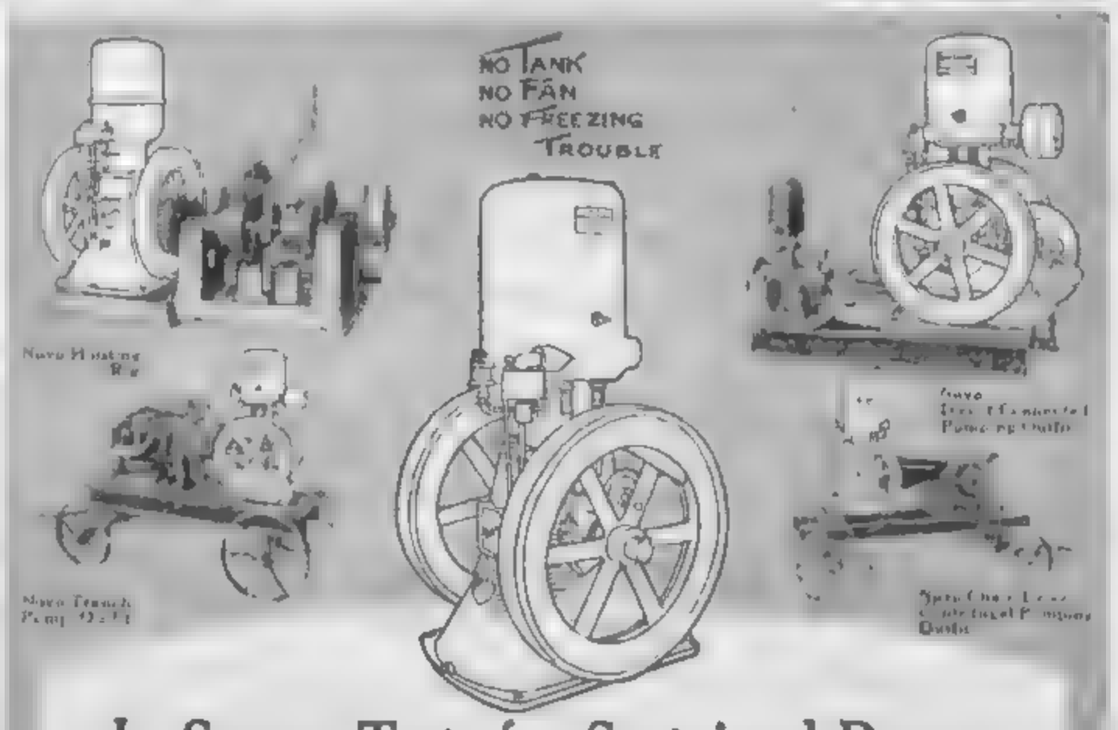

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employment, in one way or another, under the Federal Government. The territorial police were represented by the marshals, men of nerve and daring, under whom were the deputy marshals, a strangely mixed body. Some of them had both honesty and courage. Some had neither. Some, as will afterward appear, were actual accomplices of the criminals whom they took pay to hunt.

The nesters formed a class by themselves; generally, they were the sport of the third class, the cattlemen, and the prey of the fourth class, the outlaws.

The cattlemen and the outlaws had a loose affinity for each other. Here and there was a ranch that existed only as headquarters for outlaw raids. The boldest cattlemen protected the outlaws; even the more moral and timid ignored them and minded their own business—unless their property was molested, when they resorted to private vengeance.

So the outlaws—train-robbers, bank-raiders, brand-blotters, horse-thieves, and vendors of whisky in a district where whisky-selling was a crime—could depend on the country to assist and conceal them. It was as in the merry days of Robin Hood, when the outlaws shared their gains with the peasantry, and the peasantry made return by misleading the Sheriff of Nottingham.

A fair country it was, and is even now when the nester has conquered and the old days are utterly gone, and all Oklahoma, the Indian Territory included, has entered the sisterhood of states. We had no finer tract in our national domain than that which we gave these Indians. It rolls in gentle prairies, riotous with long grass and flowering shrubs. It is traversed by low hills and little mountain ranges covered with native forest. It is shot with clear streams, widening here and there to lakes. This story, however, has nothing to do with scenery. The pertinent fact is that these hills, watercourses, forests and thickets adapted themselves wonderfully to the uses of gentlemen in perpetual act of escape.

To the Oklahoma rush came Al Jennings, uprooted from Colorado by the explosion of the Boston boom. He wanted no land; he had his fill of that. He regarded Oklahoma simply as a good country in which to work up the practice of law. Frank, who will figure largely in the rest of this story, remained in Colorado and became deputy county clerk in Denver. Now approaching thirty, he was by all accounts a stalwart and attractive man. Unlike Al, he was not only athletic but big and powerful. Without Al's temper he was, nevertheless, all cool nerve. Once the fight was crowded on him, he was a mighty efficient fighter with either fist or gun.

Al's Early Ambitions

Al, after six months of roving in the new territory, finally hung out his shingle in El Reno. He grew popular. After Canadian County organized itself he became almost without opposition its county attorney. Ambition awoke. He says that he gave an honest administration, and I know nothing to the contrary. But as government came into Oklahoma, so did politicians; and this lone wolf of a man got on badly with them. Failing of renomination, he went to Woodward, Oklahoma, where his father and his brothers, John and Ed, were practicing law. For a few months he was adrift there, waiting for something to turn up.

Here we have him, near that middle point of life's road concerning which Dante sang, and I have tried to record only such incidents in his early life as will explain what happened later. Physically he had grown to be a little dynamo of strength and a greyhound of speed. His hundred and thirty pounds was all muscle and force. Of every rough, manly art the West knew he was master. Not only could he ride; he was a real horseman—which means something more than mere riding. In pistol-shooting, of the kind useful under old conditions, he figured as an adept. The crucial point in that kind of shooting was not marksmanship, but quickness on the draw. Al shot by "fanning" a single-action forty-five, with the trigger filed down. Used in that manner by an expert, a single-action gun was faster than a double-action. He shot a rifle from under his arm by sense of direction. In a rifle gallery he would have looked like a novice, but he was deadly on moving objects inside of the two-hundred-yard range.

In his infancy he had found a hostile world arrayed against him and had learned to battle for his rights. In the significant and vital years of childhood he had lived a man's life under the gun law. Servant of the formal law though he was, a feeling of the sanctity in private vengeance probably rested at the bottom of his thought; and in our crises we act, not upon the ethics of our formal training, but upon the impulses of our unconscious natures. He still believed at bottom that a private wrong was his own private matter. Thirty years had not cooled his hot, desperate temper.

Nor was he at rights with the morals of the modern world in other and slighter respects. Though he did not recognize it then, he admits it now. He had played the game of commerce, in his boom days at Boston, as the old boomer of the old West always played it. He had trafficked in worthless town lots. He had helped corrupt a state legislature. He administered honestly the office of county attorney, but perhaps that was partly because he cared less for money, in that period of his life, than for a political future, and partly because he had an ingrained sense of his duty toward his pals—represented in this case by the people of Canadian County. To desert a friend, to go back on an ally, was the blackest sin of his decalogue.

Southern Blood in the Southwest

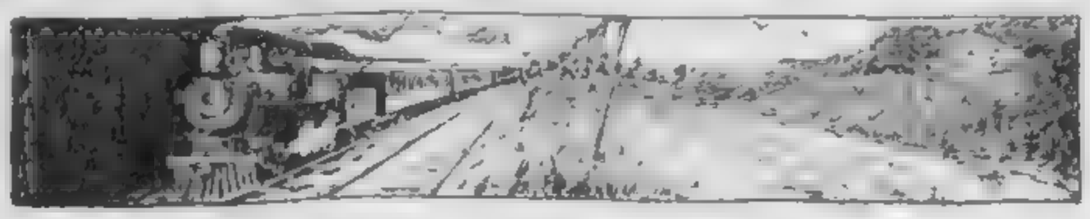
Such a complex nature as his cannot be expressed by any formula or set of formulas. But one other factor does something to explain it his aristocratic Southern blood. The historians of the old West have, it seems to me, ignored the part the Southerner played in making that curious, manly half-civilization which grew up in the West and Southwest during the twenty years after the war. Burning with the chagrin of defeat, convinced of the justice in their lost cause, stripped of their slaves and property, born or reared among the hideous disorders of a devastating war, they brought West not only their courage, their chivalry, their sentiment, but also their belief in the duello as a corrective of social disorder, and their resentment against the transition from a feudal state to an industrial state. To this type Al Jennings had bred true. Not least of all its traits in him was the passionate clan feeling which led by the road of tragedy to the overturn of his whole nature.

Jennings expressed all this to me in another way. He was talking of his ancestors. The first American Jennings, it appears, was William, a brother to Sir Humphrey Jennings, once an official at the court of George III, later a founder of the English iron trade and the unconscious cause of that chancery suit which Dickens made immortal in Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce. William Jennings was supercargo of a trading vessel owned by his brother. Just before the Revolution some insult of the government turned him against Great Britain. He sailed forth on the high seas and began to prey on British commerce. The Colonies, when hostilities broke out, gave him a commission and rewarded him when the war was over by a land grant in the Valley of Virginia. He was great-great-grandfather to Al Jennings. Through his mother's family Al inherits a streak of royal Stuart blood.

"That high, proud, overbearing blood has a lot to do with the way I acted," said Al Jennings. "When such people are picked on they believe in their bones that it's right to tear up the whole earth to get even."

Here the historian rests. From this point the story will be an autobiography, expressed, in many of the crucial passages, exactly as he talked it off to me in Oklahoma City, with the stenographer alternately chuckling and sobbing over her notes.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles telling the story of Al Jennings. The second will appear in an early issue.



The Binghamton
Factory Fire
Property Loss: Total
Life Loss: 31

The Average
Grinnell Blaze
Property Loss: $265
Life Loss: None

Which of These will *Your* Fire Be Like?

When 31 Girls Are *Burned Alive*

In a Binghamton Factory

The Public Should Know *Some Facts*

It is time these facts were known not only to engineers and insurance experts but to *you*.

31 Lives Could Have Been Saved

The owner of the Binghamton Clothing Company could not have known that Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers would have put out so quickly the little flame from which the fire started, that no life would even have been threatened. *You should know it.*

No Lives Lost in 16,539 Fires

He could not have known that Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers have extinguished 16,539 fires with an average loss of only $265 per fire and that no life has ever been lost where they were in commission. *You should know it.*

What $1200 Would Have Done

He could not have known that $1200 would have equipped his building with this best of all fire protection. *You should know what it will cost you to make your buildings safe with this dividend paying system.*

Pays a Regular Dividend

He could not have known that $1200 invested in Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers would have saved him $300 a year on his insurance premiums. *You should know that your insurance premiums can be reduced 40 to 90% by these sprinklers—should know that this reduction will pay for the sprinklers in 3 to 7 years and then earn you 15 to 50% a year.*

No Capital Necessary

He could not have known that construction companies will install Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers and take as their pay the money saved on insurance in a few years. *You should investigate this.*

More Than the Law Requires

He could not have known that an installation of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers would have put him above any blame because he would have done more than the law required. *You should put yourself beyond the possibility of blame.*

Remember Your Responsibility

If you have a factory or store, remember Binghamton and its 31 dead—the Asch Building and its 145 dead—Newark and its 25 dead.

If you have a child in school, remember the Collinwood School fire and its 175 dead

If you stop in hotels, remember the Windsor Hotel fire and its frightful toll of dead.

If you go to theatres, remember the Iroquois Theatre and its 786 dead.

If you go on steamboats, remember the General Slocum and its thousand dead. Then remember that

GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS

Would Have Prevented All of these Holocausts. Therefore Demand For You and Your Children the Protection that Protects

WHAT IS THE GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER?

The equipment is a system of overhead piping, on which impulse mechanisms, called sprinkler "heads" are placed at stated intervals. When the temperature under any head reaches 155 degrees, the head automatically opens, releasing a powerful, drenching spray of water directly on the fire, and sends in a fire alarm. It makes the fire *commit suicide*, before it has the slightest chance to spread. The efficacy of this method of fighting fire is proved by the fact that before the invention of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers the average loss in the best protected business risks was $7,361 per fire. Grinnells have reduced this loss to $265 per fire—a 96⅜% reduction.

Merchants and Manufacturers

Find out your profits from Grinnell Sprinklers by filling out and sending us the blank opposite. No obligation incurred. Information given will be held strictly confidential.

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY

277 WEST EXCHANGE STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Branches in leading 25 cities of United States and Canada

Total floor area of buildings to be equipped (including basement) — — —
Proximity of city water main
Size of main
Nature of business
Insurance carried on building . Rate
Insurance carried on stock . Rate
Signed ———
Address

Every Time You See a Fire Think of GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS

PRINCE ALBERT

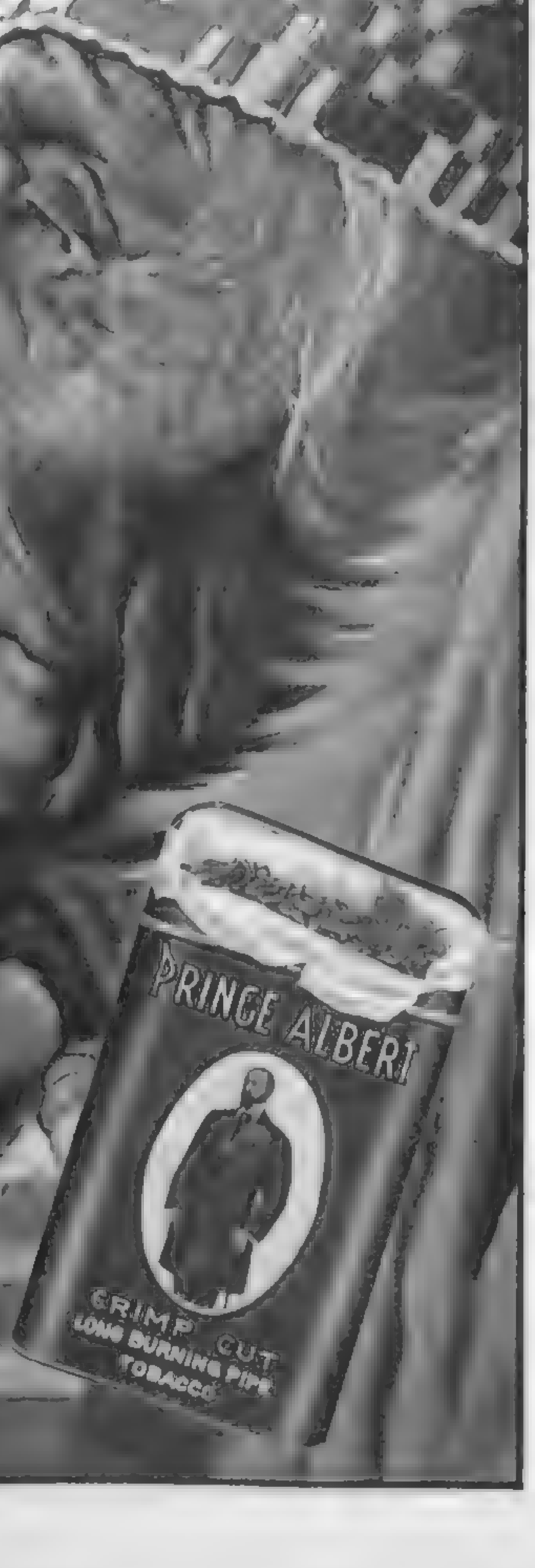
the national joy smoke

just everlastingly buries the hatchet over pipe-grouches. You sheath your scalping knife, old scout. Pack that favorite jimmy pipe tight with P. A. Tease it with a little fire and watch the old dream stuff come back in clouds of fragrant, cool smoke. No bite, no sore tongue—that's removed by our patented process.

Sold everywhere in the toppy red bag, 5c; tidy red tin, 10c; pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Crow Chief, "Child in the Mouth"



"TICKETS, PLEASE"

(Continued from Page 17)

"Tell him I don't like the looks of those clouds down next to Golden's Cone. Ask Mr. Van Cleve"—the superintendent—"whether I can't have a pilot engine go down ahead of us."

The operator demurred for a moment; then, remembering that Brown was a man who stood well along the line, he began calling the dispatcher. In a minute or two his sounder began to clatter.

"Mister—Van Cleve's—gone—for—the—day," read the operator in a low voice. "Tell—Brown—to—brace—up—and—get—off!"

Brown, however, was a typical conductor, reared in the traditions of his calling to have real authority, and he did not move away from the telegraph desk.

"You ask that dispatcher to get hold of Van Cleve—try his house—the club—the hotels."

Brown was almost disobeying orders—running amuck of all those earnest railroaders who say that an overland carrier should be run like an army, and orders from a superior should be obeyed to the point of death; but Brown came of a school where individualism counted.

They found the superintendent by using the telephone—just where does not so much matter. He asked a single question of his dispatcher:

"Who's running Five today?"

The dispatcher did not hesitate.

"W. K. Brown," he replied.

"If W. K. Brown wants a pilot to go out ahead of him give him what he wants," said the superintendent.

And it is worthy of record here that it was ten days before a train passed through the cañon. Three cloudbursts had wiped even more miles of track absolutely out of existence!

Train orders! They are supplemental to more than a fundamental construction of train operation. They are subject to the common sense and the thinking powers of thousands of Browns all the way across the land. Individualism does count in the make-up of the man with the ticket punch!

Nor is the mere collection of tickets a very easy matter for the conductor, even when folks are willing to tender them. There are many forms of tickets, though some of the railroads have been effecting some radical reforms looking toward simplicity in their interline tickets within the past few years. Your conductor must look sharp to it that he makes no mistakes. It is easy to accept a ticket whose date limit has expired and whose conditions have not been fulfilled. On long "circular" tickets there must be validations at various points on the route; there are almost innumerable special clauses that are not always stated upon the face of the tickets, as they should be.

Commuters in England

The English have done very much better than we in the matter of ticket simplicity, though it must be admitted that their railroad systems are far shorter and far less complicated. Yet the English ticket, with the points between which it is valid and the date upon which it expires printed in glaring type, is a joy to the ticket collector. And on an English suburban train there is not the regular punching of holes in commuters' tickets day in and day out; the ticket is plainly printed for the month or for the year, as its limits may be; and the London or Liverpool or Glasgow commuter merely displays it to the train guards and the collectors at the station exits. Compare this with the tendency on some of our American roads, which has reached so high a level as to demand that the commuter have his photograph placed upon his ticket each month, and you may account for a part of the difference in general sentiment toward railroads in the two lands.

It is due to these ticket complications in the United States, as well as to the fact that the conductor's head should be left clear for carrying the intricate chess game of train operation, that a number of railroads—particularly those employing long stretches of busy single-track traffic—have been adopting the policy of employing train auditors to assist the passenger conductors on the heavily laden trains. There has been a deal of comment about the employment of these auditors—not all of it friendly. It has been rather broadly charged that these men had been hired in many instances to prevent theft on the part of the men with the ticket punches.

It has been said that in the case of a single railroad the employment of train auditors on each of its trains brought an increase in passenger revenues in a single year of close to a half million dollars; but it should be remembered that this particular railroad had been honeycombed with graft for many years. Grand juries had examined its books, its high officers had been threatened with imprisonment, and its entire management for a long period was under the suspicion of a high scandal. And where—very rarely, thank Heaven—you find such a spirit at the top of a railroad you are apt to find it all the way down the structure.

Such instances are not fair to the passenger conductors as a body. Man for man and all together they stand, despite many temptations, as well if not better in morals than other organizations of the kind in the land. There is probably far less theft among the men with the ticket punch today than even twenty years ago; but you must remember that in two decades the entire land has progressed far in its distinctions of honesty. That which was recognized in 1890 as an accepted or traditional perquisite is plainly called theft today. The public conscience has become acute in many of these matters. It has even begun to take cognizance of the recognized and long-established forms of free transportation.

The Man for the Job

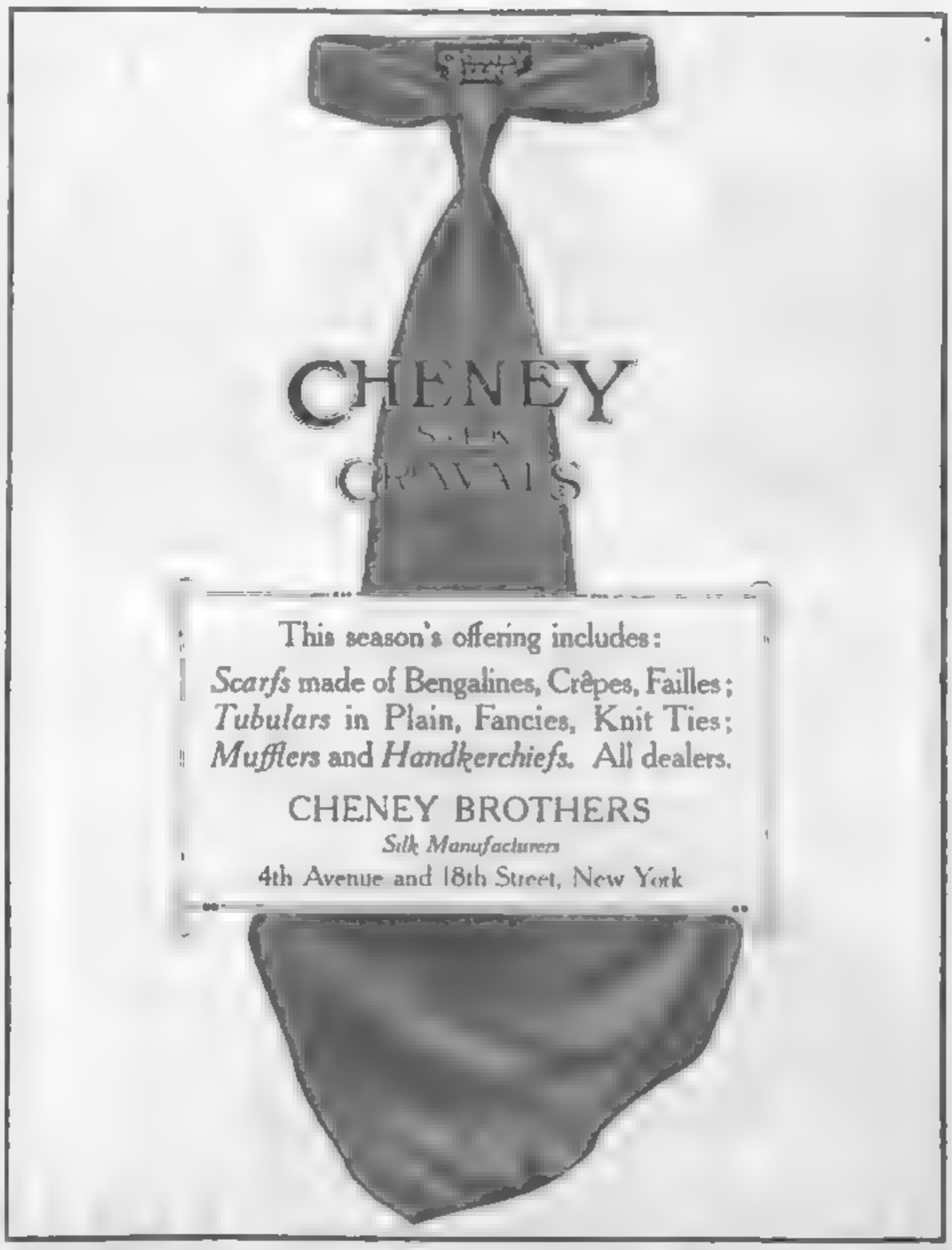
In the cases of other railroads auditors may be engaged with still another purpose in view. The strength of the wonderfully well-conducted brotherhood of these "knights of the ticket punch" has long since been felt by big operating men, and not in a way that gave them any sort of pleasure. The auditor is in a perceptible sense a minor officer of the company rather than of its rank and file. And largely for that reason there is as yet no brotherhood of train auditors; nor is there likely to be one for a long while. Though the superintendent must move with great care and according to carefully set grooves in making and unmaking his conductors, the general auditor can place his young men, who have had preliminary and careful training at his office desks, as the merit of each of them seems to demand. It is not always easy for a boy to step from a bookkeeping desk to a through train and meet the hard conditions of the road.

One of them, who went from the Chicago headquarters down to a run through an unvarnished corner of the Southwest, met his first real problem before he had been on the line a fortnight. The gentleman did not intend to pay his fare—the gentleman would not pay his fare, and told the trim young auditor so—profanely. The auditor looked about him. The rest of the train's crew, viewing him with no particular friendliness, had engagements elsewhere at that moment. There was another outburst of profane refusal. The young auditor thanked each of his lucky stars that he had trained his weight off in a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on the South Side of Chicago. A third profane outburst—a few brief moments represented by stars—and the profane gentleman found himself by the wayside watching the last retreating vestibule of the train upon which he had been a passenger.

He gathered himself together, sobered up and began a suit for heavy damages against the railroad. It looked bad for the road. Its general counsel shook his head sadly when he thought of the zeal of the young auditor. He had gone far beyond his authority. Then reports came up from the Southwest that made the general counsel sit up and pay attention. The profane gentleman was going to run for sheriff in a populous county; and after he had been elected sheriff there would be a certain railroad that had better look to its own.

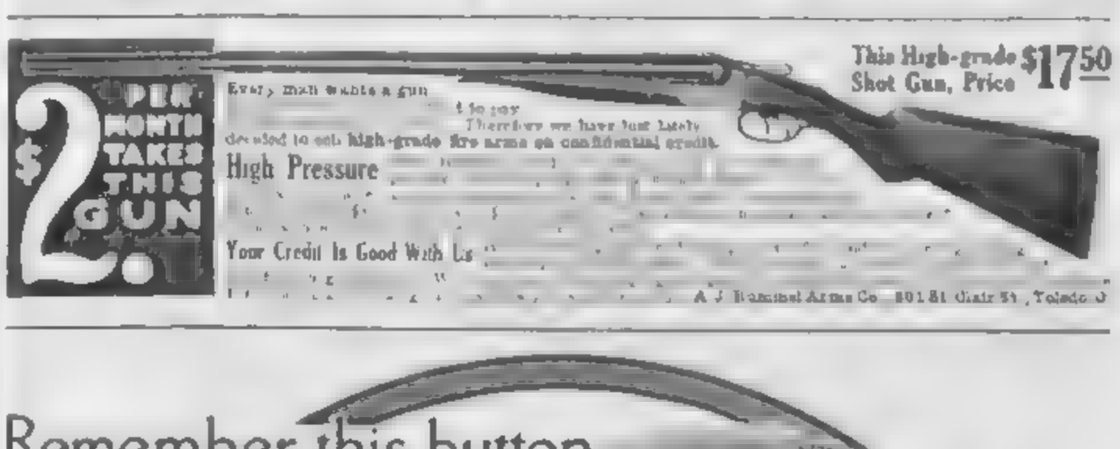
The general counsel went down into the Southwest. He was more of a practical soul than a mere lawyer, which was perhaps the reason why he was general counsel. He found his way to the office of the profane gentleman who was entering suit for damaged feelings—and other things.

"You had better forget that suit," said the railroad attorney.



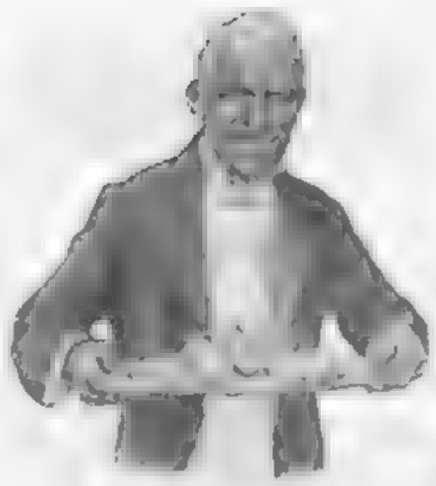
This season's offering includes:
Scarfs made of Bengalines, Crêpes, Failles;
Tubulars in Plain, Fancies, Knit Ties;
Mufflers and *Handkerchiefs*. All dealers.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York



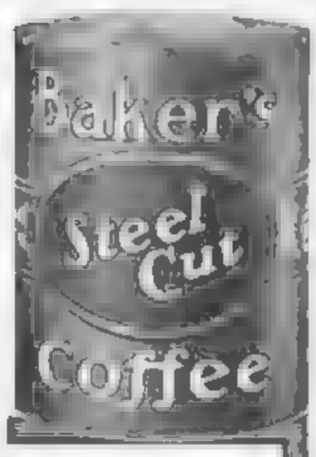
Remember this button
The old "clover's paring knife," referred to by Shakespeare, was selected many years ago as the Fownes trade-mark. Every pair of
FOWNES GLOVES
has the trade-mark on the clasp or button and the name Fownes inside the wrist. That name and trade-mark have always represented and always will represent—"your money's worth."
Try a pair of our heavy two dollar street gloves for Fall wear. If you are not familiar with Fownes quality, you will be surprised at the endurance and economy of these gloves and pleased with their fit, comfort and style.
If you have difficulty securing the genuine Fownes, write us, giving the names of the shops visited and we will see that you are supplied.
FOWNES BROTHERS & CO.
119 West 40th St., New York

40¢ Eastern Basis



None Better

35¢ Eastern Basis



Makes Sixty Cups of Delicious Coffee to the Pound

IF you are not already a user of our coffee, permit us to send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, and it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Bakerized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Bakerized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
116 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
246 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

SALESMEN WANTED

AMERICAN ART WORKS.

EDWARDS FIREPROOF STEEL **GARAGES**

For Automobiles and Motorcycles

$30 and Up

Easy to put up. Portable. All sizes. Postal brings latest illustrated catalog

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 341-391 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Make Your Tires Wear Twice as Long

Treat them with

NEVERLEAK

TIRE FLUID

This famous preparation positively heals ordinary punctures instantly and permanently. It closes them without your knowing it. Simply fills up the hole and hardens there—a perfect lasting plug.

With Neverleak in your tires you do away with 75% of all tire troubles. You get double the service out of your tires.

Drop in at your dealer's or any repair shop and ask for Neverleak. Put up in handy injector tubes, 25c each

Buffalo Specialty Co.
403 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Look For The Wood Core When You Order

Kalsomine

THEN you'll know you have the genuine—the strongest, the most satisfactory material for wall linings, ceilings, partitions, window trims, etc.

Impervious to cold, heat and moisture. The only wall board on which you can safely apply wall paper.

Send for Sample

Test it in comparison with other wall boards

Sold in strips four feet wide by one to eighteen feet long by dealers everywhere.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave. No. Minneapolis, Minn.

More profanity, of course, and finally an indignant demand as to what the railroad proposed to do in the matter. The general counsel announced his plan.

"I come from this state myself," he said quietly. "And I am perfectly willing to tell the people here of the courage of the man who wants to be sheriff and preserve the peace among them—the big man who was whipped by a youngster standing five-foot-four and weight under one hundred and forty pounds!"

The lawsuit was never brought.

Young train auditors of that sort have much to learn from the well-tried and well-born profession of the passenger conductor. We remember once riding on a passenger train of an Eastern railroad—a well-filled local train—when a young man and two young women entered and took facing seats. They always rode in Pullmans—or at least that was what the rest of the car was given to understand. They were beneath their level in a daycoach, and they were more than slightly critical of the road for not running a chair car on that local train.

To this choice trio, in the course of things, came the conductor. He was a veteran on that busy line, and most of the regular patrons of that train called him by his first name. He was another of those men worth more to the road than dozens of traveling agents or whole bushels of advertising literature. He stopped beside the young man.

"Tickets, please!" he asked.

The young man was reading to the young women and did not stir. One of the girls giggled, but did not look up.

"Tickets, please!" repeated the conductor.

The young man kept on reading.

"I'd like your tickets, if you please!" persisted the conductor.

The fellow dropped his magazine for an instant, drew out the three pasteboards and threw them into the aisle of the car.

The conductor's face grew pink with anger. If he had been outside that train he would have taken that snip of a young fellow up, put him over his lap and spanked him. But he wore the uniform of the railroad. He represented the railroad. After all these years he could not forget that. So he merely bent down, punched the three tickets, and—calmly deposited them upon the floor again.

Here you have had the passenger conductor—a real knight of the road—careful, discerning, courageous; a rare diplomat; perhaps in this commercial day of big things the spirit of the skipper of the famous old-time clipper ship reincarnate! He is worthy of the great railroad empire of the world. In Europe the state railroads of Germany or of France, the congested lines of Great Britain, have not his counterpart. He is a product of our nationalism and of the hard necessity that has hedged him in.

In passing it is worthy of note that some of the men who sit today in the highest executive positions of the greatest of our railroads have stood their long, hard turns with the ticket punch. The present chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, E. E. Clark—the executive at the head of the greatest transportation control in the world—was for many years a railroad passenger conductor; and his pride in his calling of those earlier years is unbounded.

Satisfaction

IN ONE of the interior villages of Georgia, where supplies are hard to get, the local merchants have an agreement to sell to one another at wholesale prices whenever there is a demand for something not in stock.

One day Bob Rumpus, who has a store there, sent over to Charley Criswell's for a gallon of gasoline, and Charley charged him full price for it. Bob said a few unkind things about Charley and Charley heard about them. So next day all the Criswells started for the Rumpus store. Bob heard they were coming and prepared himself.

He walked out on the porch with a sawed-off shotgun over his arm. The Criswell kinsmen stood round uneasily for a minute. Finally one of them said: "I hear you been makin' some remarks agin Charley here."

"Yes," Bob replied, gently waving his shotgun about, "I said the hull bunch of you is dirty liars and thieves."

There was a short pause. Finally Charley spoke up: "Well," he said, "you can't prove it."

My Customers Don't Know Me. They Know My Cigars

I sell cigars by mail on their quality—not on my personality nor the convenient location of my store.

The men who are my customers now once smoked 10c and 3 for 25c and higher priced cigars.

They did not, when they first heard of my cigars, believe that I could sell for $5.00 per hundred a cigar that would be good enough for them.

But I believed it. I knew it. So I went to them with an offer that showed how strong my convictions were.

I am still making this offer. I make it to you. Here it is:

I will, upon request, send 50 Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

My Panatela is a hand made long Havana filler and Sumatra wrapper cigar. I make it in my clean Philadelphia factory and sell (by the hundred) direct to smokers. This method of selling saves expense. It explains why I am able to sell a cigar direct and postpaid for $5.00 per hundred when a cigar of the same quality would cost at least 10c, if sold in the usual way.

Read my offer again. It stands there ready to prove and back up, at my risk, any statement I make. If for *any* reason you do not like the cigars I send you—if they are not uniform—if they are not free burning—if they lack bouquet—if they fall short of your standards, send them back collect; I lose. But I know you will like them. I have been in the business 11 years and I have 30,000 regular customers whose business I hold because they like the cigars they buy from me and think the price extraordinarily low.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium, or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Abraham Lincoln said:

"I am always for the man who works,"—or, to paraphrase it, who IS NOT AFRAID OF WORK. To that man this advertisement is addressed.

Many men find themselves butting a stone wall—trying to support their families and give them the little luxuries to which they're entitled—with a salary that cannot stand the strain. When a man finds himself in that position, it's time to sit down and think.

There are two courses. One is to cut down his living expenses—a step which must cause his family disappointment, regret—even hardship. The other is to increase his income. Increase his income—yes, and without sacrificing his regular work. How is it to be done?

We have the answer—*if you are not afraid of work.* We employ hundreds of men and women who like you have only their spare time to devote to earning that *extra money* they need. We need hundreds more—several in your town, in your city.

If you can give one hour a week, two hours, five hours, to securing subscriptions and renewals to *The Saturday Evening Post* from your acquaintances and friends, you can earn from five to twenty dollars a week extra—from $250.00 to $1000.00 a year in addition to your regular salary. And your clientele, once established, will continue year-in and year-out to yield you the same revenue. Is it worth while? Thousands of men and women, trying to make both ends meet, have proved to themselves that it is distinctly worth while. For we stood by and helped them to success.

May we do the same for you? Write a letter to

The Agency Division, Box 110

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Big Work of the World is Done in HEADLIGHT OVERALLS (UNION MADE)

Made in the World's Greatest Overall Factories

Sixteen years supremacy—More than 1,650,000 men bought a pair of "Headlights" during the past year—but—We will not be satisfied until we sell you a pair.

If we can induce you to buy **one** suit of "Headlights," you will never afterwards be satisfied with any other make.

Wear a Pair 30 Days

Your Money Back if Not Satisfactory

To all overall wearers we make this offer. Go to your dealer, buy a suit of "Headlight" overalls (price $1.00 per garment; $1.25 in Canada). **Wear them thirty days.** If you do not find them the most comfortable, convenient and generally satisfactory overalls you have ever had on, **take them back and get your money.** Any one of the 5000 stores selling "Headlights" will make good this guarantee.

If you cannot get "Headlights" from your local dealer, send to us direct, using coupon attached.

Wider, more elastic adjustable suspenders. Can't cut or slip off shoulders
Snug-fitting adjustable collar keeps out germs and cinders
Improved safety watch and pencil pocket. (Patented)
Higher, broader, keep-clean apron
Wider, longer sleeves Perfect comfort
Higher cut waist, more comfortable keeps you cleaner
Adjustable dust-proof cuffs fit any wrist keep out dirt
Bigger pockets
More cloth in thigh and seat No skimping There's comfort in every wrinkle
Wider, more comfortable legs On or off in a jiffy
"A smile of satisfaction with every pair"

To Merchants Introductory Offer Exclusive Sale in Your Town

If you are not now handling "Headlights" let us ship you a trial order—five dozen up, you to specify sizes, styles and quantity. Keep them ninety days. Let us advertise them in your town at our expense. (Best overall advertising you ever saw.) **At the end of ninety days if you haven't sold every pair, return the remainder to us—and pay for only those you've sold.**

This unusual offer involves no risk to you and none to us. **In sixteen years' experience this plan has never failed to move the goods.** We have today more than 5000 enthusiastic, loyal agents, who started in this way.

"Headlight" dealers include such well-known clothing houses as these:

M. L. Rothschild & Co., Los Angeles
Stumpf & Langenberg, Milwaukee
The Famous, St. Louis
Greenhut-Siegel-Cooper Co., New York
Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati
Odell & Bowers, Birmingham
Wilcox & Macaulay, Winnipeg
[illegible], Pittsburg
F. B. Silverman, Los Angeles
Symons Dry Goods Co., Butte
Union Bar Co., Boston
The May Co., Cleveland
S. Davenport Co., Dallas
Robbins & Co., Chicago
And more than 5000 others.

Our advertising will bring customers into your store for their first pair of "Headlights." The satisfaction that "Headlights" give will make them permanent customers.

Give your customers the best overall in the world and they will come to you for clothing, underwear, furnishings, etc. "Headlight" overalls are trade-makers and trade-keepers.

Act quickly—today—while your competitor is making up his mind. Send in the coupon now

Larned, Carter & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The world's greatest overall factories

Factories: Detroit, Port Huron, Mich., [illegible]

Merchant's Coupon

Larned, Carter & Co., Detroit, Mich.

You may ship us a well selected assortment of [illegible]

90 Day Trial Order

[illegible] for local newspapers, also one [illegible] window display.

It is understood we can return any of these overalls—if unsold—after ninety days.

Name [illegible]

[illegible] State [illegible]

[illegible] see sample garments before ordering [illegible]

Request for Samples

samples after examination. [illegible] explain fully your exclusive agency [illegible]

Name [illegible]

[illegible] State [illegible]

Wearer's Coupon

If no dealer in your town carries Headlight overalls, send us $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada) and your measurements and we will send you a pair, express prepaid. Costs same price as overalls.

Larned, Carter & Company
Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed please find $_____ for which please send me _____ pairs Headlight overalls and Headlight coats. Measurements

Waist_____Inside leg_____

Chest_____

Name_____

Street_____

[illegible] State [illegible]

After All, There's No Bath Like One With

Palmolive Soap

NOTE how refreshed and invigorated you feel after using it. Palmolive Soap is a delightful cleanser and has all the soothing and beautifying properties of imported palm and olive oils.

We have doubled their value, in Palmolive Soap, through our exclusive blending process.

The green color of Palmolive is due to palm and olive oils—nothing else.

We send to the Orient for these oils, because they've been recognized as best for the skin for more than *2,000 years*. World-famous beauties of history used them to keep the skin soft and smooth.

Use more than mere soap—use Palmolive. Let your skin have Palmolive Protection. Infants are bathed with it because doctors know it cannot hurt the most tender skin.

Palmolive lathers in hard or soft water. Fifteen cents the cake, and *most* economical, because it lasts so long.

Don't use merely "soap" when *Palmolive* is sold by dealers everywhere.

Send two 2c stamps for free sample and booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

(309)

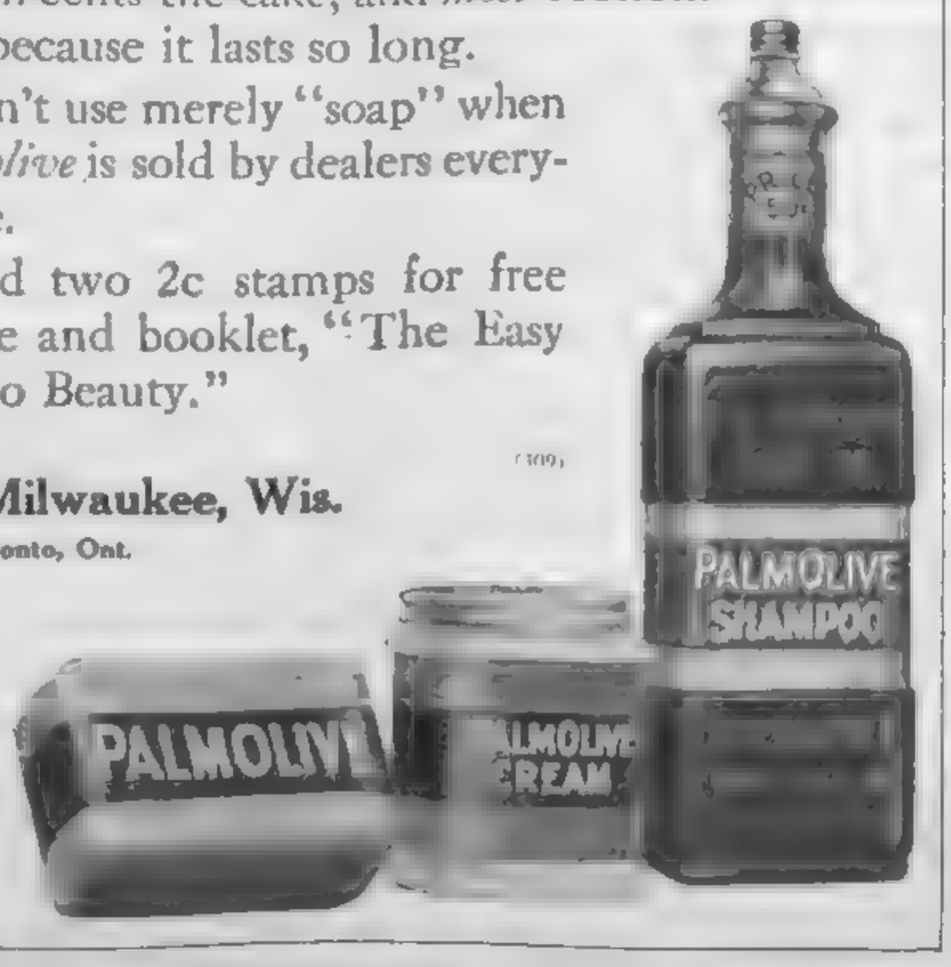
B. J. Johnson Soap Company, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: 155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 50 cents.

PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the skin and gives a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price, 50 cents.

N. B.—If you can't get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.



IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 20)

"Oh, David, dear, can't you be patient?" I said, thrusting my hand under his gloved one upon the wheel.

"And take a girl who frankly waited to see if I'd make a fortune before she'd have me? You are a cool one!" he retorted.

"It is only being sensible," I pleaded, withdrawing my hand.

"That's all!" he answered sternly.

We were coming up a long incline that lay densely shaded by a thick forest. At the top the trees halted, and the road descended like a white ribbon through a valley, fields of corn in the distance, and fields of wheat stubble with faded shocks of straw in them on either side. On the farther side there was a little gray farmhouse, standing so close to the ground that the earth rose green against one corner of it, as if the two were intimate. The gables spread wide beneath the sheltering trees, the sun mottling the mossy roof with leaf shadows.

"Look!" exclaimed David, stopping the car upon the brow of the hill. "That, Joy, is what love does for the earth. The man who lives in that house is poor. His wife married him when he was even poorer. They have made this scene, little by little, year by year, as their love grew and their children came. Love built that house, fertilized these fields, made that corn grow, sowed and reaped this wheat. Love is the creator, the great husbandman. Wherever you see life you may know that love has gone before. Every man, every tree, every flower that blooms is the issue of love. Before those tremendous words, 'In the beginning'—long before that—love moved across the great void, divided the light from the dark, the land from the sea. And the grass sprang, covering the naked hills where the dew-drenched skirts of love trailed the evening and morning of the first day. Every star that shines was made so. The moon is the divorced wife of love because she could not bring forth. That is the primal cause of all creations, mother of life—of everything but money. Greed made that."

"No—need!" I defended.

"Never! The inventor of currency was the original Dives, who bartered bright pieces of metal, useless to him, in exchange for the pelts and ivory and spices that the savages offered. Savages made necklaces of the metal and Dives built himself greater barns and storehouses for his wealth. Savages became poorer; he became richer. That is the history of money to this day. It's an imagination created and sustained by greed and vanity. Love is the only one who has escaped the curse—a pauper with smiling eyes, who fills the heart with riches and leaves the hands empty and strong for service. You, Joy, do not understand what kind of wealth that is. It is the excuse I make for you. You have been anesthetized by the life you live. I have been myself. I am not the man I was when I came to this place. And you are not the woman I first knew. You are just a young jade, offering your little pelt for a few pieces of gold. You ——"

"Don't, David, you hurt!" I sobbed.

"And what about me? Have I not suffered, trailing you through society? I begin to wonder if you are worth it!"

The throbbing engine of the car gave a rasping snicker and we began to move swiftly through the valley. As we passed the house a woman came to the door with a child in her arms and stared at us, smiling. The child waved its tiny hand.

I was now recalling this ride, every incident of it, as I gazed into the fire. I was saying to myself that I had had some peace of mind since that day, when I had made David understand once and for all how I felt. Still I reflected uneasily that was the last time we had been alone together, and the last time he had made love to me.

The doorbell rang, and the next moment Alice tripped in, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Why, Joy, dear, what are you doing sitting by the fire like an old maid! Why weren't you at the game?" she cried.

"I don't know," I answered dully. "Was it good?"

"Splendid! Millidge won by a score of nine to nothing."

I went to tell Molly to bring the tea. When I came back Alice was seated with her feet propped up on the fender, pulling off her gloves.

"Were many out?" I asked.

"Everybody in town but you. I came by to see what was the matter. Emmet was there with Margaret Derry. He's beginning his attentions to her again. And you should have seen that little fool, Shirley Leigh, when Bunk Hopgood kicked the goal—simply lost her head and screeched like a kitten with its tail caught in the door. Chan was with her. Everybody laughed. We had no idea she could show so much enthusiasm. So genuine, too; it was charming. She's going to be a success."

While she talked in her pretty, breathless fashion, she scanned me, questioned me with her blue inquisitive eyes.

"And David Brock, whom did he take?" I asked.

"Oh, he took me. Charlie couldn't go. I excused him when I came in to see you. He couldn't stop—said he had an appointment with those men at West Meadow."

There was a perceptible pause, during which my mind slowly approached her, sniffing mischief, and my stage manager lay down behind the scene and had a hard fit.

"Have you heard the news?" she began again, as if nothing had happened; as if the whole scene of my life was not in the wildest disorder.

"No, what news is there—somebody's engagement announced?" I asked, with the tone of one who is secretly dying and does not want to make a fuss about it.

"Better than that! David has sold the remaining lots at West Meadow to some capitalists from Birmingham for exactly one hundred thousand dollars! Isn't it great?"

"It certainly is," I answered.

"It's all in the afternoon paper, and his friends are so enthusiastic. They gave him a dinner last night at the Terrace, and Charlie says David got as drunk as a lord!" she laughed.

"David drunk! I can't imagine such a thing!" I exclaimed.

"I couldn't either. Charlie says he can carry more highballs than any other man in town. Nobody ever saw him off his feet before."

"I didn't know he drank at all," I put in.

"He didn't at first, you know; but I imagine he took that on as he has taken on everything else. Wonderful man! So adjustable!"

We sipped our tea, Alice still radiant and chattering, I making the necessary replies with an effort that I could only hope was not observed. After what seemed to me an interminable time she took her departure.

"I'll see you at the Leighs' tonight, I suppose?" she called from the door.

"Oh, yes," I answered, recalling, as if from some past century, that I promised Tom Redding to go with him to the dance the Leighs were giving that evening.

The capacity for reaction depends upon one's quality. Those persons who cannot accomplish it have anemia of the spirit. They lack the spiral instinct of ascension. They are the dust that shall oversleep themselves in the last day, and come too late, with dull, dream-laden eyes, to their resurrection, and they will never be able really to live again. We, the brightly redeemed sinners, shall find them still laid in some shining cemetery upon the fragrant outskirts of Paradise. The Lord himself will not be able to impart to them the rarefied breath of immortality. That cemetery—it is likely to prove an endless, measureless Arlington of dead fames.

As for me, I have the gift of reaction. It is the drum-beat of life in me, never to die, never to surrender to adverse fate. I made my last sensation as the reigning beauty of Millidge that night at the Leighs'. It was not the appearance of a woman who dims herself with a gown of superior brilliance. I had made a study by this time of the use and abuse of clothes. I had discovered that the woman never appears when her gown is too apparent. The office of feminine garments is not to conceal but to reveal the woman—not her form, but that slim, occult presence she makes if she is wise enough.

I chose for this occasion a green chiffon, not bright, but that pale youth of emerald which young buds show in the early spring before the sun dyes them to a deeper hue. Green is the most significant of all colors, the most suggestive of life and mystery. It is the symbol of hope and survival in Nature, the color of the banner that the

Morse Life Series No. 5

AT HOME!

In the long Winter evenings—under the reading light—Tom and Sue love to sit in comfort and cozily talk. Often Tom stops at "the store" on his way home, and tucks into his pocket a big red box of

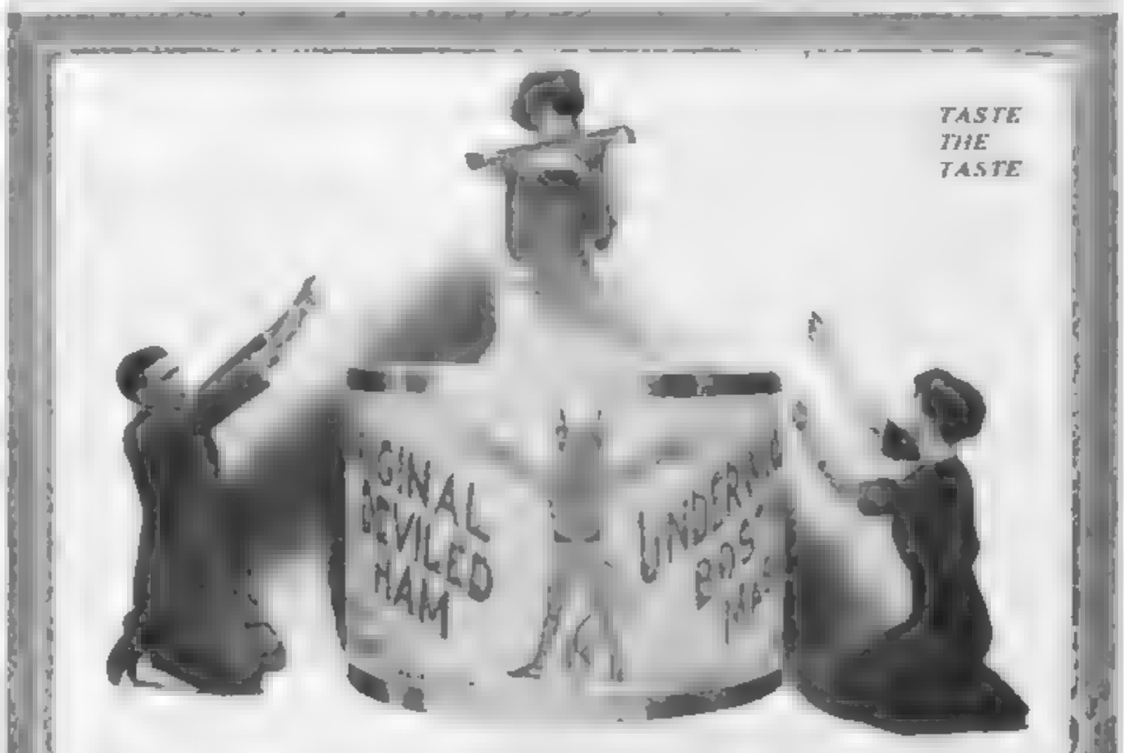
Morse's Milk Chocolate Creams

The kind with soft, creamy centers that *stay* soft and creamy—and with thick, deep, rich coating of milk chocolate. Each piece wrapped in dainty waxed paper, and marked with the name of the flavor.

Guarantee certificate of freshness in each box

At Your Dealer's—If you cannot purchase Morse's from dealers in your city, send $1.00 for special assortment, charges prepaid.

A. G. MORSE CO., Chicago, U. S. A.



Beggars—Yes—*Beggars!*

YOU'D beg, too, for the Big Taste—that tantalizing, hungry-fying taste—that enticing flavor of good old-fashioned ham, cooked *en casserole* to keep in all the good salt-and-sugar-and-hickory-smoke savor. Minced fine, to make it more savory still, then artfully mingled with famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mild spices. Not hot—just appetite-bewitching.

Outdoors, indoors—for picnic sandwiches, omelets, scallops, salads, etc., etc. Scores of delicious things to make. Write for the famous Little Red Devil recipes. Sent free if you mention your grocer's name and whether he keeps Underwood. Or send 15c and his name for a trial can, from which you can make 15 to 24 sandwiches. Economical.

Find out by 'phone—now—if your grocer sells Underwood Deviled Ham.

Made by William Underwood Company, 64 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 46—Delicious Deviled Eggs

Very easy to make. Cut hard boiled eggs in half. Remove yolks, mash smooth, mix with equal quantity Underwood Deviled Ham, and a few drops lemon juice. Shape into balls, and fill egg centers again. Serve on lettuce.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods"

Sitting On a Tack

What in the dickens makes meat cost so much these days? Why, ten years ago——

You know what's coming. You have asked the question yourself—do you know the answer?

Maybe you can read it between the lines of the livestock quotations on the market page of your morning newspaper. But you'll find a better explanation in next week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

We seem to be facing a national beef famine. And it's particularly acute in the Northwest. The cattle kings cashed in when the open range was cut up into farms. And the hay ranchers can't get feeders.

They're sitting on a tack. So are you!

It's mighty uncomfortable now, but the day of the small cattle herd on the farm is just beginning.

And some one is going to make a pile of money with cows and steers in the next few years.

How about you?

That's one money-making suggestion. Here's another:

The National Market

Don't think of farm marketing in terms of the huckster who is yelling "potatoes, cabbages, onions" under your window. There's a bigger business to handle—a business that is worthy of the selling ingenuity of the manufacturer.

Do you want some of the business in a practically undeveloped $40,000,000,000 field?

THE COST OF BIG FARMING—Average yields won't meet regular payrolls on a Southern plantation. What will?

FARMING GREAT GUNS—Where agriculture is mining—not farming—in a vein that can't last forever. There'll be some valuable small farms here soon.

THE NEW HIRED MAN—Who doesn't grumble, but works swiftly, cleanly, economically. Who is it? What is it?

The biggest business in the land is *The Farm Business*. Does it spell *opportunity* to you?

The Country Gentleman

Five cents the copy of all newsdealers. *$1.50 a Year*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

earth raises first after the long death of winter days, the herald that the frozen sod sends forth of coming blossoms. So with the bloom of all my hopes withering within, I put on this challenge to the future over white chiffon embroidered with gold leaves. There was a band of coral velvet in the bodice, merely the color of the rose of life. I bound my hair in braids as close to my head as the golden brown of apple blossoms. My face was the blossom, meant that. Over all I wore the radiance of my unconquerable spirit, that effulgence of mysterious light from within which women sometimes wear so becomingly, like a scarf over their naked shoulders, visible and wonderful.

We came in late. The ballroom was like the moving pictures of a flower garden, as if sheafs of lilies and slender bunches of roses and pale bluebells, all inverted, had suddenly moved from their roots in the soil and were dancing with long, black-forked branches from the trees above.

I swung out with Tom Redding, took my place in the looped wreath of dancers, a slender wand of willow green, conscious of distinction, of the murmured compliments on every side, yet vaguely distressed. This was the first time at a ball that I had not at least half the numbers on my card taken before it began. Now I did not have one. The possibility of being a wall decoration faced me, and in the course of the evening I faced it. I was not engaged to Tom Redding, therefore he could not continue to dance with me number after number. And after a waltz with Bunk Hopgood, and the same good-natured attention from Chan Peters, I found myself reduced to the Honorable Augustus Brown, who capered like a monkey through a two-step, then sat out the next dance with me, being too breathless to undertake it.

We watched the others. Emmet Marshall was Margaret Derry's partner as often as he could get her. Once he passed me on his way to claim her, bowed with exaggerated gallantry, and looked back over his shoulder facetiously at my emaciated little cavalier, cross-legged, ludicrously complacent, beside me.

When I could bear him no longer, I arose, excused myself upon some pretext and slipped quietly out of the drawing room into the adjoining sun-parlor, a long observatory filled with palms and pots of flowering plants and lighted softly with a strand of large lanterns decorated with Chinese figures. As I advanced, walking rapidly with the instinct of one escaping from a nightmare, I was conscious of the odor of a cigarette, very faint, very fine. The next moment I came upon David Brock lounging upon a little white bench between two palms, with his arms stretched along the back of the bench.

"Oh, I didn't know any one was here!" I exclaimed, startled; then I hurried forward with a smile as he stood up.

"Come out for a smoke between acts?" he laughed, dropping the end of his cigarette on the stone floor and pressing it with the toe of his shoe to extinguish it.

"Well, I'm glad I found you at any rate," I said, holding out my hand. "I want to congratulate you upon your success."

"Yes, thank you! I've sacrificed enough for it," he answered.

"We are all rejoicing over it," I added timidly, dropping my hand which he had not taken.

We stood facing each other, David looking at me with his black eyes narrowed, his thick lips curled in an impudent smile, like a particularly wicked night staring sneeringly into the next morning.

"David!" I murmured. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Yes, there is!" I persisted. "What is the trouble between us?"

"No trouble between us, Miss Marr; nothing between us now. Used to be—I used to be in love with you. Remember?"

"I do remember, dear. I—I ——"

"Well, it's all over, thank you!" he interrupted quickly, harshly. "A fellow sometimes comes to himself with a jerk. Gets to his feet, you know, and sees things in their right proportion. Your faithful lover never does. He creates an illusion of some woman and falls in love with that, not her. Fortunate thing if he gets his eyes open in time and discovers his mistake. finds out that women are not made for love, but for pastime, for ——"

"Stop, David! You are saying awful things that are not true!" I cried with my hand over my heart.

"Then you are not true either, Joy. It was from you, from studying you, that I acquired this knowledge," he answered sternly.

"But I want to explain, David," I said, attempting to detain him.

"Can't listen now. I just have time to get to Mrs. Archibald before the next dance," he laughed.

I sat down upon the bench and looked after him in bitter amazement. How had all this happened so suddenly? Or was it sudden? I asked myself. I reviewed the preceding months, recalled how often of late I had seen David and Alice together. I remembered the picture she made with him in the hot sunlit booths of the state fair in September; how amused I was at her interest in the farmers' exhibits of corn and pumpkins. The sight of her running about through the stock exhibits, like a doll, pretending terror when the pigs came forward and grunted, being obliged to fly with David. I recalled now intelligently for the first time the peculiar enigmatical expression upon Emmet's face as we followed in their wake. And Alice! She had been more affectionate; had done for me many of those little favors a rich woman could do for a less fortunate friend. She had given me a bertha of real lace for one of my summer frocks. It was she who had arranged that I should go in the car with Emmet when a party of us went upon an automobile tour through the country to a little summer resort in the mountains above Millidge. David had taken the Archibalds in his new car.

I began to laugh hysterically at my blindness. I caught a lily from the pot beside me, bent the frail stem and began to tear the bloom. It was as if I had Alice by the throat. My lap was covered with white petals, the air was filled with their bruised fragrance, that cry of a wounded flower.

"Dreaming here alone with the posies?" came a voice near at hand.

I looked up and saw Charlie Archibald regarding me intently. I had not heard him approach, and I wondered, but not resentfully, how long he had been standing there eavesdropping my thoughts.

"No, I'm walking in my sleep!" I answered, making room for him beside me.

"Don't! Bad habit! Might fall out of the window or over a precipice!" he replied whimsically, taking out his cigarette case. "Mind if I smoke?"

"No, please do. I wish I could myself!"

"Why not? Soothes the nerves sometimes," he laughed, offering me one of his little gold-banded cigarettes.

"Must I?" I asked, taking the thing in my fingers awkwardly and looking at him.

"Yes! It will do you good under the circumstances. When in doubt about what to do next commit a transgression! It sometimes saves you from committing a crime. It changes the current of the thoughts. Brings you home by way of the back door. Centers your mind where it belongs—upon you. Lifts the scene again. Makes you wonder what will happen when you are found out. Relaxes all the other tensions and attentions!" he laughed, holding the burning end of his cigarette to mine, now gingerly held between my lips.

The smoke curled up in my face.

"There, you do it very prettily, like a débutante in the vice," he said, regarding me with smiling eyes.

"Feel better?" he asked presently.

"Yes, I do," I giggled.

"Drop it then before you feel worse. Tobacco sickness is not an experience a young woman ought to have at a ball."

I yielded the remainder of the cigarette, dizzily excited, vaguely stimulated. We remained silent while he finished his.

"Want to dance?"

"I—I believe I do!"

"Come on then! You'll have to dance with me, you know; the other fellows would find you out if you took one of them for a partner. The fragrance of that tobacco will cling to you for an hour!" he laughed as we made our way back to the ballroom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Sensation in Adders Sales, 150 Per Day

The Individual Adder

This machine is built by one of the largest metal working concerns in America.

We have large offices, and we saw the need of an individual Adder. We came in contact with many concerns where the same need was apparent

Our big machines wasted time. They required experts to operate. Workers, at times, waited long to get at them.

We wanted a desk machine—a machine for each worker—a portable Adder. A machine to place close to one's books and papers. A machine which anyone could operate.

So we set our inventors at work to produce it, and this spring they announced its perfection.

The Up-to-Date Adder

These inventors of ours aimed at utter simplicity. They made seven keys do the work of the dozens heretofore employed.

They invented a keyboard which a child can manipulate.

They aimed at infallibility. They created a mechanism which never goes wrong. They devised a way by which copied numbers can be read on the machine, and checked with the copy before the addition.

The result is an up-to-date Adder. It excels all in simplicity. It is the only machine on which the unskilled can do accurate work with rapidity.

Then, by automatic machinery and enormous production, they made possible this $35 price.

The result is a demand now unmatched in this industry. A nation-wide demand, and for every conceivable service

Dealers Wanted

Over 500 successful Dealerships already established in the larger cities We now desire an agent in every town under 15,000 who will purchase a few machines and operate under our "Quick Action" Selling Rules.

Agency can be handled by Merchants, Bank Employes, Railroad Agents, City or County Officials, Newspapers, or any wide-awake man with some spare time and small capital.

Extensive territory cannot be assigned and proposition best suited to men having other business.

Size:
8½ in. square

Weight:
17 pounds

This American Adding Machine Costs Only $35

Three months ago, when we announced this machine, there were thousands of you who said, "That is impossible." A competent Adder—swift and infallible—for $35 was almost unthinkable.

But other thousands took these machines on trial. Big and small offices, stores and factories, scattered all over America. They put them to work on countless desks, in inexperienced hands. They proved the machines—saw them add, subtract and multiply. Saw them compute a hundred figures a minute, rapidly, easily and with never an error.

They saw them do, with inexpert operators, the work of $150 machines. Then they ordered more. The fame of the machine spread from office to office.

Now the demand for this Adder is overwhelming. It is nation-wide. Now we are making 150 per day. Yet we are at this writing ten days behind orders.

We come now to urge that you test this machine.

If you ever add figures you need it. Even for small usage you can afford it. If you are now using big, central machines, see what it means to have individual adders—portable adders—an adder for every desk.

The American Adder is an astounding success. It fills a wide-spread want. Please do not wait longer to try it.

A Million Men Need It

There are a million men who need this American Adder, and who will have it when they find it out.

Some are in large offices, some in banks, where costly adders are now employed. They want a desk machine—a portable adder. A machine always ready, always close to the work, and which each man can use for himself.

Many of these are in stores, factories, mills and offices where adding machines are not employed. This simplicity, this price places this competent Adder within reach of every man who computes.

A million men, by saving time and mistakes, can make this Adder pay for itself over and over. And we want those men to try it.

Ten Days' Trial

We let the machines sell themselves. We offer a trial, wherever you are, and we urge you to ask us for it.

Where we have a local dealer he will bring the machine and show you how to use it. Where we have no dealer we send the machine, express prepaid, with full instructions for using.

You are welcome to ten days' trial. It involves no obligation. In fairness to yourself please send us this coupon and try the machine. Then return it or keep it as you desire. The test doesn't cost a penny.

Or, if you prefer, simply ask for our book. Mark the coupon to show what you wish.

CUT THIS OUT!

AMERICAN CAN CO.,
1204 Monroe Building
Chicago, Ill.

☐ Send one American Adder on ten days' free trial.

Send Agency Proposition.

American Can Company (Adding Machine Division) 1204 Monroe Bldg., Chicago

Eastern Sales Dept., 435 West 14th Street, New York

COMMUNITY SILVER

Monday, ——— *3d, 1913.*

DIARY OF A MERE MAN

"POINTING a spoon at my head, Tess last night demanded my purse. 'I'm a Community Silver-ette, fiercely militant', she threatened. 'My platform — women's right to new spoons if their old ones are worn or hideous.'

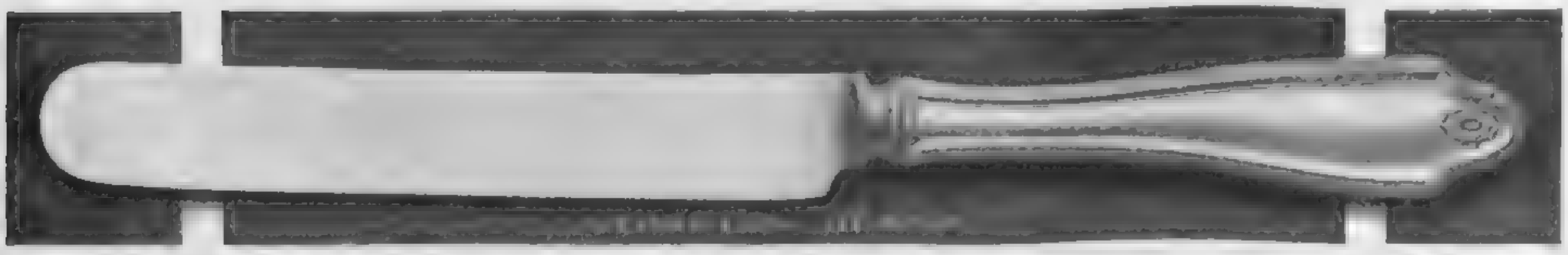
A HOLD-UP

Tuesday, ——— *4th, 1913.*

Tess and my purse out shopping.

Wednesday, ——— *5th, 1913*

A chest of Community Silver arrived today. Tess is certainly some spoon chooser!"



¶ Community Silver is built by overlaying solid silver upon a "backbone" of stiffer metal. This solid silver is so especially thickened at the wearing points, and toughened to resist wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but pure silver.

AT YOUR SERVICE FOR 50 YEARS.

SIX TEASPOONS, $2.15 (engraving extra). In Canada, $2.75.

THE WILDBOY

(Continued from Page 10)

and makin' for me with fist drawn back. "I'll give you a chance to understand before I crock you," he said, haltin' with a jerk. "Now I find that I'm as strong a penman as ever—why, I can sign a friend's name so he wouldn't know the difference himself; and the gang's ready and waitin' with a job!

"Lookyhere, Cap—I've acted as your gov'nor, haven't I—and made you respectable? You've treated me fair enough; but I was worth it—makin' you respectable. You've put it over on people that I was your father, and it won't make any difference if I go now. This banker here is busted; so I can't nick him for a cent—and I've got to get what's comin' to me somewhere else."

I told him he cert'nly had done so much for me that I couldn't go back on him when goin' where the law might interfere in his business again.

"I'll call it square—you don't owe me anything. Now go back!" O' course, though, no boy goes back on his gov'nor—he couldn't do that! "But it's only a fake—I ain't your gov'nor," said he.

I had to explain:

"Why, yes, you are! Didn't I take you on?"

"I'm goin' back to the dives—jail, maybe—which is better'n this God-forsaken garden. Maybe I'll live in the slums and die in the gutter—you don't want to go back to that."

"I'm a-goin'!" I said.

He took a hard grip on my shoulder, cursin' to himself; then, with a jerk, he twisted my face up to the moon.

"What t' hell!" he said. "You been cryin'! Are you sick or hurt?"

"No, I ain't."

"Well, then, what's the ——" He sat down on a stone, and then threw himself at me again. "You don't mind me goin'—because you'd miss me?" I nodded, and gov'nor shouted: "Don't you know I'm a crook—and the law only interfered because I'm guilty?"

"Sure I know that," I answered.

Pretty soon his arms hung limp by his body and he seemed old and lame again. "Don't it beat the devil?—and it was my last show to make a killin'! Son," he said, "I take the count on a foul. I thought I was fakin' about bein' your gov'nor, and I wasn't!"

He took my arm and limped back home. There we sat on the doorsill; and I said that the blowout was the best ever, and that the gardenfolks just walked out o' the ground these hot nights. He nodded.

"Son," he said, "from this minute I'm a vegetarian. Gimme a hoe and I'll die game!"

We both laughed at this and after a while went to bed. In the mornin' he went out to work with me and was soon surprised to learn how many things were goin' on below ground. He always did want to peep through crannies in the dirt, and was excited over a bulb he'd planted, which seemed to start growin' down instead of up.

One day he said:

"I've cultivated friends in the underworld before now, but I never was so anxious to be with 'em in the open day."

As Winifred, not wishin' to run wild any more, couldn't come to the garden, I set out four long rows of scarlet sage among the beds. They looked like a fiery letter W stamped on a green background, and anybody could have seen it as far away as the wilderness.

Several times lately I'd noticed two men walkin' up and down among the trees near the dead fountain—one of 'em was Brownlow Clay and the other was his only visitor nowadays. At the end of the month, when I went up to pay the rent, I persuaded gov'nor to go along, though he didn't care much to leave the garden.

Mr. Clay was in the wilderness talkin' to his guest, and he took my money with a smile. He seemed much happier than when I'd seen him last; and when Mrs. Clay, with Winifred hangin' to her arm, happened to stroll up they stood aside laughin' and chattin' with the guest in fine spirits. This gentleman was a dark, heavy-built man with a diamond shirtstud and a ring that flashed as he stroked Winifred's hair. She was dressed in starchy white and looked up to him with bright eyes.

"I am sure, Mr. Blandy, that you are about to bring us better times," said Mrs. Clay. "Now that my husband has got down to business with a practical man, we shall build up our fortune more strongly than ever."

Mr. Blandy bowed and the others went strollin' away. As gov'nor and I walked back home I noticed that he was more stooped than usual, and once he trembled so that he had to sit down.

"Kind of a sinkin' spell!" he said. "I believe I feel better stayin' at home."

He would go into the garden, though, so I could have company. After a time he said:

"You think a lot o' those Brownlow Clays, don't you?"

I answered of course I did, since they'd invited me to leave the old fence corner to visit 'em.

"I'm goin' to town," said gov'nor; and, showin' me that he was fit again by holdin' out his hand without a tremble, he started off.

In the evenin' he came back, sayin' he'd had a good visit and seen all the sights. He was very quiet, and his small black eyes were steady and friendly as the stars, with nothin' of the old, fierce blink in 'em. It did a fellow good to see him that way.

"Whatever happens, you wouldn't want me to go away?" he said.

"Whatever happens!" I answered.

"Well, I'm goin' away tonight."

"You'll be back pretty soon?" I said, and he nodded.

"Thank you, son."

I went on in to bed, but was wakened late in the night by the full midsummer moon shinin' in my window. I got up and, as gov'nor wasn't in the house, dressed and walked in the garden for company.

Far off I noticed a light flash up in the big house; and then it moved across the window, back and forth, before goin' out. Thinkin' maybe somebody was sick and they'd want a doctor, or that a robber was there, I went up into the wilderness.

The moon beat down on a spot near the fountain—and there I saw gov'nor standin'; another man came down the moldered walk, silent as a shadow—and Blandy, the guest, stepped into the lighted space.

"I expected you to be spyin' out here and left the shade up when I went to my room, so you'd make no mistake in throwin' your gravel," he said. "Now how much do you want?"

"You're in a big deal this time, ain't you, Jerry?" said gov'nor—"representin' Wall Street. Why, the town was all excitement today over the proposition to vote a quarter of a million dollars in bonds for your electric lines, to cover the whole county!"

"I've made a New York connection and don't mind sayin' it's a big deal," answered Blandy; "they'll vote 'em too! This man Clay lost out in his bank, but he'll pay dollar for dollar; and his credit is as strong as ever. Soul of honor and that sort of bunk—why, these people will fall for anythin' that one of the old county aristocrats puts his name to."

"Beats forgery, don't it, Jerry?"

"Forget it!" scowled the other. "Now, Jimmy, you're either escapin' from one jail or on your way to another. Meantime you seem to be stranded—and I'll stake you a couple of hundred and a through ticket to Chicago."

Gov'nor shook his head and went on to tell of the home and garden he had, in a way that did me good to hear.

"That's the only place I was ever happy in, Jerry!" he finished. "You couldn't expect me to leave that, could you?"

The other damned his luck and then said:

"One thousand—not a cent more!"

"One thou ——" repeated gov'nor. "Well, I'm mighty glad to find you're so generous, though there's nothin' doin'." Blandy took out a roll of money. "These Clays," said gov'nor, "don't quite know what they're up against. You've got to blow, Jerry—or I'll squeal to the whole town that they're about to buy a straw railroad from a gang of crooks! That Wall Street dope don't excite me a bit."

Blandy stood with his fists clenched and laughed—a long, whistling, braying laugh.

"You squeal! My old cellmate! Now, Jim, here's your thousand, and welcome, but ——"

"I never lied to one of the gang, did I?" asked gov'nor. "Well, I'm too old to begin. I'll squeal—so help me God! I've got a son ——"

"A boy! Why, your own record will come out and disgrace him!"

"And David Slew Goliath"

METZ "22"

Regular Stock Car

WINS GLIDDEN TOUR

In a Clean Sweep—and it was the Lowest-Priced Car in the Contest!

The Glidden Tour this year started at Minneapolis on July 11 and terminated at Glacier National Park, Montana, on July 19, the course covering more than 1,300 miles and embracing stamina-testing stretches of rough roads in Minnesota and Dakota and monumental hills in the Rocky Mountains of Montana.

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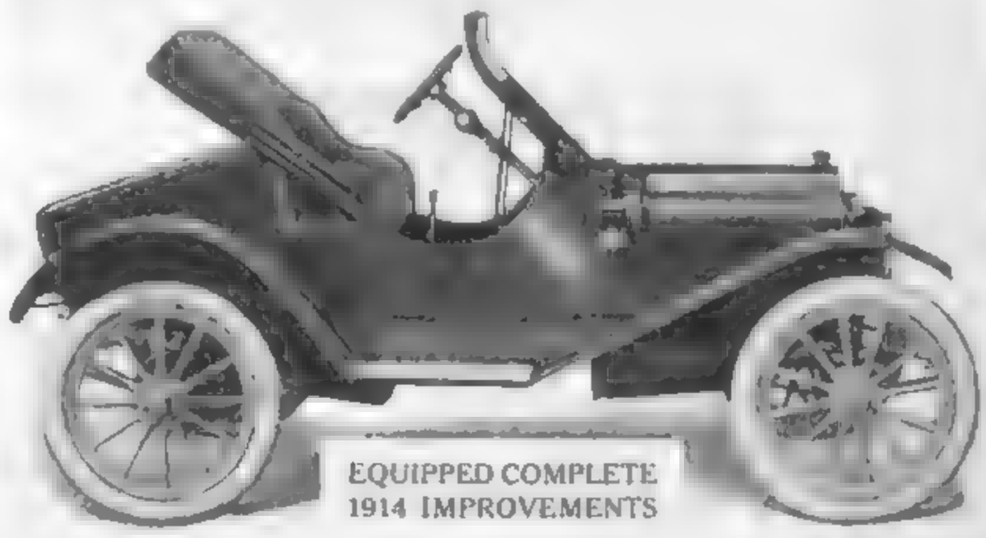

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It is equipped with 4-cylinder 22½ h.p. water-cooled motor, Bosch magneto, wind shield, extension top with cover slip and curtains, full elliptic springs, standard artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, 5 lamps and gas generator, horn, pump, tool outfit etc. It is a high grade, fully guaranteed car, torpedo semi-enclosed body type, left hand drive, center control. Its gearless transmission entirely does away with aggravating and expensive gear troubles.

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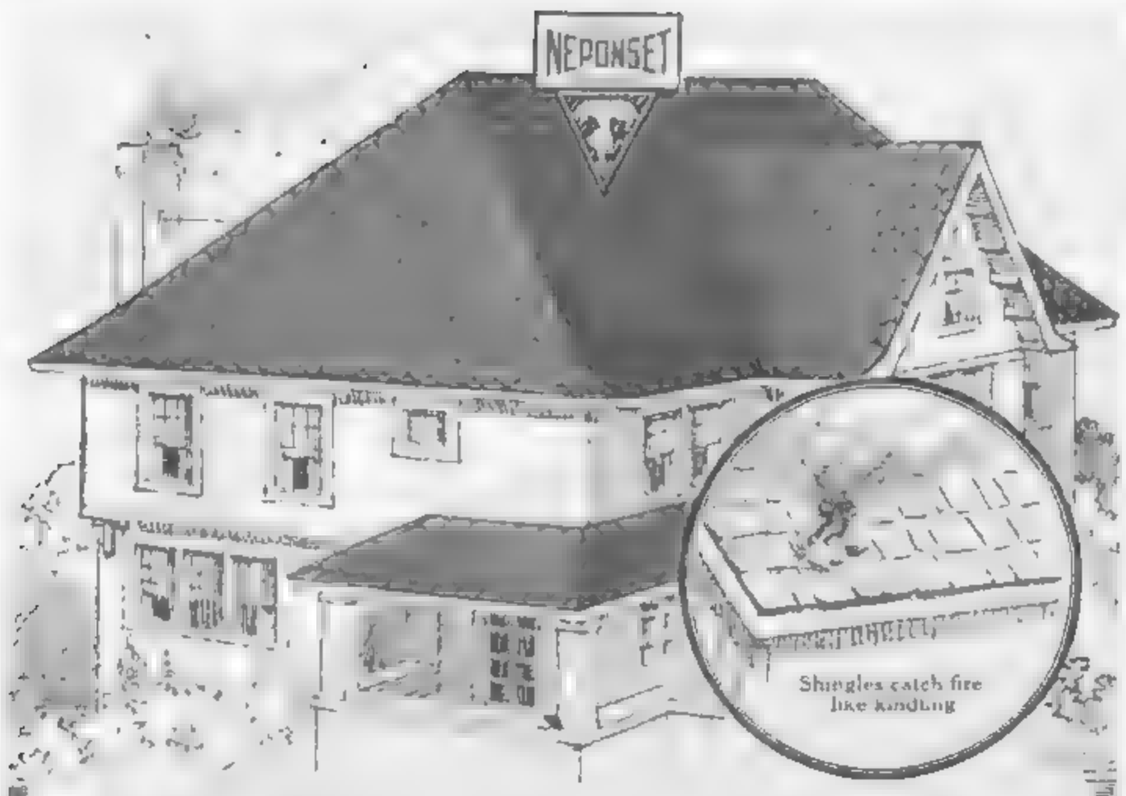

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"Jerry, you don't know that kid! He'd feel disgraced if I didn't squeal, though I died in a cell for it—these Clays are friends of his."

"I understand," Blandy said. "I've known pals turn straight—why, it takes all reason out of 'em!" His body shifted a little, his knees bent.

"Look out, gov'nor!" I yelled; but the man's body had lengthened in a leap like a tiger's. He had my gov'nor's throat. I beat on him with my fists—and he whirled gov'nor from him over the basin's rim to the very feet of the stone boy of the fountain.

I was gaspin' "Murder! Murder!" and beatin' on him; but Blandy, with neck craned forward and hands half clutched, looked down on the huddled body.

All at once he caught my word. "Murder!" he whispered—"Murder!" He brushed me aside and ran a few steps back and forth, peerin' into the wilderness; I tumbled into the basin to ask gov'nor was he all right.

"Sure he's all right!" snarled Blandy over his shoulder.

"He's dead!" I cried.

The man, haltin' in his tracks, coughed out his curses as if they were clots of blood, his whole face wrinkled back from the big teeth, like a tiger's muzzle.

"Then follow him to hell, you squealer's brat!"

There was a wild man—in a moment he had mixed with the wilderness. As gov'nor could only groan for answer I roused up Mr. Clay, and he telephoned for a doctor. They carried him to the big house on a stretcher, his back bein' broken.

I had told what I'd seen that night in the wilderness, but nothin' of what the men had said, not wantin' the law interferin' in gov'nor's business.

Mrs. Clay sent right away to Blandy's room; and learnin' that he had gone she paced up and down, watchin' me.

"You know more about this," she said—"this father of yours! Is he a blackmailer? Was it some old grudge that led him to call out our guest and threaten him at dead of night? Mr. Blandy defended himself—if he has fled we will bring him back and protect him. Our fortune is at stake! Clay, if you are a man, make this boy answer!"

"Speak up!" he commanded me; but the doctor waved us from the room.

"This man may be conscious after a while," he said; "then let his mind clear quietly and he may answer your questions."

We went to another part of the house together, for the Clays would not risk my runnin' away; but they left me to myself in a corner, and I must have fallen asleep.

It was near mornin' when Brownlow Clay wakened me.

"Come boy!" he said. "Your father is askin' for you."

As I stumbled, still blind with sleep, he led me by the hand. Gov'nor was lyin' with his eyes open; Mrs. Clay was huddled in a chair in a corner of the room.

"Hello, Cap!" said gov'nor, though pretty weak; and I asked was he all right now. He answered—a few words at a time:

"I will be pretty soon. Now don't you hold a spite against Blandy—I'd have done the same thing to a squealer a year ago.

"We folks here have just had a long talk. Why, they wouldn't have invited Blandy, knowin' him to be a convict. We know Mr. Clay ain't a crook to go into business with him. And Mrs. Clay wouldn't drive him to it, either, just to make money. She said so. Say, Cap"—he kept breakin' down and then bracin' up again to get it all said—"I told 'em about this father business—maybe he'll take you on for a son. What a pipe ——" He stopped; then his face crisscrossed with dead-white wrinkles, listenin' hard for my answer.

Of course I said that a boy couldn't have but one gov'nor.

"I was only fakin'," he said, which made me grin; I knew better. "But if I happen to be done for, Cap ——"

I told gov'nor there was nothin' doin'.

"Shake—old son!" he whispered.

Suddenly his voice began risin' higher and higher in a broken kind of screech:

"Tell that lady not to drive him—it makes crooks! My old woman crabbed 'Come across!' she said, and I did, over another man's name—forgery!"

We heard Mrs. Clay sobbin'—terrible, heartbreakin' sobs they were; her face was hidden in her hands, and Brownlow stood silently smoothin' her hair and starin' into the wall.

"Look up!" said gov'nor to them. "Look up! See my son? Some gardener! He raises men up out of his ground. Good night, Cap! No fake!" His voice died very quietly—so did his heart. Next afternoon he lay in a corner of the garden near the violet bed.

On that day of the buryin' I'd noticed Winifred round; she watched me as somethin' strange—just as the boys at school had done. I knew she thought I was a disgrace, because my gov'nor had only been taken on instead of born in the family—though he'd said before 'em all that it was no fake. I couldn't stand havin' that thought of him.

The Clays went back to the big house, leavin' me alone in the cabin, and I packed up my bundle and tied it on the stick; then I picked some weeds out of the scarlet sage and was ready to start out in the world. But the Brownlow Clays had come back and stood lookin' on; he picked up a clod and broke it open.

"There is a seed bursted in that clod," I told him—"you can smell it by leanin' close."

He did so and held it up to his wife.

"To think anything I owned would grow and increase!" he said to himself. "Cap, we have two hundred acres lyin' waste there beyond the wall."

I explained that I was packed up to go travelin'; and he spoke on more earnest than I'd ever heard him:

"I'll treat you just like a son, Cap!" I shook my head, and he said: "I understand, my boy."

So I was startin' with my stick over my shoulder when Winifred came down the old path from the wilderness.

"Goodby!" I told her, too; but she wouldn't answer or shake hands. She held on to my arm, though, and looked past—so nobody could see her face.

"Gov'nor's gone—ain't you goin' to be my brother?" she asked; and then: "You never noticed how I mended my dresses—all myself! Cap showed me, mamma." She kept tuggin' me toward the others, sayin':

"Don't let him run away! I'll cry! I'll be wild again! Don't let him!"

The Brownlow Clays looked at us hard and silent—and then at each other.

"This name of Clay is all that's left us, Winnie," he said; "it is not without honor."

I never saw anythin' so proud and lovely as the woman.

"This boy raised a man from the ground to save it to us," she said.

"Make him my brother!" cried Winifred. "Make him! He's always been one of us."

The others looked at me—and I said I could be taken on as a brother. Then I was one of the Clays; and the woman kissed me, and Brownlow said:

"God bless him! For three generations this family has needed a man who loves the soil."

Those two began breakin' open clods; they stood with shoulders touchin'—talkin' low and smilin' at each other. Winifred had stood back; and, dryin' her eyes with her handkerchief, she looked at me with droopin' lids.

"You will put down that hateful pack!" she said. "Now I will tell you what else: As soon as possible you will change the letter W in the garden from red to blue. Remember that I do not tear up violets when you make me wild."

Mr. Clay, lookin' at her with a sigh, said: "She must queen it over him!"

His wife also drew away and looked at him with droopin' lids.

"You will make over this great waste into a plantation worthy of the old name!" she commanded him.

He stood noddin' his head to me.

"Shall we humor 'em, Cap?"

"Of course!" I answered.

And we have done so. But they love the fields too—and are brown and strong and happy, as we are, when the clods burst and the green folks crowd to the edge of gov'nor's grave. So we all five get all that's comin' to us!

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See the KING—then buy! It's fairness to yourself. You can't afford to purchase *any* car till this Highest of Motor Values has been investigated. For long service at low up-keep, perfect riding comfort, modern operating conveniences, stylish design and complete equipment, you cannot buy better value than the KING.

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The KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY manufactures every part of the KING that can't be made *better* outside of its factory, but in all instances where vital parts, made by the world's foremost automobile specialists, have become STANDARDIZED by years of tested superiority, they have been united in the KING and composed into one harmonious whole.

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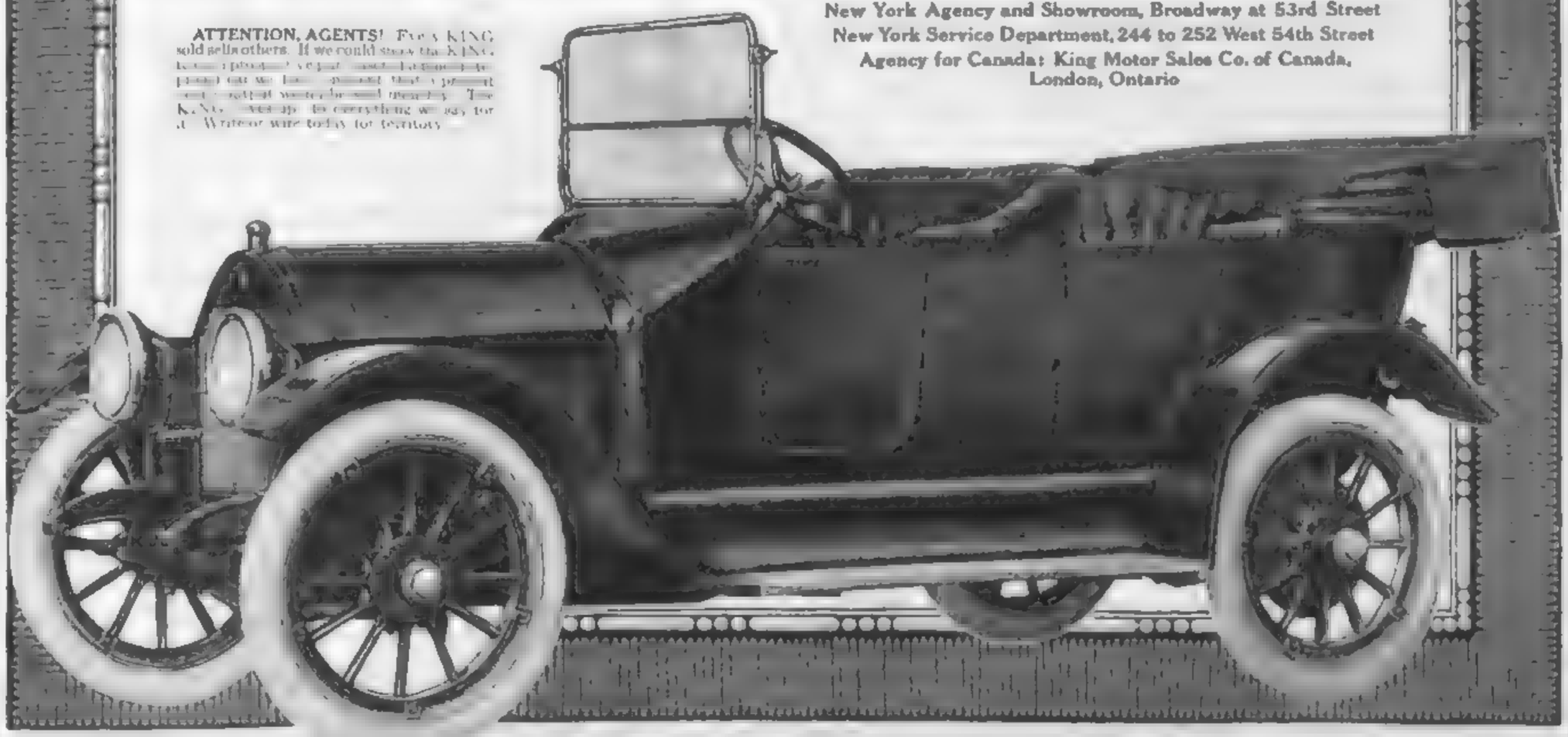

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Standard of the World

The way in which the world is receiving the 1914 Cadillac, the wonderful manner in which it is performing, presages an unprecedented Cadillac year

There never have been enough Cadillacs—there surely will not be enough of this new 1914 model.

In the year closing June 22nd, the Cadillac Company manufactured and distributed 15,007 cars.

Several thousand buyers, anxious to own Cadillacs, were compelled to be content with other cars.

It was the story of the previous year all over again, in spite of increased production.

And the story of the year before—and the year before that.

Each season the same thing has happened—several thousand more Cadillacs could have been distributed had we been able to produce them.

Intending buyers, disappointed in securing Cadillacs, have been numerous enough to constitute almost the entire clientele of some other cars.

For 1914 we plan to manufacture 18,000 cars.

It is perfectly obvious that Cadillac history is not only repeating, but surpassing itself.

Reports from all parts of the country make one thing perfectly plain, to-wit:

That the accustomed Cadillac demand has been intensified into downright eagerness.

This is due to evolutionary developments in the new car.

Most potent among them is the marvelous influence of the Two Speed Direct Drive Axle.

Every one who rides in the new Cadillac recognizes immediately that its well known smoothness has been supplemented by an entirely new riding quality.

This is demonstrated at once, even to the inexperienced motorist.

Going even at high speed, the passengers discover that motoring in this new Cadillac *has lost its sense of strain.*

Unless the eye is on the speedometer, one is apt to guess that the car is going at about half its actual rate of travel.

Mentally and physically, driver and passengers unconsciously relax, revelling in the delight of a new and luxurious sensation, oblivious to the almost watch-like mechanism.

And on the heels of this delightful discovery, come others equally pleasant.

The owner finds that this Two Speed Direct Drive principle influences almost every Cadillac function which contributes to ease, efficiency and economy.

It not only brings into being a new degree of luxury, but accomplishes an abatement of operating cost.

The slower engine speed results in greater power generated from a given amount of fuel.

The slower moving parts mean less friction.

Both of these mean lower fuel consumption.

But above all else is the contrast between the Cadillac and the average car with the ordinary gear ratio.

The trembling oscillation of the latter is transformed in the Cadillac into a straight-ahead, steady motion which reduces vibration almost to the vanishing point.

A simple electric switch changes the gear from low to high, and like magic, there is added to any given speed of the engine an increase of 42 per cent in the speed of the car.

Now—recall to your mind the high repute in which the Cadillac is held.

Remember its record for workmanship almost miraculously fine; for strict standardization of its parts; for alignment of its units.

Remember its reputation for staunchness, for dependability, for long life, and for the supreme satisfaction and service which it renders to its users.

Remember its reputation for economy of operation and maintenance.

Remember the stability and the ideals of the organization behind it.

Consider all these things stimulating the rivalry for early deliveries.

And then try to conceive the effect of this new revelation of Cadillac progress added to all the others.

You will realize, then, that we are acting in your interest when we advise you to book your order now, even if you do not wish your new Cadillac delivered for several months.

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Standard Touring Car, five passenger $1975.00

Seven passenger car	$2075.00	Roadster, two passenger . . .	$1975.00	Inside drive Limousine, five passenger .	$2800.00
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All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

THE GOVERNMENT COMPANY

(Continued from Page 7)

I could see they were looking back on various experiences of their own—which I might have reminded them of, but did not—and after a minute's reflection Peter Thorne admitted that the principle I had laid down seemed pretty sound.

"Did you ever know a more incompetent and half-witted concern than the government of the city of New York?" I demanded. "Why, great Scott! it can't keep its own policemen from grafting for five minutes at a time! Look at its uniform record for the last fifty years—one exposure of incompetence after another; and only a quarter of it has ever been exposed at that! Now I reckon any one of us would pass muster for a tolerably able man. If we take off our coats and pull together on this thing we're bound to put it across."

"I suppose we could go to the legislature for a constitutional amendment," Elbridge Branch suggested dubiously.

"Oh, legislatures are no good," I replied impatiently. "They are second chop. Always deal at headquarters! That's my motto. Legislatures and governors and Congresses and presidents don't make the laws. They merely have the first say at it. The courts are king in this country. What they say goes! If the courts say that I personally own the state, who is there to say them nay? Nobody."

I could see Elbridge Branch shaking his head, which annoyed me.

"It would be a devil of an idea if, with three thousand million dollars, we couldn't get a court or two—especially in a community where courts are as plenty as drug stores. All we need, you understand, is to get in. You can trust us to stay in afterward."

"There is no way of getting in!" Branch objected.

"Nonsense! There's always a way!" I retorted. "This is going to be the biggest thing ever pulled off in this country; but, of course, if you don't want to be in it——"

"Oh, sure, I want to be in it," he protested hastily—"only I don't see any way."

"Well, for one thing, here's this muddle and jabber about the city's debt," I replied. "The constitution fixes a limit to the city's indebtedness; but the city authorities couldn't agree—first, as to the amount of the debt at the present time; second, as to the amount the city was entitled to borrow under the constitution. There was a difference of eighty or ninety million dollars between them. Of course as it was city business, you couldn't expect anybody really to know within eighty or ninety million dollars. You remember the controversy in the newspapers about it?" Branch nodded. "But the city is always spending all the money it can lay its hands on; so the question was finally settled in favor of the city's borrowing power—that is, they decided the city had power to issue forty million dollars of new bonds which it did." Again Branch nodded. "Well, an issue of thirty-five million dollars of old bonds falls due next month. The city has already arranged to sell new bonds for the purpose of paying off the old ones when they fall due. It called for bids on the new bonds the other day—and to save its soul it can't pay off the old bonds unless it sells the new ones."

"True," said the lawyer.

"Suppose, then, we buy up the old bonds and at the last minute have the city enjoined from issuing the new ones, on the ground that it has already exceeded its constitutional debt limit and has no further power to issue bonds. That point was disputed. A court could just as well take one side of the dispute as the other, couldn't it? We could get an injunction, couldn't we? Why, man alive, anybody can get an injunction for anything!"

"Oh, no doubt we could get an injunction," Branch agreed.

"Very well, then," said I. "The city would owe us thirty-five million dollars that it couldn't pay, because it couldn't issue the new bonds. We would then have another court declare it bankrupt and throw it into the hands of receivers—we, as usual, having selected the receivers beforehand!" I think I looked at Branch with a triumphant expression as I said this.

Elbridge held up his hands in holy horror.

"Lord!" he cried. "You can't do that! A municipal corporation like the city of New York is in a very different position from a railroad corporation. The law provides ——"

He was jabbing an index finger into his palm to enforce the point; but I cut him short.

"It takes anybody all the way from two to five years, in this blessed country, to find out definitely what the law provides about anything—and two to five years is all the time we need. You just get a court to enter that first order appointing our men receivers. You can find plenty of precedents for it if you look far enough back. Go back to Moses if you like—and then some. The point is to make up a plausible case, so a court that's been properly prepared will enter the order we want. Come now, you know very well you can make up a plausible case for any proposition under the sun. That's what you get two or three hundred thousand dollars a year for, isn't it?"

That held him a bit; but he objected.

"An appeal would be taken and the higher court would be sure to reverse it."

"Good!" I replied. "Let the higher court reverse it—when it gets round to it. Once we've got our first decision, if you can't think up enough postponements and appeals and demurrers, and things of that sort, to keep the courts gummed up for at least two years, you've certainly gone stale on your work."

Branch did not have any answer to that for a minute. The others had been listening with the rapt expression of a dog that hears the cook coming with a bone. Peter Thorne now spoke up:

"Suppose the court does appoint our men receivers—would the city stand for it?"

"The city would have to stand for it!" I replied. "Of course there would be a lot of clamor. Probably learned lawyers would tell the newspapers that the action of the court was illegal, and that nobody was under any obligation to obey the receivers, and all that; but the city can't move hand or foot without money. All the money it's got is deposited in such and such banks. If we told those banks that the action of the court was perfectly proper, and that they must turn the city's money over to the receivers in accordance with the court's order, I'm guessing the banks would conclude that our legal opinion of the situation was sound. What do you think about that?" I inquired, turning to John Stone. But John only smiled absently, as though I were asking a foolish question.

"When city employees discover that the receivers are the only persons who can pay their salaries, they will fall in line. Men take their orders from the fellow who signs their pay checks every time. As to the cry that the appointment of receivers was illegal, our answer would be: 'Take the question to the higher courts and let them decide.' What could anybody say to that? Insurrection? Rebellion? Not a bit of it! We wouldn't be asking the people to do anything they were not perfectly accustomed to do. The same policeman would stand on the crossing. The same garbage wagon would come round for their slops. City water would run from the taps just as it had always done. There wouldn't be any change anywhere that they could see."

"Still, there might be some disturbance," said Tom Briar thoughtfully; "and I think it would be a good idea to make sure beforehand that the police department would stand with us."

"Well," I replied, "if persons whose sole income is derived from little poker games and the white-slave traffic can buy the police department year in and year out, I reckon we four can scrape up enough cash to buy it for a special occasion."

"Suppose it goes through as you've mapped it out there," said Peter Thorne—"suppose our receivers are put in charge and there's no way of getting 'em out within two years—what then?"

"Why, then, gentlemen," said I, standing up, "we'd take off our coats and tackle something that's bigger than anything any of us—or all of us together—ever tackled before in our lives! I showed you the figures a while ago—three hundred million dollars a year for three cities alone! And eight or nine million people are involved too—remember that. It's enormous! Here is one of the biggest concerns on earth so outrageously mismanaged that money spills out of it like water out of a flour sack. If there was a railroad anywhere in the United States one-twentieth as important as this concern that did not know how to take care of itself any better than this does,

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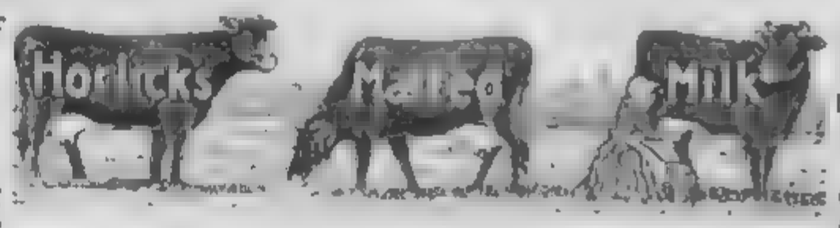

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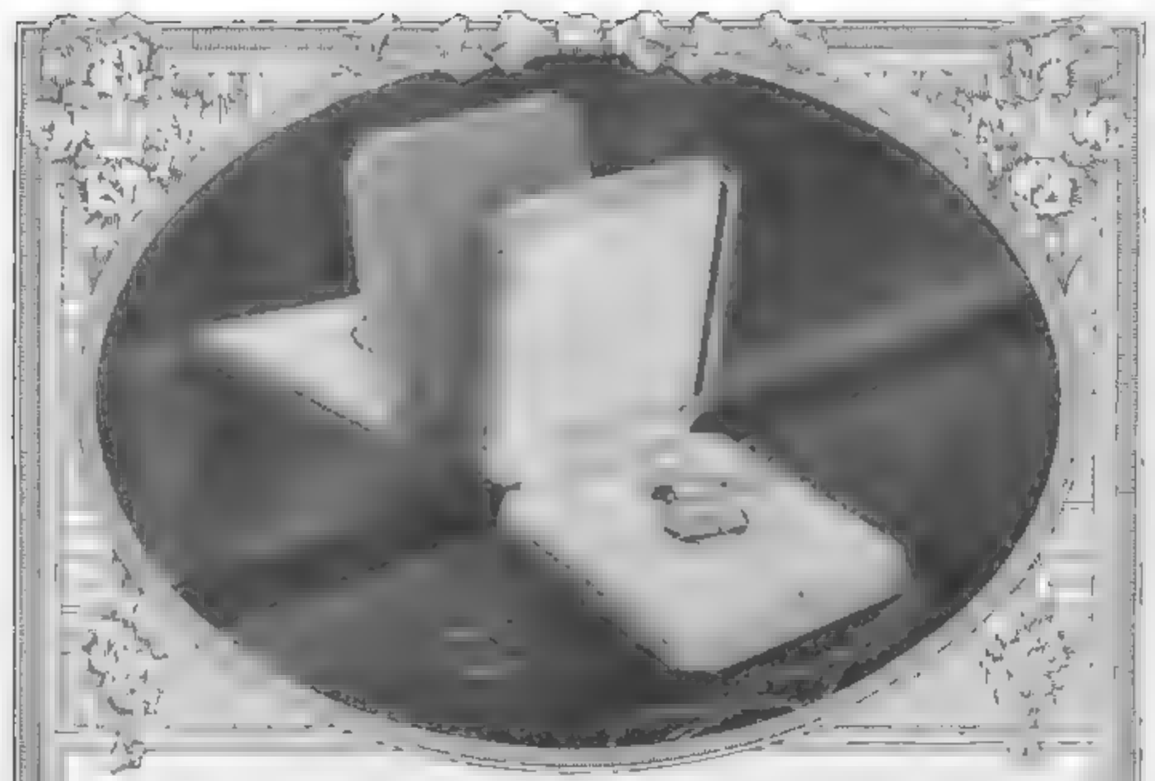

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some of us would be out after that railroad before sunup. Isn't that so?"

Of course they did not need to answer, for the question answered itself.

"Well, why not go after the big fish—the biggest fish in the whole puddle?" I demanded. "We can do for the city just what we would do for the junk railroad—to the benefit of the public and incidentally to our own benefit too, as I explained before. Let's do it!"

I could feel them sort of straining and quivering at it; but they would not say anything. I reached for my census book and went on:

"You have heard something about the waste, but glance for a minute at another side of it. New York, of course, is more than twice as big and rich as Chicago. Both cities license certain public-service corporations, such as street railroads and telephones. You will see on page one hundred and thirteen of this census report that Chicago gets more than twice the revenue from such corporations that New York does. Philadelphia is over half as big as Chicago, but gets less than five per cent of the revenue from public-service corporations that Chicago does. In a word, it's all at loose ends and haphazard. But what's the use?" I concluded, flinging down the book. "Here's the biggest job going! Will you go in or won't you?"

Peter Thorne muttered something about it's being a mighty hard undertaking, and glanced over at John Stone out of the tail of his eye. Tom Briar coughed discreetly and glanced in the same direction. But John Stone looked up at me with a dim glimmer in his eye and began slowly rubbing his hands together. Then he gave the little cackle that passed for a laugh with him and said mildly:

"Do you know, I really haven't been to bat in fifteen years! I'll go in!"

Which, of course, settled it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Bug of Bad Habits

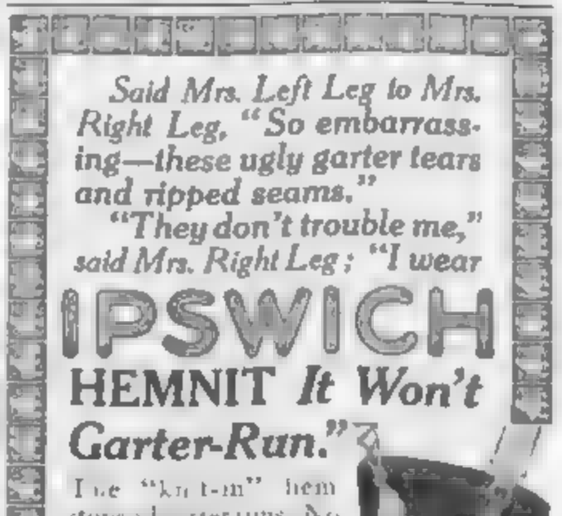
A TOUGH reprobate is the cigarette beetle. Efforts to break him of his habit of chewing tobacco have not been very successful, and now the experts of the United States Bureau of Entomology have found he is such a hardened rascal that he actually thrives on long exposure to X-rays, which have proved so harmful and even deadly to men and other animals.

The cigarette beetle, in the various forms of babies, youngsters and grownups—or larvæ, pupæ and adults—appears in finished tobacco products, such as cigars and plug tobacco, and drills round in the tobacco. Various methods of freeing cigars from the beetle have been tried without much success, and recently a new idea—killing them with X-rays—was acclaimed as the real solution. An American cigar manufacturer purchased a large X-ray apparatus for his factory and exposed every box of cigars to the rays for about nine minutes. This was guaranteed to be sure death for all beetles by the maker of the machine.

From the first days of X-rays it has been known that they are dangerous to men. Constant exposure to them for even short periods will soon develop terrible burns that can be healed only with great difficulty and after a long time. A long exposure to the rays would destroy a man's hand. For this reason in medical practice the exposures are carefully controlled to keep them within the limits of safety, and the operators protect themselves with lead screens.

The tobacco-chewing beetle did not seem to scare easily when he was shown the rays and then the government entomologists began a careful study of the situation. Groups of the larvæ, pupæ and adults were exposed to the rays, and other groups, known as controls, were kept away from the rays, so that a comparative study might be made of the health of the two sets of beetles. Some groups were exposed to the rays for an hour within ten inches of the source of the X-rays. They did not seem to mind it much; so it was concluded that perhaps the machine in the factory did not give the right kind of rays, for there are hard and soft X-rays.

Other groups were given both hard and soft rays for long periods. Various combinations were tried. The final opinion of the experts was that the beetles were not injured at all by the rays. As a matter of fact, the beetles subjected to the rays seemed to thrive afterward perhaps a little better than the groups not treated.


Said Mrs. Left Leg to Mrs. Right Leg, "So embarrassing—these ugly garter tears and ripped seams."
"They don't trouble me," said Mrs. Right Leg; "I wear
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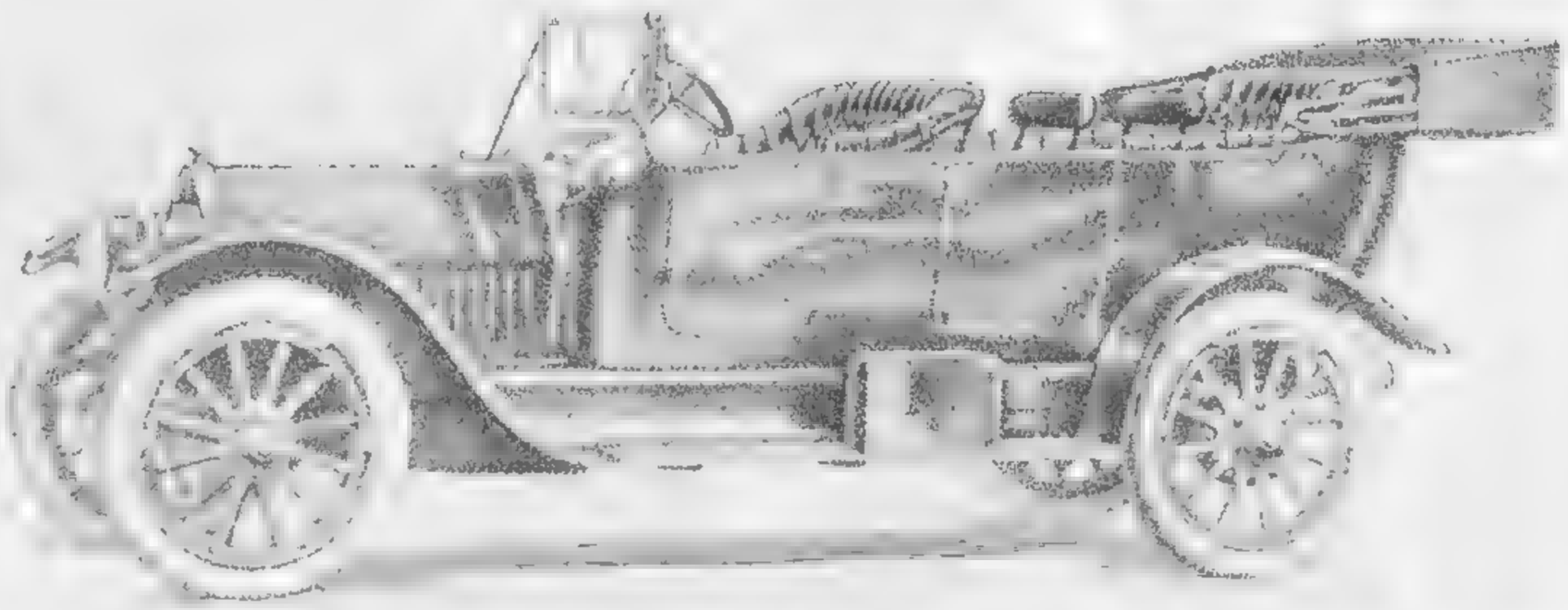

It was certain that the Studebaker "SIX" would be a striking success. There were back of the car too many years of skill and careful workmanship for it to be anything else.

The smooth responsiveness of the powerful motor is only a typical product of that passion for detail and accuracy which inspires all Studebaker factories.

The riding comfort of the long, resilient springs, and the deeply cushioned upholstery, show the kind of interest Studebaker has taken for years in an owner's pride and satisfaction.

Even the perfect balance of the chassis, the noiseless ability of the "SIX" to surmount all motoring conditions with effortless ease, and the continuous impression of reserve power, are but evidences of the distinction with which the name Studebaker has long been associated.

Surely, if any name were fit for that sum of automobile delight which is expressed in a worthy "SIX," that name is Studebaker.

Imagine, if you can, a luxury of motion without jar, strain, or disappointment; picture it always at your command, and be assured that if ever you drive the Studebaker "SIX," it will inevitably fascinate you.

Buy it Because It's a Studebaker

One of the reasons for the characteristic quality of the Studebaker "SIX" is that its manufacture is carried on with almost inconceivable care. Even a Studebaker owner, if he has not been through our plants, will hardly understand what infinite pains-taking is necessary to produce the smooth efficiency of this car.

Machine Accuracy

There are 4396 separate machines in the factories which produce the "SIX," valued at over $3,500,000.

The business of these machines is to eliminate mistakes and do finer work than any workman himself could do.

They make parts exactly alike, with such accuracy that an owner so far away as Bombay, India, can get a new piston, for example, any time and have it fit perfectly

This is true standardization of parts and it can only be maintained where careless work is unknown.

Forgings of Steel

In the Studebaker "SIX" there are over 250 separate drop forgings; more, we believe, than in any other automobile built.

These are exceedingly light and strong. They replace the heavy and relatively weaker, malleable castings which most other manufacturers use.

It requires, to provide these parts, a huge battery of over 40 gigantic forging hammers which beat white hot steel into the desired form

The blows of these tremendous hammers, some as powerful as 4 tons, make the particles of steel marvelously compact and tenacious. So we can use less weight.

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The equipment of the Studebaker "SIX" is what owners themselves asked for. We studied their requests and acted accordingly.

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THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 23)

sides softly reflecting subdued tints, and far behind the dome of the Capitol swam indistinct in the silver haze.

Marsh gazed at this wonderful picture—there is not another in the world like it—and his thoughts ran back to the night when he first stood there and wondered if he might not one day live in that house and direct the affairs of the people of his country. Why not? He was gaining fame. He was getting to be a party leader. He had every qualification and especially every political qualification. He was entranced by the glory of the scene, and again he seemed to hear the bands playing Hail to the Chief as they passed him on Pennsylvania Avenue on the fourth of March, while he bowed his acknowledgments as the newly elected president, Mrs. Marsh beside him radiant with happiness.

A man touched him on the shoulder. Marsh started and turned.

"Hello, senator."

"Why, how do you do, Byron? I haven't seen you in a long time."

"No," Byron replied, "we are not traveling the same roads just now. Isn't it a wonderful picture?"

"Wonderful!"

"But think of the troubles of the poor chap who lives there, the rock—if he is a rock against which every selfish ambition, every political intrigue, every job is hurled, and against whose peace of mind and future every political jobster is plotting. Or if he isn't a rock, the poor, helpless, hopeless man, snared by the system and the creature of those who surround him and who snared him. It is a tremendous responsibility, and how few of them measure up to it!"

"Byron," said Marsh, "what did you mean just now when you said you and I are not traveling the same roads? Of course I am in the Senate and you are still in the House, but that doesn't explain it. What did you mean?"

Byron laughed. "You know what I mean, senator, as well as I do, but I'll tell you if you want to know."

"I do want to know."

"Well, I mean just this: You and I began in Congress in the same term. You have gone ahead of me of course, and that is right enough, for you are a man of greater ability than I; but believe me, Marsh, my time is coming. You have seen fit to ally yourself with the interest-controlled organization and to disregard, except for purposes of deceiving them, the people to whom you are responsible. We are playing different games, Marsh. You have taken one end and I have taken the other. You have chosen to be with the classes, as represented by their tools in this Congress, and I have chosen to be with the people. Your apparent advantage is great, but the time isn't far away when the people you have left will rise and throw you all out of power."

"Pshaw, Byron," interrupted Marsh, "that sounds like one of your speeches in the House."

"It is one of my speeches in the House," answered Byron, "and it is one of my speeches to the people. As surely as there is a God in Heaven, Marsh, this revolt, this demand for readjustment, will bring you all to your knees. You can't escape it. It is bound to come. You have grown arrogant, despotic, un-American even in your studied and selfish crusade for power and for money. I mean all of you, not you alone. You have sought to make our party a party of individuals instead of a party of the people. You have delivered us over into the hands of the trusts, the monopolies, the combinations that are destroying or have destroyed competition and are making the burdens of life unbearable. You have refused to hear the warnings. You are deaf to the entreaties of the people. You laugh at the protests of the people. You laugh at us, call us socialists and anarchists and enemies of the existing order.

"Great heavens, man, why shouldn't we be enemies of the existing order? What is the existing order but the absolute control of this Government by a few financial pirates who have used you for their own ends, and have throttled the people of this country with trusts, combinations and with other financial and business iniquities? What is it if it isn't that? Of course we are enemies of the existing order, and mark me, senator, the existing order will be toppled over one of these days, your party will be wrecked and ruined, and you will have nothing to mark your past by but your money, and that will not be a subject of grateful remembrance if I am any judge."

Marsh listened impatiently. "I don't want to be rude, Byron," he said, "but it seems to me you are going a bit beyond the limit in your tirade."

"Nor do I want to be rude," continued Byron, "but facts are always rude. I am speaking to you now because I still have faith in you, because I know what you were thinking when I came along here. I know you were gazing at the White House, and fancying yourself the president chosen by the people to live within its walls. I know what your dreams are, but I'll tell you, Marsh, those dreams will never come true. You will never get to the White House unless you cut loose from these wolves who are using you and your fine abilities for their own purposes. You'll go down with the rest. Why not be a man instead of a tool? Why not be one of the people and for the people, instead of flouting the people and using them for your own selfish ends? There's a day of reckoning coming, Marsh. It may not be this year or next year, but it is coming. And you will all go down. It isn't too late for you, Marsh. You have power. The people still believe in you. They do not know your connections as we know them here. They think you are a great man, partisan, perhaps, but intrinsically honest, and you can still cut loose and go out and make a fight for popular government, for the rule of the people instead of the rule of the system. You can do it if you wish, Marsh. It is up to you."

"Good night," said Marsh abruptly, and walked away.

He did not go to bed until four o'clock next morning. He sat in his library and thought of what Byron had said. He considered Byron a fanatic, a crusader who saw visions and dreamed dreams, but in his heart he knew Byron was right. He had felt many times the humiliation of his position. He had taken orders like the veriest attendant, orders to do thus and so issued arrogantly by the Senate leaders. To be sure he had profited by these orders, but that added to the humiliation, for even his motives were dishonest. Before morning he had resolved to cut loose. He had planned his campaign. He had decided to be a man, no matter what the consequences might be; but as he reviewed his career and his connections he was uneasy. Perhaps he could not. That thought constantly obtruded. He swept it away with a fine determination to cut loose no matter what the cost to himself. He knew his own ability. He saw himself in the Senate making his declaration of emancipation, espousing the cause of the people. He felt instinctively there would be a wide popular acclaim, and the vision of the bands playing Hail to the Chief on Pennsylvania Avenue on March fourth, while he bowed his acknowledgments from the reviewing stand in front of the White House, came back to him.

He stayed at home that morning and planned his campaign. The House had passed a corporation-tax bill, taxing corporations on their gross revenues, that had been fought bitterly in secret by the organization and the interests, but which they had been obliged to send to a vote and obliged to vote for because of the popular demand they could not resist. The interests were outraged by the bill. They protested it was confiscatory, unconstitutional, un-American, and they rallied every friend they had against it, but to no avail. The people demanded it. The people were beginning to have an inkling of what had happened to them in years gone by.

So they let the bill go through the House and plotted to kill it or emasculate it in the Senate. One plan was to increase the tax in the Senate to an absurdly high figure and refuse to compromise in conference and then kill the bill; and the other was for the Finance Committee of the Senate, when it received the bill from the House, to strike out all but the enacting clause, substitute an entirely new bill, pass that bill, and send the two bills to conference, where the conferees would be carefully picked men and where they could cook up a new bill that would be harmless, while appearing to carry out the will of the people. This latter plan was most favored, because the mere change of the rate of taxation in the House bill by the Senate meant, under the laws of conference, that the conferees could confer and

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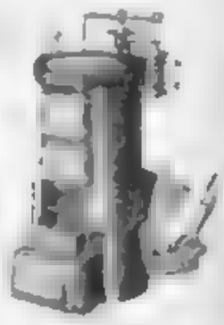

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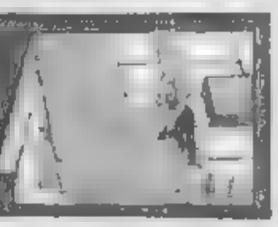

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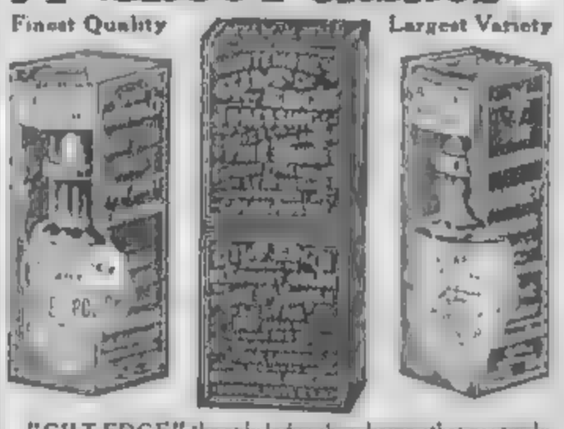

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decide only on the items changed, and must not change any sections that had passed both House and Senate in exact form. That is, if the House fixed five per cent and the Senate amended to ten per cent as the rate of the tax, the conferees could deal only with the rate and not with the wording of the bill, unless that had been changed from House verbiage by Senate amendment also.

The decision was to have the Senate strike out all but the enacting clause in the House bill, substitute its own bill, and thresh it out in conference, where the organization would see to it that competent threshers were on guard. Elzey told Marsh, and so did Paxton, that Marsh must lead the fight for this procedure. The organizations of the Senate and House had picked trusty men for conferees and the presiding officers had their instructions to name these men. The chairman of the Finance Committee was an adroit floor leader, but the public feeling was so intense that a great speech was needed and Marsh was told off to make this speech.

Marsh knew the House bill was equitable. His plan was to make his great speech, but not in defense of the Senate procedure, and the consequent emasculation in conference he knew would ensue. He had been party to conferences before. He knew just how adroitly new law was made by conferees, how provisions were changed and bills denatured by these skillful legislators, and his idea, which was firmly fixed in his mind, was to advocate the passage by the Senate of the House bill instead of the substitution of the Senate bill. He planned to offer the House bill as a substitute for the Senate bill and make his fight on that. He knew he would have some Senate support and wide popular acclaim, for he intended to expose the Senate scheme and to demand the House bill as a fair and righteous measure, giving the people a tithe of their dues and mulcting the interests and the system.

"Jim," said Paxton to him a few days before the matter came up, "are you getting ready for that corporation-tax speech?"

"Yes," Marsh replied.

"Going to be a hummer, I hope. It's a great chance for you. We've got it all fixed to submit our own bill in place of the House bill, and throw it into conference, and what those able seamen who will be on the conference committee will do to that corporation-tax business will be a plenty. They'll mess it up so the Supreme Court won't get it untangled in a dozen years."

"Will the people stand for it?" asked Marsh.

"They've got to stand for it. We've got the votes roped and tied in the Senate to pass it, and the conferees will hold out and make a fake fight until within a few hours of adjournment. Then we'll report an agreement, and shove it gracefully through in the crowded last moments before anybody knows what is in it. After that the people can gnaw on it as long as they like. Of course as soon as an attempt is made to collect a tax under it a test case will be brought by some of our friends, and by the time the Supreme Court passes on it we can have some other scheme fixed up. The people? Say, Jim, you don't think the people have a look-in on this game, do you?"

"I suppose not," said Marsh gravely, "but I think I shall try to enlighten them."

"You'll do what?" shouted Paxton.

"I shall support the House bill."

Paxton looked at him in amazement.

"That's what I shall do," repeated Marsh.

"Yes, you will," said Paxton. "Oh, yes, I can see you doing it! Quit your joking now and go and get ready for your speech."

"I am not joking. I intend to advocate the House rate and the House bill."

Paxton smiled incredulously. "Oh, say, Jim," he said, "you haven't been drinking, have you?"

"No."

"Then you must be crazy."

"I'm neither crazy nor drunk. I tell you I am convinced my duty is to prevent this juggling with the rights of the people. It has got to stop. Hereafter I am going to fight for the men who send me here, not for the men I met after I got here. It's all settled. I am against you and your gang from this time out. I have declared my independence. I am a free man and I'll fight you to the finish, in this and in every other rotten scheme you try to sneak through."

"Do you mean it?" asked Paxton, still incredulous.

"I mean it. More than that, I swear it."

Paxton whistled, walked round the room, lighted a cigar with elaborate care.

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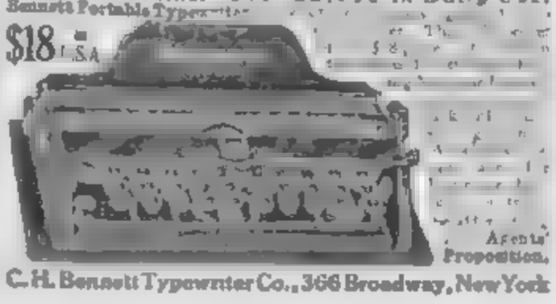

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"The trouble with you is that you've lost your sense of perspective," he remarked.

"On the contrary," asserted Marsh, "I've just found it."

"Oh, hell," exclaimed Paxton, "there's no use arguing with a crazy man! I'll attend to you in a day or so if you don't get back to normal. Good morning."

XXXII

PAXTON went up to Marsh's house that night and came away convinced Marsh was in earnest. He found it was useless to talk to Marsh, that he obstinately refused to listen to reason, nor would he heed threats. He said he had decided to cast his lot with the people and he had faith the people would welcome him. He would expose the whole scheme in the Senate and he knew he could arouse the country. So did Paxton know he could arouse the country. Paxton had an acute realization of that fact, and he had an inkling of the temper of the people, for he was an able politician and kept somewhat in touch with the West and the Middle-West, where the revolt was assuming proportions. He consulted with his friends in the Senate. They canvassed the situation carefully.

"Paxton," said the real leader, "we can't afford to have this happen. Put the screws on him."

Two days later, while Marsh sat at work on his speech in his committee room, the card of William R. Elzey was brought in.

"Ask him to come in," Marsh directed.

Elzey appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Elzey. Won't you sit down?"

They chatted a moment on inconsequential things. Then Elzey cleared his throat portentously. "Senator," he said, "what is this amazing thing I hear about you?"

"I can't imagine. What is it?"

"Why—of course it is absurd—but I hear, from what is usually good authority—although my informants must be misinformed, as I told them—I hear you intend to oppose the Senate plan as regards the iniquitous corporation tax and support the criminally oppressive House measure."

"That is correct."

"But, senator, you cannot be serious. All of your friends and associates in New York—and I think you will admit we are entitled, for substantial reasons, to claim friendship—are opposed to this measure as it stands. All of your associates in the Senate are opposed to it. It is a mere anarchistic vagary of the uninformed people. It is confiscatory. It deprives the men who have built up this country of the fruits of their honest endeavor, of their knowledge, their capital, their enterprise. I can show you, if you will allow me, the dozen iniquities that exist in it."

"That would be useless," said Marsh firmly.

"Useless? Surely you will listen to reason?"

"I have determined on my course."

"But, my dear senator, you cannot do this thing. It is impossible and preposterous."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because ——" Elzey dropped his affability and became imperative; his eyes, gray and hard, drilled into Marsh; his voice was harsh and commanding: "Because I forbid it."

"You forbid it!" shouted Marsh. "You—forbid—it! Get out of this office before I throw you out! You—forbid—it! And who are you—who are you to forbid my doing my duty?"

"You know who I am. If you do not I shall be at pains to refresh your memory. I forbid it, I say, and I have the power to do so."

Marsh dropped back in his chair. "I don't understand," he said weakly.

"You will in a minute. Do you suppose I—we—my associates and myself—intend to allow you to cut our throats in this manner?"

"You ——"

Marsh paused. His mind flashed back over all his congressional career. He saw it all. These men intended to coerce him because he had taken money from them. Hot blood rushed to his face. His heart thumped. He saw dimly, and the big, impressive figure of Elzey swayed in a mist before him. His temples throbbed. His hands clasped and unclasped. He started forward as if to strike Elzey, who sat watching him with a cruel smile on his lips.

"I defy you!" shouted Marsh. "I defy you! You can prove nothing. I have given services for all the moneys you have paid me, you or any other person. I defy you! I shall oppose the bill, and I'll beat it, too, and show up your sneaking, scheming pirates to the whole world!"

"You will do no such thing," said Elzey quietly.

"Why won't I, damn you? Why won't I? You can't stop me with any of your cheap blackmailing threats. I defy you!"

"You'd best be calm, Marsh. You cannot frighten me. Don't call me a blackmailer and a thief. Think about yourself. Keep your epithets for yourself. What you say about me concerns me little. I am used to dealing with men of your class."

"Of my class?" gasped Marsh.

"Exactly. I have been buying such men as you for many years. I bought you, Marsh, and you will not oppose that bill."

"Yes, I will!" shouted Marsh. "I'll beat it if I go to hell for it."

"No," replied Elzey, still calm, "you will not beat it."

Marsh was trembling. His nerves, already wrought to high tension, were breaking a little. "How can you stop me?" he asked.

Elzey took a bundle of papers from his pocket. They were canceled bank checks.

"Marsh," he said, "here is every check you have received from us—from me and my associates. Checks with your indorsement on them, checks issued by various firms and corporations in New York. I have them all. You are more of a simpleton than most men of your class, Marsh. You didn't even know enough to demand currency. You took checks."

Marsh's face was ghastly as Elzey spread the checks out before him. They were all there, including the first ones from Stunz & Sturgess and the check for $25,000 that Senator Paxton had received from the East when he made Marsh a candidate for the Senate. Marsh put a shaking finger on the first check he had received.

"Where did you get that?" he asked hoarsely.

"Why, Quicksall gave it to me."

Elzey spread the checks out again. "Look them over," he said. "You admit your indorsements?"

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Nothing," said Elzey, gathering them up; "nothing if you recant on this foolish and inexpedient idea of yours and fall in line for our plan as to this tax. If you persist in your foolishness I shall arrange to have these checks placed in the hands of various New York newspapers. The exposure won't hurt us, Marsh, for the people could not hate us any more than they do, but it will ruin you, Marsh, and it will ruin your wife and your daughter."

"Is it possible," Marsh cried, "that you would do that?"

Elzey smiled. "My dear senator," he said, "stop and consider what you are preparing to do to us."

Marsh paced back and forth across the room. "It is true," he cried. "I am not a free man, not a real man. I am merely the tool of you and your associates, a violator of my oath of office, an ingrate to the people who have honored me."

"Oh, senator," protested Elzey, "I think you are a little too hard on yourself."

Marsh did not appear to hear what the other man was saying. "I am bound," he continued as though speaking to himself, "shackled, fettered, and all for what? For petty place, for fleeting fame, for gratification of my vanity, for cursed, rotten money. Oh, my God! my God!"

He threw himself forward on his desk, his head buried in his arms, his body shaken with great sobs. Elzey sat watching him. After some moments Marsh looked up.

"Of course, senator," said Elzey, "the incident is closed, and you are with us."

Marsh looked vacantly at him.

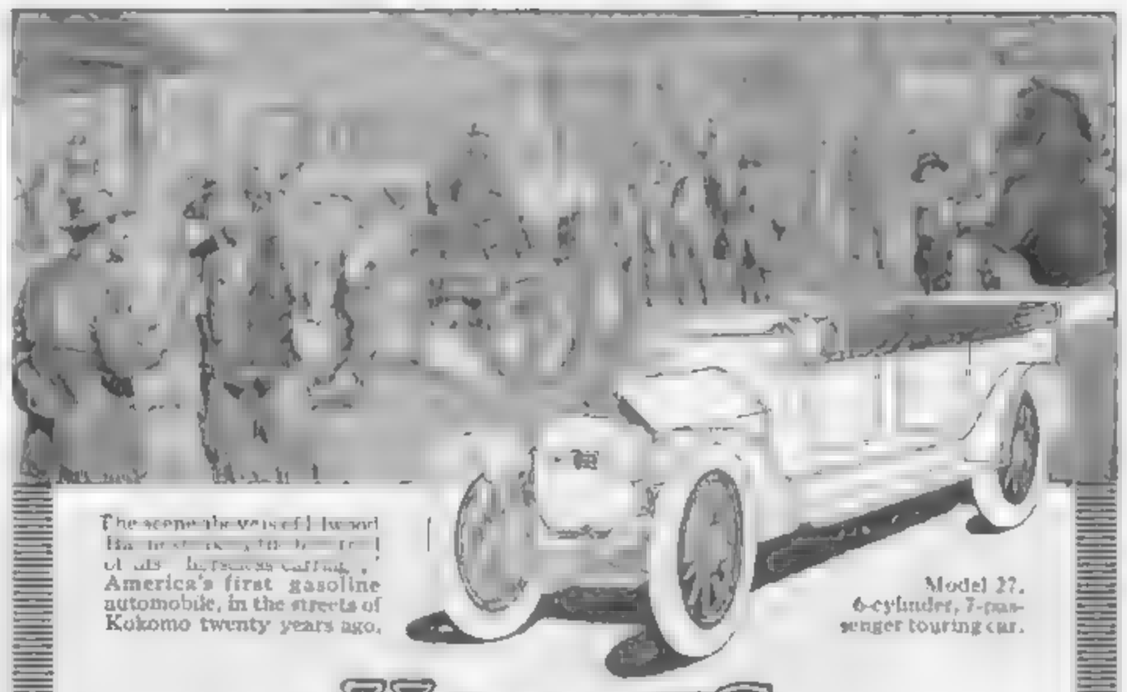
"I am to understand, then," repeated Elzey, "that you will consider the incident closed and that you will support our contention. Am I correct?"

Marsh slowly nodded his head. "Yes," he whispered, "you are entirely correct."

"Good morning," said Elzey. "I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again soon, I trust. Good morning."

Long after his visitor had left him Marsh sat there, staring at the wall. Again he had a vision of the bands playing Hail to the Chief on Pennsylvania Avenue, and the crowds cheering the man who stood in the reviewing stand on the fourth of March and bowed his acknowledgments. But this time the man in the reviewing stand was not James Marsh.

(THE END)



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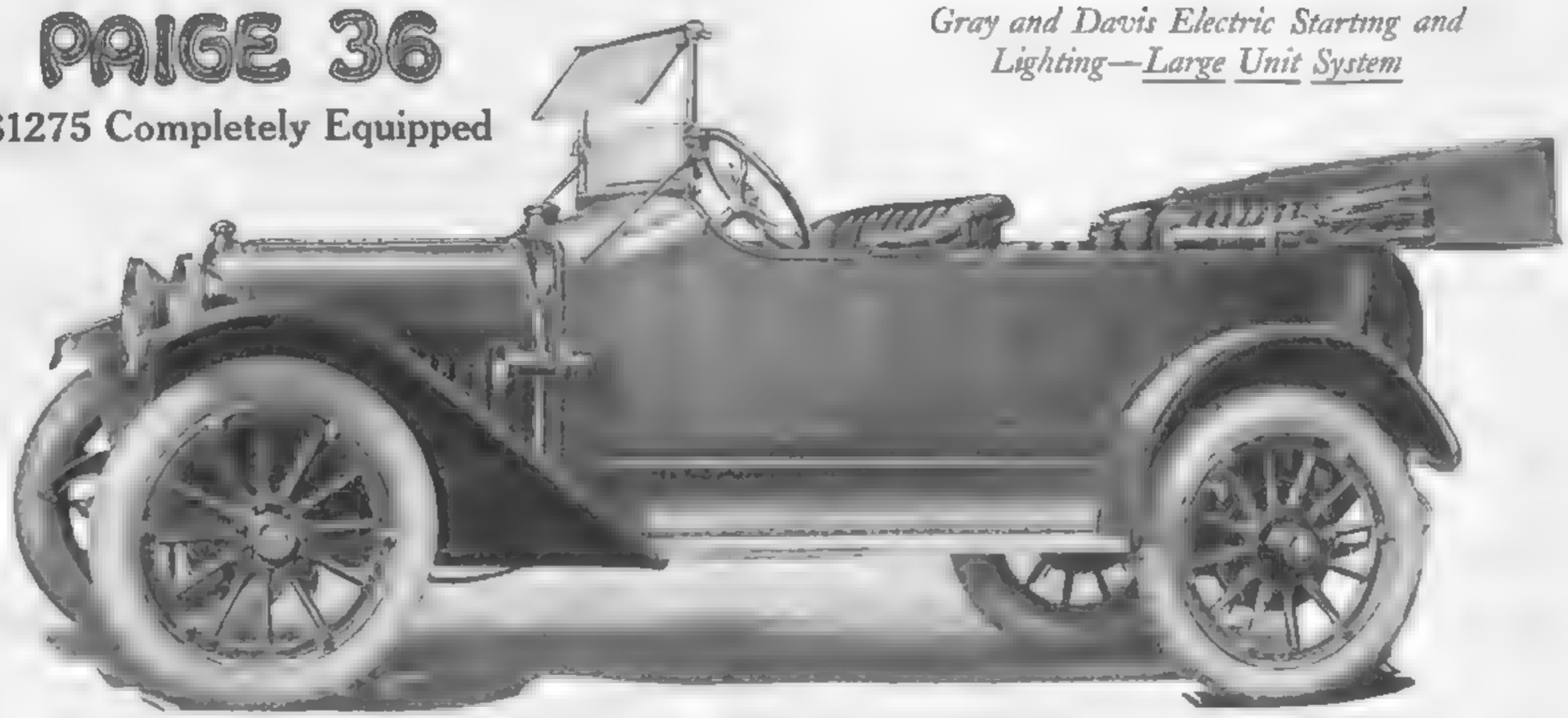

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See your Paige dealer or write us for catalogue.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 265 Twenty-first Street, Detroit, Michigan

MILLY THE MILITANT

(Continued from Page 15

Back he started down the walk to his horse and Milly ran after him.

"Here," she panted, "wait a minute. Is it as bad as all that?"

The owner of the Horseshoe gave a grating sound between a laugh and a moan. Then he turned to her and said solemnly: "Bad as that? There ain't a blade of grass in two hundred sections, Miz Ballard. It's rained all round me, right up to my fences—yes, and splashed over them. I reckon there's a curse on the Horseshoe."

"Are the cattle dying?"

"The air's foul with 'em. I'll lose four thousand head unless I get grass, ma'am. Think of it, Miz Ballard—four thousand cows ready to lay down and die, and all they could eat just over the fence."

"But why don't you move them out? Mr. Lewis moved out nine thousand head."

"I waited too long," confessed Padgett sadly, too crushed to defend his professional sagacity. "They're too far gone to ship now. And the Spade has the only grass in this country."

Suddenly his trials surged up in him in bitterness and he struck one fist hard against his open palm.

"Now, by ——" he said hoarsely, "your husband'll pay for this on the Judgment Day, ma'am. He's got grass enough for twice my herds and not a blade of it will he let me have—no, not though I offered a dollar a head."

"Then—then what's the matter?" quavered Milly, although she knew.

"Matter enough," said Padgett with a return to his usual control. "He wants to break me. And I reckon he will. Well, *adiós*, Miz Ballard. It ain't the goin' broke I mind so much—I've been broke twice before anyhow—but all them pore cattle. It looks like I ain't competent."

He did not renew his appeal, but rode away, and Milly went indoors.

All that night she tossed in her bed. It mattered not a whit to her what happened to Padgett, but she could see the starving cows and motherless calves wandering like specters over the blinding, dusty stretches of the Horseshoe. As the wrangler was roping horses in the corral next dawn Mrs. Ballard came to the fence and said: "Catch me Streak, Oliver." Before the sun was well risen she mounted Streak and headed for the Horseshoe headquarters.

Going out from the Spade she traversed a rolling country plentifully grassed. Cows paused in their grazing to lift tranquil heads as she passed; their calves slept comfortably under bushes while the mothers ate. A tank she skirted was brimming with water; some fat steers were wading belly deep in it.

Then she threaded some brakes and went through a wire fence. Instantly she entered another world. Vegetation ceased. The brown earth showed bare; the grass was gone by the roots; not a green twig on the mesquite; and everywhere gaunt, wild-eyed cattle, moving clumsily from her path or shaking their heads in weak resentment. The calves were woolly and dispirited.

Milly came upon carcass after carcass. The air reeked with them, and gorged buzzards hunched on the mauled bodies and stared at her insolently as she went by. Or they lifted lazy wings and took up positions on the limb of a tree. Mile after mile these scenes were repeated. It was more than Milly could bear. She shook up her horse and galloped straight for the Horseshoe ranch.

Padgett was in his office, his head on his arms, his arms upon the table. When he raised his face Milly almost cried out at the change in him.

Without preamble she asked: "How much did you say you would pay for pasture?"

"I didn't say. Give? Can't you see I'd give my soul? I'd give most anything."

"What," asked Milly, again very purposeful, "is the usual price for pasture round here?"

"It runs from two bits a head to thirty cents in bad times. Why?"

"Well, you pay me a dollar a head," said Milly, "and you can turn your cattle into the West pasture."

The boss of the Horseshoe gripped the edge of the table until his knuckles grew white. Mechanically he said: "That's a hold-up. That's four times what anybody else ever asks. You aim to ruin me?"

"Man," answered Milly in a shaking voice, "can't you see? Haven't I seen them? If I dared, you could turn those poor creatures on to our land and never pay a cent. But John—— I'm afraid—— He might—— Yes, you've got to pay a dollar a head a month or you can't do it. Yes, you must."

As though fearful lest she change her mind Padgett stepped to the door.

"Luther," he bawled. "Come here."

And when his range boss came running—"Say it all over again," he ordered.

"If you'll pay a dollar a head a month," repeated Milly distinctly, "you can turn your cattle into the West pasture—that is, up to four thousand head. I'll take the responsibility."

"You're witness," fairly shouted Padgett. "I agree."

And both went out of the office as though projected from a thirteen-inch gun, leaving Milly to follow as suited her.

Within ten minutes the Horseshoe outfit was in the saddle. At noon Milly herself cut the first strand of the West pasture fence. And the first of the Horseshoe herds was driven across the thin line between death and plenty.

"Ma'am," said Padgett, riding up to her, hat in hand, "you've drove a hard bargain. But you've saved us, that's sure. I won't forget."

Not knowing what to reply to this, Milly whipped out her handkerchief, nodded briefly and slued her horse.

"There's another thing," the Horseshoe boss went on awkwardly. "Once—about a year ago—I made a bad mistake. Only a fool or a man who was sore would've said what I did, Miz Ballard. I was both."

With which handsome apology he nodded almost sternly, and Milly murmured something and set out for home.

She put in an anxious five days until her husband returned.

"What's the matter?" he asked, when he had kissed her with a perfunctoriness that was the achievement of remarkable self-control rather than any lack of affection.

"Nothing," she answered hurriedly. "Why?"

"Yes, there is," he replied.

He did not press the question, and she watched him while he unpacked his bag—waited, watching his every movement while he filled his pipe—and then drew a chair opposite him. Knowing full well that she had something of importance to communicate, Ballard pretended to discern nothing unusual.

"John," began Milly, trembling from nervousness for the first time in her life, "I've got something to tell you."

Her husband took his pipe from his mouth and regarded her with grave kindliness.

"Don't look that way," she begged. "It makes it harder."

His only reply was a closer scrutiny. Milly flinched under it, her handkerchief to her lips and her eyes wavering. She knew he would be angry. He had never lost his temper with her, but something deep within told her it would be terrible.

"Fire ahead, old girl," said Ballard. "Don't be scared. Spent all the money I gave you?"

"No, it's worse'n that." Milly's voice nearly failed her. "There're four thousand cattle in the West pasture, John."

"Three thousand," he corrected.

"No, but four thousand more," she went on, forcing herself to meet his glance.

"How do you mean—four thousand more? I don't take you, Milly."

"They—don't look like that!—they were all dying. I just couldn't bear to see the poor creatures suffer, John, they were so pitiful. So I told him ——"

At this point Ballard shook the ashes from his pipe and rose slowly to his feet.

"Told who?" he asked.

"I let Padgett turn his cows into the West pasture for a month," she finished abruptly. "Only for a month, John. And he'll pay a dollar a head. I couldn't help —— Oh, it was awful!"

For a moment her husband merely gaped at her. Then he cleared his throat and said very carefully: "Now let me get this thing clear. You've let four thousand Horseshoe cattle into my West pasture?"

Milly inclined her head. She could not speak.

"For a dollar a head a month?"

Again Milly acquiesced without sound.

"You knew—— You knew me and Padgett were enemies, didn't you?"

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"Oh, it wasn't on his account," Milly broke in on him. "What do I care for a million Padgetts? But I just couldn't bear to see those poor things starve to death and us with plenty."

Seemingly John was much absorbed by the pattern of the mat. He had gone pallid, and his face wore the peculiar hard calm she had seen once before.

At last: "I've stood for quite a bit from you, Milly." His tone was quiet, but slightly husky. "First one thing, then another. You played the devil with my outfit, and I let it go. You've tried to boss the ranch, and I let you. You've put fool notions into the womenfolks' heads. You've turned this country upside down, and I haven't batted an eye. But when you undertake to butt into this business—to come between me and Padgett when I had him to rights—— This is the last straw."

"What're you going to do?"

"I'm going to spank you."

Spank her? The blood went tingling through Milly's body and then she turned cold and faint. He could not mean it he surely could not. But John was advancing on her with grim determination.

All honor to Ballard of the Spade. 'Tis a fearsome thing to spank a woman, but when that woman is a Milly—— Nevertheless, in that terrible moment he did not falter. Mayhap Ballard closed his eyes when he got close—he was a sagacious fellow—at any rate he gripped Milly by the arms. She did not resist. He drew her to the nearest chair, sat down, and bent her over his knee. She did not make the least struggle.

"Ouch!" cried Milly in a minute. "You hurt. Stop that! Stop, I say!"

"I—aim—to hurt," was the response.

Perhaps she would have squirmed at the outset had she really suspected that he intended punishment instead of a scare, for soon she did try with a vengeance to break loose; but he held her fast and laid on until his hand smarted. When he had finished the job Ballard released her and stood up. He was actually tottering. Without looking at Milly he hurried from the room.

"You—you brute!" she wailed. "I'll always hate you!"

It was a dreadful declaration—one to blast a man's life. And they had been married only a year.

However, Milly rather marred it within the hour by penitently seeking Ballard, whom she discovered on a bench behind the saddle-shed. He had his hands over his face. He heard her coming, and at sight of her tear-streaked cheeks gave a sort of croak and swept her into his arms. John was a powerful man and Milly's ribs creaked. However, she made no complaint.

In calmer mood they sat on the bench together and the boss fondled her hand, something he had been too shy to do until that moment. Nothing like a spanking to get on terms of—— No matter. The boss fondled her hand and spoke thusly:

"I've been thinking about them Horseshoe cattle. Land'sakes, Milly, what'd you go and charge Padgett a dollar a head for? Don't you know that's just plain robbery?"

"But you didn't want him to have grass at all? Nobody else had any. It was good business, I thought."

"If anybody held me up that way," continued the boss, "I'd never forgive 'em. No, ma'am. Why, it's outrageous, Milly. It'll get me a hard name all over the country."

"Then what," inquired Milly with a flash of spirit, "do you figure on doing?"

"We'll let bygones be bygones, me and Padgett. I reckon he's learned his lesson. And I calculate he thinks a heap of a certain party now, which is the main thing. No, I couldn't think of charging him more'n two bits a head. That's good enough. A dollar a head—I never heard the like, Milly. That's plain bleeding of a sick man."

"All right," said Milly, kissing him on the cheek. "Do what you like. Let's eat."

In the messhouse they found only Uncle Billy and two cowboys. The ancient drone was setting out the meal, and his gloom was sad to see.

"Why, where's Aunt Annie?" asked the boss in some surprise.

"Search me," answered Uncle Billy dourly, hopeless despair in voice and manner.

"I seen Aunt Annie in town last night, Mr. Ballard," piped the horse wrangler.

"So?"

"She was on top of a bar'l," continued the wrangler, "with a big torch beside her. And she was makin' speeches to some other ladies about votes for women."

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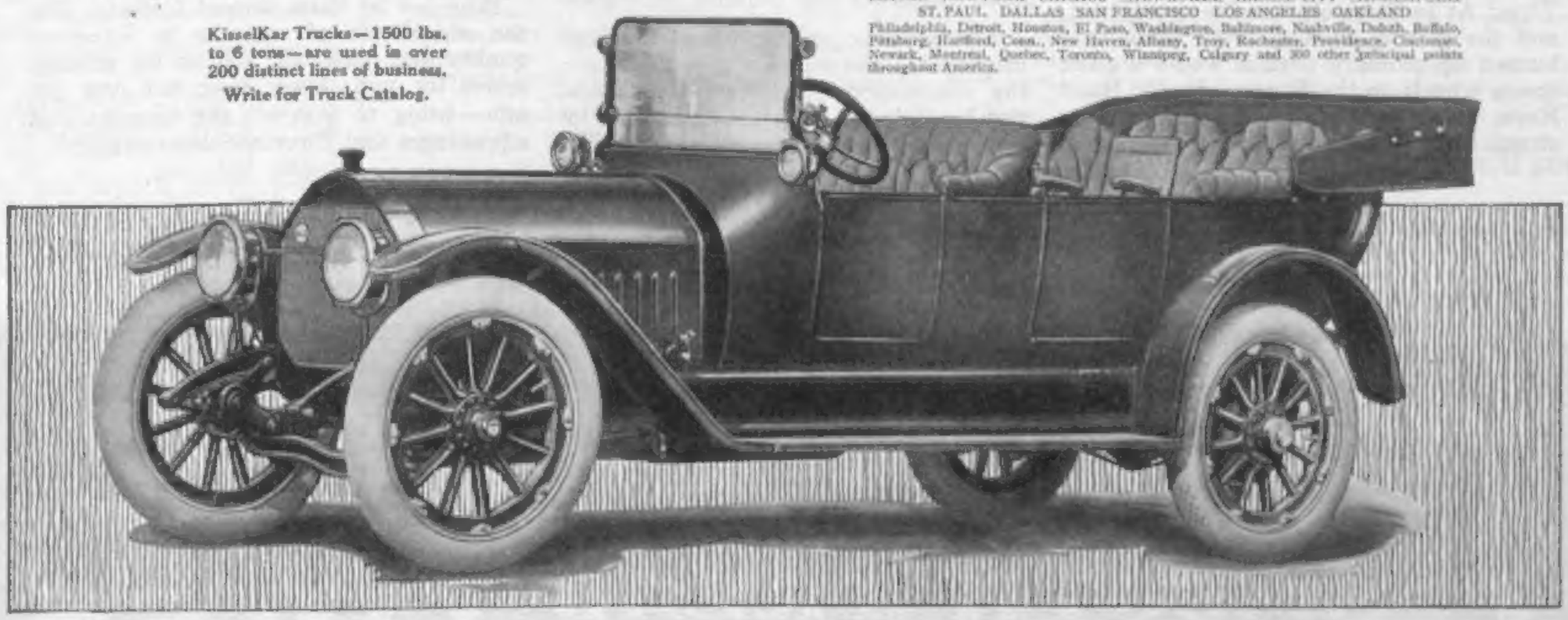

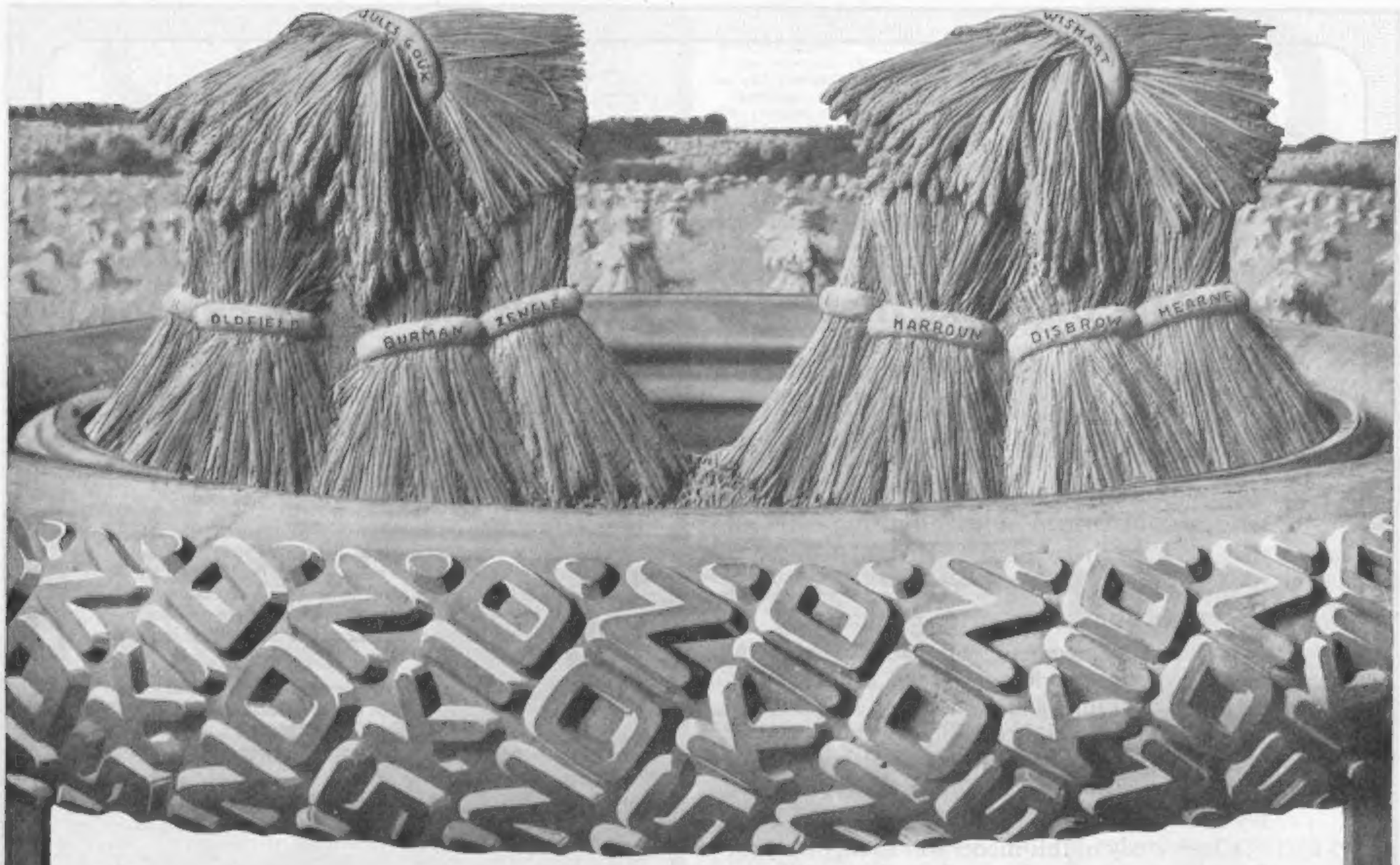

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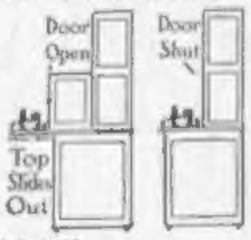

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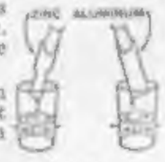
6. Flavoring extract bottles have special shelf.

7. *Pure aluminum table* at no extra charge; only acid-proof metal; costs us ten times as much as zinc. Enormous output keeps sale price less.



8. Sixteen inches extension over base when you slide out table. Plenty of knee room for sitting.

9. Comes apart to clean; closes tightly when not used.

10. *Pick your choice* of white or plain inside upper section. All-metal table, or oak side arms.

11. Interior construction that is not equaled anywhere—will last a lifetime.

12. And among the minor details—big cupboards; sliding shelf; drawers for linen, cutlery; pan racks; meat board; rolling pin rack; hooks; want list and scores of practical conveniences.

You can't begin to appreciate them all until you see them.

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